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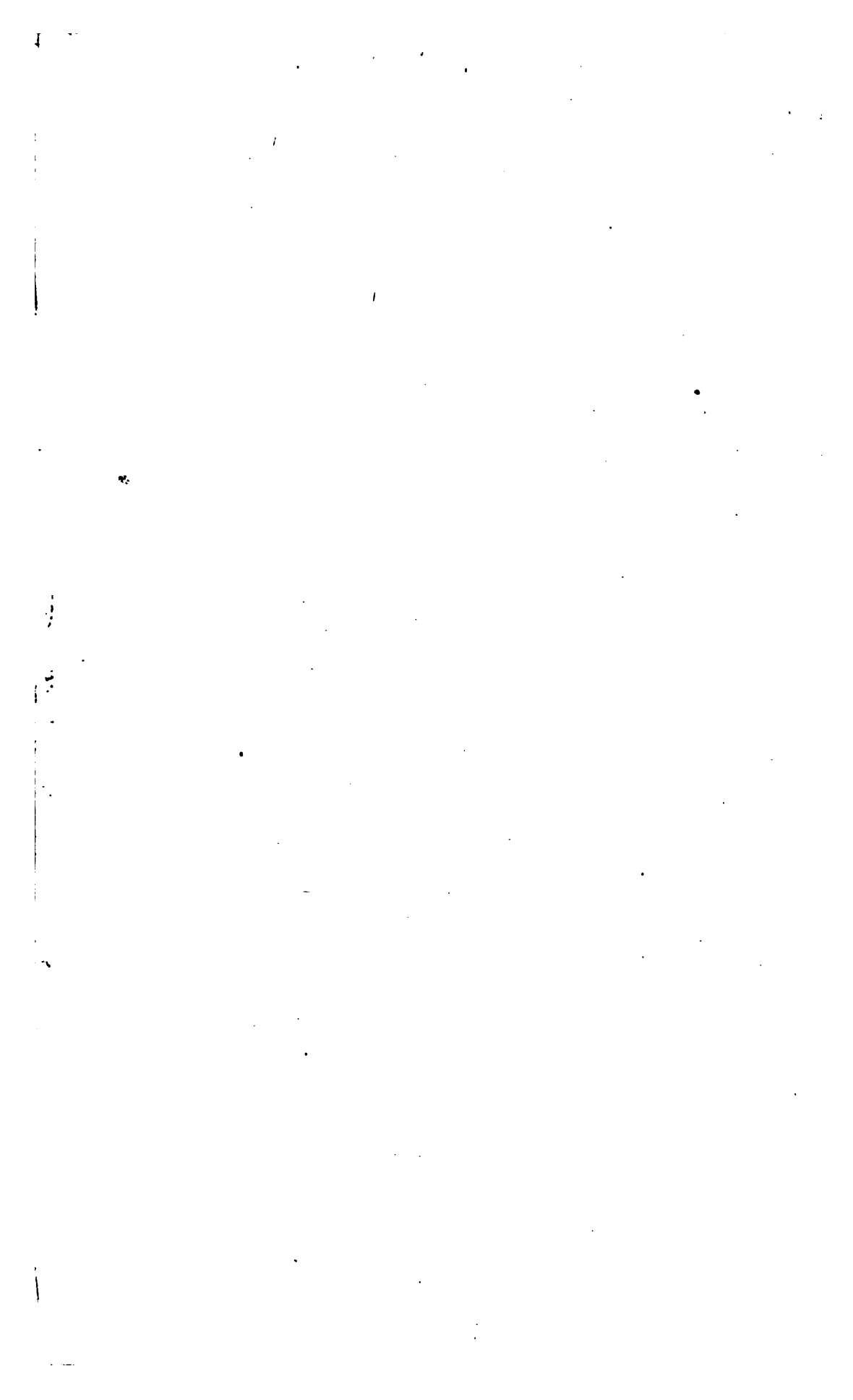
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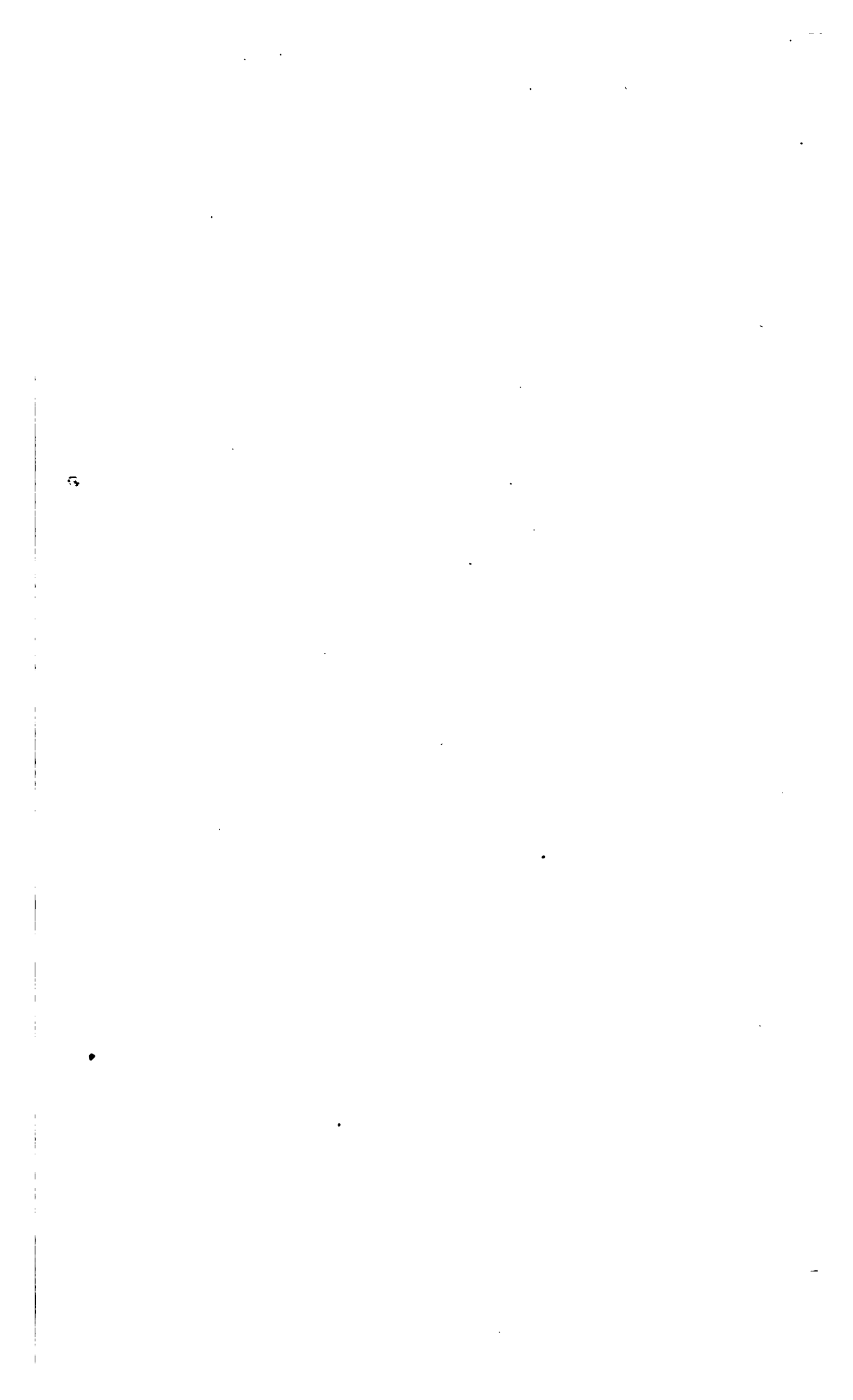
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THE AUTHOR OF

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Booksellers &c*

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**Aldine Magazine**

OF  
BIOGRAPHY, BIBLIOGRAPHY, CRITICISM,  
AND THE ARTS.

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VOLUME . I.—1839.

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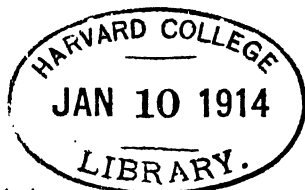
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE first volume of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE is now before the public. To the BOOKSELLERS, for the warm patronage which they have extended towards it, the earliest thanks of its EDITORS and PROPRIETORS are due. It was upon the suggestion of their bookselling friends, that they essayed to raise their publication from the humble rank of a weekly paper to the more elevated station of a Monthly Miscellany of general literature. The change has enabled them to present a work of improved and heightened character.

Next to the BOOKSELLERS, the EDITORS of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE feel themselves deeply indebted to their *Brethren of the Press*, Metropolitan and Provincial, for the free, and kind, and liberal support which, from all quarters, and with unstinted hand, they have most generously awarded to their labours. In the support thus rendered, they have evinced that liberal and high-minded *esprit de corps* by which ALL the professors and friends of LITERATURE AND THE ARTS ought to be indissolubly united and universally governed.

To the Public at large, the thanks of the EDITORS and PROPRIETORS of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE are duly and gratefully tendered.

In their endeavours to command success, the EDITORS entertain a modest confidence that they have amply fulfilled every leading promise of their original Prospectus. Their great object has been, to render their Miscellany *useful* and *instructive* as well as *amusing*; and proof of their having achieved that object is abundantly found in the new sources of information and delight which have opened around them.

The opening article of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE of each succeeding month is appropriated to the illustration of some popular topic of the hour. Thus, in turn, attention has been directed to *The Reduction of Postage, The Credit System, Steam Carriages and Rail-Roads, Home and Foreign Manufactures, Agriculture, The Fate of Louis XVII., The Copyright Bill, The Patronage of the Arts, &c.*

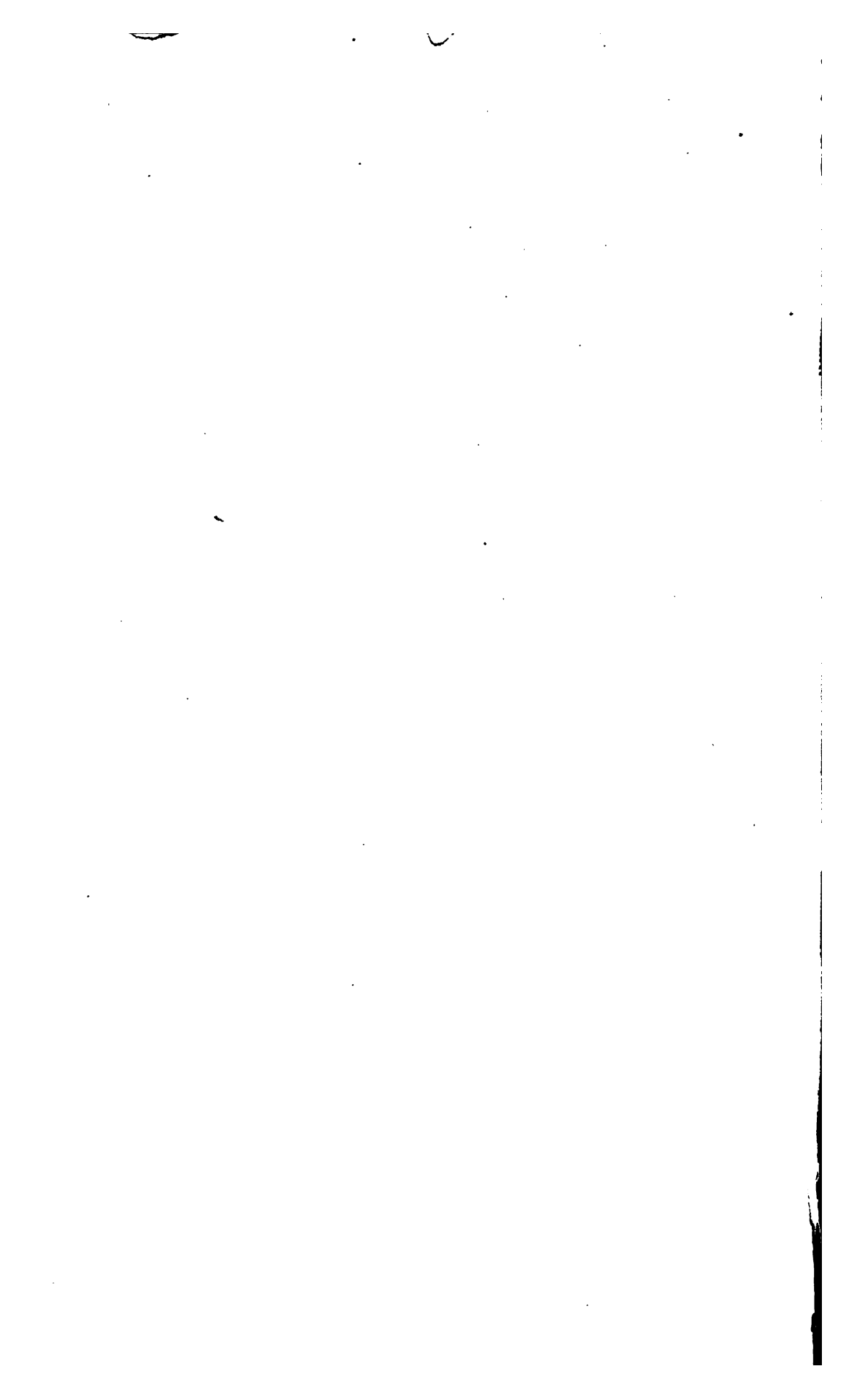
"THE ANNALS OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS, AND BOOKSELLERS," sketched in the "LETTERS OF AN OLD BOOKSELLER TO HIS SON," present a fund of curious information to all connected with the "TRADE," and to every lover of Literature and Art.

The series of papers entitled "POINTS OF THE MONTH" has been greatly approved for its *suggestive* character. It may fairly be said, that *each* of these papers *suggests* sufficient enquiry and reading for a month.

The "SELECT NECROLOGY" must be regarded as a feature of *universal* interest.

The Poetry, the Reviews, the critical and other matter, in THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, must be allowed to speak for themselves. The Editors challenge comparison with the similar articles of any other Miscellany.

THE ALDINE MAGAZINE is the ONLY *English Monthly Periodical*, devoted to *Literature and the Arts*, that can now be purchased for ONE Shilling per Number. Each Number has been allowed to contain as much matter, and matter of as high a quality, as is *worth*, and *ought* to be sold for, HALF-A-CROWN.



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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

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## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### DEDICATION.

MY DEAR SON,

A brother bibliopole, about forty-five years ago, wrote and published "*Memoirs of the Forty-five First Years of his Life*," in a series of letters to a friend, with the following triple dedication :—

1st. To the public.

2nd. To that part of the numerous body of booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, whose conduct JUSTLY claimed the addition of RESPECTABLE.

(And lastly, though not least, in fame,)

3rd. To those sordid and malevolent BOOKSELLERS; whether they resplendent live in state-ly mansions, or in wretched huts of dark and grovelling obscurity; to whom he says—

"I'll give every one a smart lash in my way."

Now this personage, of whom I shall have to give an extended memoir, with anecdotes, in their proper place, had fair causes, great objects, and weighty motives for adopting his mode of procedure, which succeeded to the extent of his "most sanguine expectations."

My first object is to gratify my vanity in endeavouring to amuse the public; my second, to benefit myself;—and I would not desire a more powerful distich applied to me than the following, by my old friend Pindar,\* to the venerable and worthy John Nichols and his Gentleman's Magazine :—

"*John's Magazine* all *Magazines* excels,

And what's still better too for *John*—it *sells*!"

The phrase, "*it sells*," is so well understood by every bookseller, that its mention requires no apology; nor shall I offer any for dedicating a certain portion of my bibliographical labours to you, although in a style so different from the one which you suggested, after the publication of my introductory volume of "*FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOOKSELLER*."

\* I published for *Peter Pindar*, (the late Dr. John Wolcot,) for five years.

VOL. I. NO. I.

That work, with my retrospection, crude as it was, is nearly out of print. Its general features came down only to the period of 1785. I have, therefore, nearly fifty-four years' *material* to lay before you and the public.

The style you advised me to adopt of writing plain FACTS into agreeable FICTIONS does not suit either my talent or my taste, (if I possess either,) nor would it meet the taste of the public, unless I could infuse the wizard-like spell of a Scott, or the lofty imagination or profound classical attainments of a Croly. I have no pretensions to the school of either; my intention is merely to state facts, and their results, as they occurred.

Although *you* are now treading on classic ground, you are aware that *I* left a country school at twelve years of age; and was engaged, like Cincinnatus, in agricultural pursuits till fourteen, when I proceeded to London, immediately after the demise of Dr. Samuel Johnson, 13th December, 1784. To this event I formerly alluded, as indirectly leading me to be articulated in 1785 to Mr. Thomas Evans, an eminent bookseller of that day, (in Paternoster Row,) and with whom my brother had been articulated from the year 1778.

Of the experience and vicissitudes of my eventful and varied life, you and the public have yet to be informed through the succeeding pages, addressed to you in a series of letters; a form that will admit of unlimited digressions, and of objects diverging from each other, without running into a dry and tedious detail, or causing those unpleasant breaks and interruptions to which a common narrative might be deemed liable.

For this mode, too, I have the precedent—

1st. Of an old bibliopoliſt, noticed at the commencement of this dedication.

2nd. The plain unsophisticated style of *Hector St. John*, the supposed "*American Farmer*," whose feelings, habits, manners, and views so much accord with my own, had Providence spared me a few paternal acres, or that, like his, my only landlord were the Lord of all land.

3rd. The Letters of a Montague.

4th. The Letters of Ignatius Sancho, (could I happily follow his diction,) a black, vulgarly called a negro, or *negur*, whose *freedom* of style often gratified me.

5th. The powerful Letters of Paul to his Kinsfolk; and

6th. The playful Letters of Peter to his Kinsfolk.

Surely then there can be no impropriety in my thus addressing my lucubrations to you.

My dear Son, I am,

Your affectionate Father,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

#### LETTER I.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Oct. 24, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

I date this from a spot of classic name: to you, who are luxuriating in a region of classic glory—upon the very soil on which, in your neighbourhood of Bassiano and the Pontine Marshes, Aldus Manutius drew his earliest breath. I was glad to hear that you had quitted Rome for a time, and again sojourned at Florence, that city of palaces, and which appears to have gratified you more than Pisa. Your return, however, to the Eternal City was requisite; and the kind attention paid you by the venerable Thorwaldsen, (that heaven-inspired sculptor,)—by your brother artists, architects as well as painters and sculptors,—and by the British nobility,—will, I trust, enable you at some future day to become the architect of your own fortune. At all events, this attention and your letters are eminently gratifying to an old man, hastening on to the septuagenarian.

To return to the Aldine Chambers, and early associations. Nearly fifty four years have elapsed since I first beheld Mr. Stanley Crowder on these premises, surrounded by his dozen clerks, and double that number of black leather water buckets, hung around his warehouse in case of fire. This impressed me with an idea of his respectability and consequence. He was, indeed, one of the most eminent booksellers of that day. He graduated with the celebrated Sir James Hodges, bookseller, at the sign of the Looking Glass, on Old London Bridge, and who made himself conspicuous in voting the freedom of the city to the late Earl Chatham.

The present proprietor of the Aldine Chambers is Mr. Bagster, the printer and publisher of the exquisite Polyglotts, in various sizes, of the "Comprehensive book of Holy Writ;" a performance that will render his name as imperishable as the name of *Aldus*, after whom he has appropriately designated the property.

From these chambers my letters will be conveyed to you as "part and parcel" of "The ALDINE MAGAZINE."

It is from this port, or harbour, that the Aldine vessel is to get under weigh weekly and monthly, with its cargo of literary merchandise, as stated in its original MANIFEST; and as I have changed my position in the land service of others, in the language of Dryden, to

"You authentic witnesses I bring  
Of this my *manifest*, that never more  
My hand shall combat on the crooked shore."

I rest my hope on the Aldine anchor, and its little bark, which will ever be freighted with VARIETY. On the arrival of its contents at Rome, I have to request you will return an exchange of commodity, acceptable and interesting to the literary world.

The booksellers and bookish world have already anticipated the objects of the *Aldine Magazine*, and express themselves warmly in its favour. Some, well acquainted with the subject, observe that no publisher, or wholesale or retail bookseller, or his assistants, should be without it as it passes through the press.

Yesterday was my birthday. Your dear sister Mrs. C., and nine of my grandchildren out of fifteen, spent the day with your aged and affectionate mother and me. They were all in ruddy health, and, like Aurora, they "ushered in the morn." I regretted that my great grandchildren also were not with me; but they are still in Warwickshire, reclining on the banks of the Avon. I must rest upon my oars, for

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve,"  
and apprised me that I must conclude.

Your affectionate Father,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

P.S. After the biographical sketch of the *Aldine Triumvirate*, will be given memoirs of the most eminent persons connected with literature in the olden times, with their various marks, &c.; and, what will create considerable interest in the present race, anecdotes of some of the most respectable booksellers and others of our own time and their ancestors, for three, four, and even five generations.

#### THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE.

THE "invention of printing" is a subject which has exercised many pens, and has elicited volumes upon volumes of controversy. Mr. Timperley, in his very useful "Biographical, Chronological, and Historical Dictionary of the Most Remarkable Persons and Occurrences



connected with the Art of Typography," after citing more than one hundred arguments and opinions on the priority of claims to the invention, draws this conclusion:—"That to JOHN GUTENBERG is due the appellation of the *Father of Printing*; to PETER SCHÖFFER, that of *Father of Letter-founding*; and to JOHN FAUST, that of the *Generous Patron*, by whose means the wondrous discovery of the *art of Printing* was brought rapidly to perfection."

At a future season it is our intention to present the readers of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE with notices of the early printers; and, of the more eminent, to insert their distinctive monograms and private marks. In the case immediately before us the name and fame of Aldus were so nearly coeval with the first exercise of the noble art, and were at an early period so inseparably associated with the most elegant productions of the press, that we prefer plunging at once, *in medias res*, and gleanings, from various sources, a concise account of the *Aldine Triumvirate*—father, son, and grandson—by whom, for more than a century, the business of typography was carried on with a degree of success never yet surpassed, or even rivalled.

According to Renouard (in his *Annales de l'imprimerie des Aldes*), Tiraboschi,\* the *Biographie Universelle*, and other authorities, Aldus Manutius was born at Bassian, or Bassiana, a little town in the duchy of Lermonetta, in the Roman territory, about the year 1446 or 1447. He is thought to have been of Jewish extraction. His christian name, Aldus, was a contraction of Theobaldus; his surname was Manutius, or Manuzzio, to which he sometimes added the appellation of Pius, or Bassianus, or Romanus. The first of these appellatives was assumed by Aldus in 1509, from his having been the tutor of Albertus Pius, a prince of the noble house of Carpi, and to whom the grateful printer dedicated the *Organon* of Aristotle, in 1495; the second was derived from his birth-place.

The education of Aldus Manutius was received at Rome and at Ferrara: in the latter town he learned Greek under Baptista Guarino. As indicated above, he became tutor to Albertus Pius, Prince of Carpi. In 1482 he left Ferrara, with his noble pupil, to reside at Mirandola, with the celebrated Pius Mirandola.† It was

at this period that Aldus first conceived the idea of establishing a printing office. About the year 1488 he is believed to have taken up his residence at Venice, as a spot eligible for maturing his plans; and in 1494, or 1495, he sent forth the first production of his press.

In the course of the ensuing twenty years Manutius printed the works of the most ancient Latin and Greek authors, as well as many productions of his contemporaries. Whilst he paid the most sedulous attention to the affairs of his printing office, he carried on a very extensive correspondence with the *literati* of Europe; he established an academy in his own house, delivered lectures, and explained the classics to a numerous auditory of students; and even found time to compose a Latin Grammar, a Treatise on the Metres of Horace, a Greek Dictionary, and several other works characterised by profound learning and an extensive variety of knowledge. So absorbed was Aldus in his professional duties, that, having ordered his other essentially necessary affairs, it was his custom to shut himself up in his study, and there to employ himself in revising his Greek and Latin manuscripts, in reading the letters which he received from the learned in all parts of the world, and in writing answers to them. To prevent interruption by impertinent visits, he caused the following inscription to be placed over the door of his *sanctum*:—

"Whoever you are, ALDUS earnestly entreats you to dispatch your business as soon as possible, and then depart; unless you come hither, like another Hercules, to lend him some friendly assistance; for here will be work sufficient to employ you, and as many as enter this place."

This inscription was afterwards adopted, for a similar purpose, by the learned Oporinus, a printer, of Basil.

Aldus Manutius was the inventor of the *italic*, or cursive character, which was first cut, under his instructions, by Francesco of Bo-

another admirable Crichton. He was born in 1463. At the age of eighteen he is said to have been master of eighteen languages, and was accounted a prodigy of erudition. Master of all the liberal arts, an admirable poet, and a skilful disputant, he, in 1486, went to Rome, where he published a challenge, offering to dispute on nine hundred propositions on different subjects. Instead, however, of being answered as he expected, a charge of heresy was brought against him, and he was compelled to leave the eternal city. Settling at Florence, on an estate given to him by Lorenzo de Medici, he devoted his latter years to the study of theology. He died in 1496. It may not be thought unamusing to add, that his works were printed at Strasburgh, in the year 1507, by a printer named Knobloch; when the *errata* of a single volume occupied *fifteen folio pages*!

\* Girolamo Tiraboschi, born at Bergamo in 1731, died in 1794, was librarian and counsellor to the Duke of Modena, by whom he was knighted. He was the author of a History of Italian Literature, in sixteen volumes, quarto, and other works.

† This John Picus, youngest son of John Francis Picus, Prince of Mirandola, appears to have been

logna; and for his exclusive use, for a term of years, he obtained a patent from the Pope and the Senate of Venice. It was said to be in imitation of the hand-writing of Petrarch. The first book printed in this letter was an edition of the works of Virgil (*Virgilius; Venet: apud Aldum*) in octavo, in 1501. A copy of this performance was sold at Mr. Dent's sale for the sum of 23*l.* 2*s.* Objections, however, have been urged against this type, in its original form, as too stiff and angular, and faulty in a technical view on account of the number of letters connected together.

Aldus had no fewer than nine descriptions of Greek types; speaking of which, Mattaire says:—"his characters were large, round, beautiful, and elegant, adorned with frequent ligatures, which added great beauty to his editions." No one before Aldus printed so much, and so beautifully, in the Greek language. Of the Latin character he procured fourteen kinds, most of which were eminently beautiful. In some of his editions of the classics, he gave the Greek text, and then the Latin translation; and his was the invention of so "imposing" a work, that the purchasers might, at pleasure, bind up the respective versions either singly or together, one language interleaving the other. The mode of printing two languages in opposite columns was not adopted till the year 1590.

Of Hebrew types, Aldus had three sorts. In the year 1501 he wrote and printed an Introduction to the Hebrew tongue; and about the same time, or probably two or three years earlier, he printed the first leaf, in folio, of a proposed edition of the Bible in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. Thus, it was Aldus who had the honour of first suggesting the plan of a *Polyglott Bible*. The only known copy of the exquisitely precious fragment of typography here alluded to is in the Royal Library at Paris.

Here, as particularly tending to illustrate the title of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, we pause to remark, that, as insignia of distinction, and probably also for the prevention of frauds, the earlier printers were accustomed to adopt peculiar marks—monograms, rebusses, or other devices—in the title-pages of their works. The device of Aldus was the *Anchor and Dolphin*, as displayed in the Prospectus, and on the wrapper, of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE. This was borrowed from a silver medal of the Emperor Titus, presented to Aldus Manutius by Cardinal Bembo. On one side of the medal was the head of the Emperor; on the reverse, a *dolphin* twisting itself round an *anchor*; and the emblem, or hieroglyphic, is supposed to

correspond with an adage (*σπενδε βραδeweς*) said to have been the favourite motto of Augustus.

Erasmus, in his *Adagia*, under the head *Festina lente*, in explaining the device of his favourite printer, John Frobenius, of Basil\*, ingeniously remarks:—"If princes on this side the Alps would encourage liberal studies with as much zeal as those of Italy, the *serpents* of Froben would not be so much less lucrative than the *dolphin* of Aldus. The latter *lente festinans* has deservedly gained for himself no less wealth than reputation. As to Frobenius, whilst he constantly carries his *baculus* or staff erect, with no other view than the public advantage; whilst he departs not from the *simplicity* of the *dove*; whilst he exemplifies the *prudence* of the *serpent* not more by his device than by his actions; he is rich rather in reputation than in an estate."

Still more to our purpose, in the way of illustration, is the following *Impromptu*, by that venerable bibliographer, the late Sir Egerton Brydges:—

"Let your emblems, or devices, be a *dove*, or a *fish*,  
or a musical lyre, or a *naval anchor*."

WOULD you still be safely landed,  
On the ALDINE *anchor* ride;  
Never yet was vessel stranded  
With the *dolphin* by its side.

Fleet is WECHEL'S flying courser,  
A bold and brideless steed is he;  
But when winds are piping hoarser,  
The *dolphin* rides the stormy sea.

STEPHENS was a noble printer,  
Of knowledge firm he fixt his *tree*;  
But time in him made many a splinter,  
As, old Elzevir, in thee.

Whose name the bold DIGAMMA hallows,  
Knows how well his page it decks;  
But black it looks as any gallows  
Fitted for poor authors' necks.

Nor time nor envy e'er shall canker  
The sign that is *my* lasting pride;  
Joy, then, to the ALDINE *anchor*,  
And the *dolphin* at its side!

To the *dolphin*, as we're drinking,  
Life, and health, and joy we send;  
A poet once he saved from sinking,  
And still he lives—the poet's friend.

With this poetic and cordial greeting the humble historian of THE ALDINE TRIUMPHATE makes his retiring bow till Saturday next.

\* Frobenius was born at Hammelberg, in Franco-nia, in 1460. Erasmus, who was his intimate friend, lodged in his house at Basil, and had all his works printed by him. Frobenius died in 1527.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Science of the Stars.—Advent Sunday.—Heroes, Patriots, and their Opposites.—Buonaparte and his Dynasty.—Wellington and Waterloo.—Character of James II.—Belzoni, the Earl of Munster, and Sir John Soane's Alabaster Sarcophagus.—Cardinal Richelieu.—Patronage of Men of Letters.—Westall, the Royal Academician.—St. Nicholas and his Miracles.—General Monk and his Marriage.—Women Barbers.—The Duke and Duchess of Albemarle.—Cicero and Bookbinding.—Glue *versus* Indian Rubber.—Algernon Sydney and the French Ambassador.—Marshal Ney and the Duke of Wellington.—Flaxman the Sculptor.

ARE we lunatics or star-gazers? Perhaps both. At all events, we commence our lucubrations under the direct influence of the full moon; her Majesty, Queen Luna—or the “chaste Dian,” for whom Endymion sighed—attaining, as those infallible oracles the almanacs assure us, her largest apparent size at thirty-four minutes past eleven, A.M., on this present Saturday, December the 1st, *Anno Domini*, MDCCCXXXVIII. That the moment is an auspicious one we cannot doubt, since our friend J. V., eminently skilled in the occult science, has most carefully “cast a figure of the heavens,” and assured us that ♀ and ♂, and ♄ and ♀, and ♀, ♂, and ♄, and Van Amburgh and the beasts at Drury Lane Theatre, are all in blessed and happy conjunction.—Further, let our astronomical friends bear in mind that Mercury, in the constellation Sagittarius, is an evening star throughout the month; and that Venus, in the constellations Sagittarius and Scorpio, is a morning star in the early part of the month, after which, until the end, it is invisible.

To-morrow is Advent Sunday, on which no comment can here be requisite.

Of heroes, and the reverse of heroes—of patriots, and of traitors—and of some who were unconnected with any of these classes—we have a few words to say.

Napoleon Buonaparte, the greatest and the bloodiest of modern conquerors, obtained the imperial crown on the 2nd of December, 1804; and on the anniversary of that day in the succeeding year he gained the memorable battle of Austerlitz. Where now is the man who, for a brief period, held one half of the world in awe? Only thirty-four years have elapsed since the consummation of the first of the events here alluded to. Seventeen years afterwards the self-crowned Emperor died, a prisoner and an exile; his bones were left to rot in obscurity in the distant Isle of St. Helena; and the surviving members of his mushroom dynasty, extinguished throughout Europe, are now little bet-

ter than solitary wanderers over the face of the earth!

“Trembling before the fell usurper's throne,  
Long did the bleeding earth in anguish groan,  
Till JUSTICE rose, and with an arm of might  
Burst the foul spell that bound the world in night!”

Nor let it be forgotten that, by the direction of Heaven, Britain was the power by which the nations were set free. We laugh to scorn the un-English spirit by which some of the degenerate writers of the present day are inspired—a spirit which would willingly rob England and her glorious sons of their well-earned fame.

“Yes, WELLINGTON, thy worth shall oft inspire  
The souls of British youth with martial fire;  
And, WATERLOO, thy name shall live in song,  
Our children's children shall the note prolong;  
For thine the day that gave to Albion's isle  
The song of JOY, and BEAUTY's dearest smile!  
Peace to the manes of the honoured dead!  
Soft be the turf that forms their hallowed bed!  
May flowers perennial bless the verdant soil,  
Watered by VIRTUE's tears—guerdon of VIRTUE's toil!”

What a different sovereign was James II. of England, who abdicated his throne on the 3rd of December, 1688, exactly a century and a half ago. His character was most anomalous. James appears to have been, physically, a brave man; morally, a coward. “He was,” observes old Granger, “what rarely happens, revengeful and valiant almost in the same degree, and displayed such courage in the first Dutch war, as rendered him more popular than all the other acts of his life.” It should be remembered, to his credit, that he was the inventor of naval signals. According to Smollett, he “frequently visited the poor monks of La Trappe, who were much edified by his humble and pious deportment.” James lived nearly thirteen years in exile. His body was deposited in the monastery of the Benedictines at Paris; his brain in the church of St. Andrew, belonging to the Scotch College in that city; and his heart in the nunnery of Chaillot. Moreover, several miracles were alleged to have been wrought at his tomb. Verily, we marvel that O'Connell should never have made a pilgrimage to that miraculous tomb.

John Baptist Belzoni, the celebrated traveller in Egypt, whose feats of strength and agility at Astley's are well remembered, died at Gato, in Africa, on the 3rd of December, 1823. The late Colonel Denham justly styled him the *Prince of Travellers*. The Earl of Munster, at that time Colonel Fitzclarence, when on his return over land from India to England in March, 1818, met Belzoni at the residence of Mr. Salt, at Cairo; and it is due to the honour, humanity, and benevolence of his Lordship to state, that, finding the great explorer labouring under circumstances of gross injustice, he ex-

erted all his influence over the minds of the persons hostile to his efforts, and protected him from a threatened most cruel spoliation. Belzoni, observes Colonel Fitzclarence in his "Journal," "was the handsomest man I ever saw; was above six feet high, and his commanding figure set off by a long beard." At the time here referred to, both Belzoni and Mr. Salt were enraptured with the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which they had discovered, in what Belzoni supposed to be the tomb of the god Apis. This exquisite gem of antiquity is now to be seen in the collection of the late Sir John Soane, (presented to the nation,) in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Thus the ill-judged parsimony, or whatever else it might be, of the British Museum, in declining its purchase, has been defeated. Every resident in, and every visitor of the metropolis, ought to inspect Sir John Soane's collection, (gratuitously open,) were it only for the opportunity of viewing the alabaster sarcophagus.—Nearly ever since Belzoni's decease, his estimable widow, who shared his privations and sufferings in most of his travels, has been residing in a state of poverty, and almost destitution, on the Continent. A few months ago, we believe, some pitiful pecuniary aid was doled out to her by the British Government.

Cardinal Richelieu, happily designated the Talleyrand of his day, died on the 4th of December, 1642—nearly two hundred years ago—at the age of only fifty-seven. The character of this wily statesman, who certainly possessed brilliancy as well as versatility of talent, is admirably drawn in one of James's novels. He had, at least, the merit of patronising men of letters, and of causing the arts and sciences to flourish in his country. Mirabeau wisely said, that "kings and princes" (and he ought to have added ministers) "are inexcusable when they do not protect men of genius. Let them reflect on the characters of Augustus and Louis XIV. Could any thing but the encouragement of all ingenuity, of all genius, of all application—could any thing else have gained them such maturity of fame? Their political actions were not only faulty—they were detestable; yet, notwithstanding the blackest traits of character, we find them handed down to us as the greatest of monarchs. This is the result of well rewarding those who alone can confer immortality. Surely therefore monarchs should, through self-interest, if from no other motive, award liberal encouragement to the arts, sciences, and literature, as an unerring road to that fame which is so flattering even to them."

The anniversary of Richelieu's death is also that of the death of Westall, the royal academician. Richard Westall, a native, we believe,

of Reepham, in Norfolk, was born about the year 1765. He was originally intended for the profession of the law; but, possessing an elegant and cultivated, though apparently not a powerful mind, poetry and the arts proved more congenial to his taste than the dry technicalities of legal proceedings. Thirty years ago he published a volume entitled "A Day in Spring, and other Poems," which did him great credit. The name of Westall must be familiar to most of our readers as that of an illustrator of popular works without number. Westall, however, was an artist of greater promise than performance: many of his early productions were distinguished by considerable talent, if not genius; but, for the last thirty years of his life, he advanced not one hair's-breadth in the progress of his art. He was, if we mistake not, the instructor of her present Majesty; notwithstanding which, and his long practice and extensive connexions, he failed in his endeavours to acquire a competence. A year or two before his death, (which occurred on the 4th of December, 1836,) he was under the painful necessity of parting with a fine collection of paintings, which had been more than a quarter of a century in accumulating.

St. Nicholas—we do not here indicate the ubiquitous personage derisively styled Old Nick, *alias* Old Harry, but the veritable Saint Nicholas of the Romish church, whose festival stands in the calendar for the 6th of December—was a wonder-working genius in his way. He is the patron saint of children, of virgins, of the Russian empire, of the Dominican monks, of the Muscovite Laplanders, of mariners, &c. The Laplanders deposit little images of this saint in the coffins of their deceased relations, as one of the most able and strenuous advocates of the dead; and even in the more ancient sea-ports of England, it was usual to place churches under his protection, and to enrich them by offerings from mariners, fishermen, merchants, &c. Charles III. of Naples instituted an order of knighthood, called the Argonauts of St. Nicholas. In his youth, we may presume him to have been a man of gallantry. It is related of him, that he was in the pleasant habit of throwing stockings with marriage portions into young ladies' chambers; and in consequence it became customary in nunneries, on the eve of St. Nicholas, for each of the young nuns to place a silk stocking at the door of the apartment of the lady abbess, with a piece of paper enclosed, recommending themselves to "Great St. Nicholas of her chamber." Next day the damsels were called together to witness the saint's attentions, when the stockings were always found filled with sweetmeats, &c., with which a gene-

ral feast was made. Yet we know not how to reconcile a notion of the gallantry of the saint with a counter-statement, according to which, when an infant, he was so pious that, upon Wednesdays and Fridays, he could never be prevailed upon to receive the natural nutriment of the breast. One of the multitude of his miracles was the following:—Two children had been murdered, cut into pieces, salted, and put into a pickling tub with some pork. As "murder will out," the guilt was revealed to St. Nicholas in a vision. He prayed that the Almighty would at once pardon the murderer and restore the dead to life. Scarcely was the prayer at an end, when the mangled, detached, and pickled pieces of the two youths were, by divine power, reunited; and, perceiving that they were alive, they threw themselves at the feet of the holy man to kiss and embrace them. The saint gave them his blessing, and packed the lucky rogues off in great joy to prosecute their studies at Athens.

George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, the great promoter of the restoration of that reckless and profligate wight Charles II., was born on the festival of St. Nicholas in 1608, two hundred and thirty years ago. Respecting the marriage of this nobleman, and the origin and family connexions of his duchess, some extraordinary evidence was adduced, on a trial of an action of trespass, which took place in the Court of King's Bench, ninety-two years afterwards, between William Sherwin, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants.

"The plaintiff, as heir and representative of Thomas Monk, Esq., elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed the manor of Sutton, in the county of York, and other lands, as heir-at-law to the said Duke, against the defendant, devisee under the will of Duke Christopher, his only child, who died in 1688 without issue. It appeared that Anne, the wife of George, Duke of Albemarle, was daughter of John Clarges, a blacksmith and farrier in the Savoy, and farrier to Colonel Monk. In 1632, she was married at the church of St. Lawrence, Pountney, to Thomas Ratford, son of Thomas Ratford, late a farrier's servant to Prince Charles, and resident in the Mews. She had a daughter, born in 1634, who died in 1638. Her husband and she lived at the Three Spanish Gypsies, in the New Exchange, and sold washballs, powder, gloves, and such things, and she taught girls plain work. About 1647, she, being sempstress to Monk, used to carry him linen. In 1648, her father and mother died; in 1649, she and her husband fell out, and parted; but no certificate from any parish register appears, reciting his burial. In 1652, she was married in the church of St. George, Southwark, to General George Monk, and in the following year was delivered of a son, Christopher, who was suckled by Honour Mills, who sold apples, herbs, oysters, &c."

On the death of the son Christopher, above-

mentioned, in 1688, the ducal honours of Albemarle in the family of Monk became extinct. The mother of the Duchess was a washer-woman; and Aubrey speaks of her as one of the "five women barbers that lived in Drury Lane." Monk was a coarse-minded man; his wife had much influence over him; and she is said to have had a considerable hand in the Restoration. Thus, "petticoats always rule the roast." Pepys, in his Memoirs, has some curious and amusing notices respecting both the Duke and Duchess. The latter he describes as "ever a plain homely dowdy," "a very ill-looking woman," &c. Of the Duke he says, in 1666, he "is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with." Once, "in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York, 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that, for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you a great, if not greater miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle." In April, 1667—"I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner."

The 7th of December, B.C. 43, now 1881 years ago, was memorable for the assassination of that great author, orator, and "book collector" of antiquity, Marcus Tullius Cicero. As a lover of books, it is not improbable that Cicero was somewhat luxurious in his taste for *binding*, since we find him instructing his friend Atticus "to send him some two of his librarians, who, among other things, might *conglutinate* his books." Phillatius, an Athenian, regarded as the "Father of Bookbinding," employed *glue* in the art more than two thousand years since; and, in honour of the invention, his countrymen actually erected a statue to his memory. Will the use of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, just introduced with the most beautiful effect as a succedaneum for glue, last so long? We have heard it surmised that it will not bear a warm climate, or even an approach to our common fires.

Algernon Sidney, one of the patriots of English history, was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 7th of December, 1683, at the age of sixty-six. Implicated in what was termed the Rye-house Plot, he was tried and condemned for conspiring the death of the King, by a packed jury and the infamous Judge Jeffries. Sidney was a zealous republican; yet one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his at-

tinder. His work, entitled "Discourses on Government," is well known. When ambassador at the court of Denmark, Mr. Sidney, availing himself of the privilege of all noble strangers, inscribed his celebrated motto, the motto also of the Earl of Carysfort and of Lord Riversdale—

"Manus hæc tyrannis," &c.

in the "Book of Mottos" in the King's library. M. Terlon, the French ambassador regarding this as a libel upon his government, and upon the new order of things which France and her partisans were endeavouring to establish in Denmark, had the impudence to tear this motto from the book. We have not seen it recorded whether he was duly chastised for the act.

Marshal Ney, another *patriot* in his way, and pronounced by Buonaparte "the bravest of the brave," was shot on the 7th of December, 1815. Ney behaved nobly and kindly to the retreating English in the Peninsula: so far, we should have been glad could his life have been spared; but, great as were his deeds of arms, Ney *was* a traitor; and had the Duke of Wellington done more than he did towards his rescue, *he* would have been a traitor to his own honour, and to the cause for which he had fought. That the Duke was incapable of acting from the impulse of a little mind is sufficiently apparent from the following letter, addressed by him to Sir Charles Stuart, on the 28th of June, 1815, respecting the disposal of Buonaparte:—

"General ——— has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. ——— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner which should not be me."\*

On the 7th of December John Flaxman, the greatest sculptor of modern times, will have been dead twelve years. If ever man were blest with the god-like attribute of genius, Flaxman was so blest. Had he never touched marble, his illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, Hesiod, and Dante would have been sufficient to insure him an immortality of fame.

\* *Vide* the 12th and last volume, just published, of *The Dispatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington*, &c.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE EAST.\*

INDIA, and every thing connected with the British Empire in the East, are daily acquiring a new and heightened interest—not only in England—not only in Europe—but throughout the civilised world. Never, therefore, could a work relating to an important part of our Indian possessions have made its appearance at a moment more auspicious than the present. Situated about five hundred miles from the Presidency of Bombay, the province of Cutch, "is bounded, on the west, by the river Indus; on the east, by the Gulf of Cutch, and the salt desert of the Runn; on the north, by the Great Desert; and on the south, by the sea." Within the 68th and 70th degrees of east longitude, and the 22nd and 24th parallels of north latitude, it extends about 160 miles in length, from east to west, and 65 in breadth, from north to south. Thus, as the intelligent writer of the volume before us remarks, it is likely, from its geographical position, as well as from its maritime importance, to become connected with the favourite and apparently feasible plan of steam navigation on the Indus; and, in consequence, it is more deserving of attention, at this particular time, than other stations not equally liable to be effected by the progress of commercial civilization.

Mrs. Postans is an unpretending, yet correct and elegant writer; with sound, liberal, and expansive views respecting the education and general improvement, religious, moral, and intellectual, of the native population of India, in its various castes. From her long residence in Cutch, she enjoyed unusual and peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with the domestic manners, habits, and character of the people; and the result of her observations is, on most points, full of interest—at once curious and valuable. Scarcely any subject has evaded her notice: history, ancient and modern—eastern costume, in all its rich varieties—religious worship, ceremonies, and superstitions of the Hindus—suttees—infanticide—natural produce of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—manufactures—architecture—the fine, and mechanical arts—minstrelsy—bards, and bardic literature—juggling, snake-charming, magic, &c.; these, and a thousand other points of at-

\* Cutch; or, Random Sketches, taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India; interspersed with Legends and Traditions. By Mrs. Postans. Illustrated with Engravings from Original Drawings by the Author. 8vo. Smith, Elder and Co., 1839.

traction rise before us in almost endless succession. If the nature of our publication admitted, we could fill column after column with extract. As it is we can venture to present only a few brief and isolated passages.

Of Daisuljee, the present Rao, or Prince of Cutch, of whom a whole length portrait is given, we are told that he—

"is not more than twenty-two years of age, having been elected on the formal deposition of his father, Rao Bharmuljee, a prince long rendered infamous by his public and private crimes. The manners of the young Rao are peculiarly urbane and amiable; the personal attachment of his dependants is a proof of his benevolence and kindness of disposition; and the respect he observes in public towards his unhappy father, evinces the delicacy and tenderness of his character." \* \* "In person the Rao is remarkably stout, with peculiarly fine eyes, and a benevolent and agreeable expression of countenance, although unfortunately disfigured by the small-pox. His dress is unusually rich, well arranged, and strikingly picturesque. On state occasions it consists of a most magnificent Kinkaub turban, of the usual stupendous size worn by the Rajpoots, ornamented with strings of pearl, and jewels of great value, with immense earrings of gold wire set with precious stones. Over the muslin ankrika (body cloth) worn by all natives of respectability, his Highness has a sort of body armour of thickly-wadded purple velvet embroidered with gold; a pair of rich satin trowsers, also embroidered, or rather embossed with gold; and crimson velvet slippers, curved upwards at the front, and decorated with pearls and coloured silks."

The Rao is conversant with English literature and science. Tender and affectionate in all the relations of life, he has declared that he will do his utmost to abolish the horrible crime of infanticide, which, with reference to females, prevails to an astonishing extent in Cutch. It has been calculated, that, in the province, a thousand lives are sacrificed annually by this crime; and that, amongst eight thousand of the Jharrejah tribe, the number of women did not exceed thirty.

It is surprising what numbers of eastern customs are found to assimilate with those of Europe in former times. For instance, the holding of lands by feudal tenure, in Cutch, is precisely in accordance with the old Norman system. Trial by ordeal, also, is yet in full force in Cutch, and in various other parts of India.

Wits, it is said, jump; and so do, occasionally, the tastes of whole communities. Lord Chesterfield's aristocratic feeling was opposed to the acquirement of music as an accomplishment. "If you want a fiddle," said he to his son, "pay a fiddler." The inhabitants of Cutch, particularly the ladies, seem to have taken lessons from his fiddle-faddle Lordship:

"Few of the natives study music as an art;

and the practice of it is restricted chiefly to hired minstrels. Wealthy persons generally retain such men; and the poor are content with the wandering minstrels, and the sonorous clamour of their religious worship. Women of character never practice any branch of the fine arts, as it is considered incompatible with morality and good breeding."

We must mention two or three of the more remarkable customs of the natives. It is known that rats and fish are regarded as fit objects of worship; and that the Hindus consider the preservation of all animals to be a work of peculiar merit.

"Near the gates of the residency of Anjar is a Hindu temple, supposed, at one period, to have sheltered five thousand rats, *bonâ fide rats*, who were under the care of an old Gosein [religious devotee] of the establishment, whose custom it was to summon them all three times a day, by means of a little bell, to a repast of grain scattered for their use on the floor of the temple." \* \* \* "Near another temple adjacent to the large tank, is a smaller one filled with fish, which I have seen regularly fed by the Brahmins with bread; the finny mendicants arising duly expectant to the surface at the appointed time."

Here is a mendicant of a different class:—

"He is a spare, active, old Brahmin, who has been dumb from infancy, and gains a living, which would be but precarious in a civilised country, by his reputation for holiness. When I first observed him, he was receiving grain in a little copper vessel, from the pitiful store of a poverty-stricken and palsied old woman surrounded by a troop of naked and laughing grandchildren, to whom he was mowing and pointing with a vain attempt at articulation. In return for his grain, he fastened a small yellow thread round the woman's wrist, as a preservative against the Evil Eye. His cummerbund was filled with similar fragments of like salutary effect; and his neck, arms, and chest, were burthened by immense balls made from the wood of the Tulsi, and other sacred trees, and strung into necklaces and bracelets. These he bestowed more sparingly, and I believe made them an article of trifling barter."

To the above the following may serve as a *pendant*, illustrating at the same time the extraordinary and even horrible nature of the penances to which Hindu devotees subject themselves to propitiate and prove their faith in their senseless idols.

"A wretched fanatic, now in Bombay, took a little slip of the Tulsi tree, planted it in a pot, placed it in the palm of his left hand, and held it above his head, in which position it has remained for five years. The Tulsi has grown a fine shrub; the muscles of the arm which support it have become rigid and shrunken; the nails of the fingers have grown out, and they curl spirally downwards to a great length; yet the wretched devotee sleeps, eats, drinks, and seems quite indifferent to his strange position, having lost his remembrance of pain in public applause."

Other instances of the comparative insensibility to physical pain amongst the natives of

Cutch, are exemplified in the strange practices of "Traga" and "Dhurna."

"Many castes in Cutch perform what is called Traga, or a self-infliction, which compels the victim's debtor to make good his obligations, or any one to redress an injury he may have committed against him. The form of Traga, in common use, is made by pushing a spear blade through both cheeks, and in this state dancing before the person against whom Traga is made. This is borne on all occasions without a symptom of pain, which, if displayed, would destroy its efficacy." \* \* \* "It is firmly believed, that any person choosing to commit Traga can, by this means, bring down a severe and perpetual curse upon its object; one that shall slay his family, wither his crops, and destroy all that he has."

"They have also a similar custom, called 'Dhurna,' according to which a creditor may seat himself at a debtor's door, and refuse to eat, drink, or sleep until the debt is paid. If he die in this state, his debtor is supposed to be held answerable to the gods; and such is the dread of this extensive system of dunning, that a man who becomes 'Dhurna' is sure to succeed in his object."

The state of the fine arts in Cutch is discussed by Mrs. Postans with much interest.

"The only attempt at painting that I have seen (she observes) is in the lower rooms of the Residency at Anjar; but the artist has shewn himself to have been totally ignorant of either perspective or *chiaroscuro*. The outlines, however, are good; the colours are well contrasted; and many of the groups are spirited and characteristic."

This remark is fully borne out by a *fac-simile* which the writer has given of one of the paintings in this apartment.

"It is intended to represent the amicable meeting of two Rajahs, one of whom is attended by an *Up-sura*, or nymph of Paradise. Ganesa, the god of wisdom, presides over the conference, and is attended by his favourite rats; below him kneels Varuna, the genius of rivers, from whose head flows the Ganges and the Jumna. The peacock appears as sacred to Parvati, the Indian Juno." \* \* \* "The sides of the room are decorated with representations of tigers, fighting elephants, and bands of gaily equipped horsemen, all characteristic and well drawn."

Such of our readers as may happen to recollect the representation of the processions, &c., discovered by Belzoni, the traveller, in the tomb of Psammis, king of Egypt, or the scarcely less interesting Etrurian tombs and paintings, exhibited some months ago in Pall Mall, will be particularly struck with the *fac-simile* plate alluded to above.

We cannot close without remarking, that, superadded to its general merit as a work of talent and information, the volume before us is very correctly and beautifully printed; its embellishments, though confined to lithography (in colours) and engraving in wood, are of a superior class; and, in all respects, it is "got up" in a handsome and even elegant style.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Aldine Magazine.

### A DICTIONARY OF KISSES.

SIR,—As a "first offering" to THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, in the success of which I conceive every lover of literature and the arts must take an interest I venture to send you a curious extract from a specimen sheet with which I was favoured some year ago. The work projected was of an exceedingly elaborate character, having occupied, as it was said, more than thirty years of the life of its author, Mr Jermyn, of Southwold, in Suffolk. Whether the work were even completed, I know not; nor whether the "specimen sheet" alluded to ever met the public eye: I am inclined to think not: at all events, if it did, its circulation was of a very limited nature.

I proceed to lay the proposed extract before your readers.—

"No. 1. *Gradus ad Parnassum*."

"On a plan nearly resembling that of the Latin work, a specimen of a synopsis of English poetry is now submitted to the public, being an arrangement of our principal synonyms, epithets, and phrases, faithfully collected from the works of the best poets, from the time of Chaucer to the present period. The authorities for every synonym, every epithet, and every phrase, with particular references to work and line, are reserved for publication in another form."

"KISS. n. s.—I'll seal thy dangerous lips with this close kiss.—HILL.

"SYN. Salute. Buss. Caress. Smack.

"EPITH. Kind, fond, amorous, warm, kindling, ardent, fervent, impassioned, burning, flaming, joyful, rapturous, divine, charming, cheering, enchanting, soothing, softening, melting, healing, balmy, soft, gentle, smooth, humid, dewy, honied, dainty, delicious, voluptuous, nectared, ambrosial, sweet, sugared, savoury, musky, spicy, fragrant, rosy, tempting, yielding, lingering, long, long-breathed, close, pure, chaste, modest, virgin, light, lawful, guiltless, pious, holy, civil, formal, ceremonious, meeting, mutual, friendly, farewell, parting, tear-dewed, stifling, deep-fetched, impressive, zealous, hasty, famished, ravenous, furious, forced, false, rude, treacherous, venal, lascivious, loathsome, cold, frigid, unripe, unwilling, comfortless."

Mr Jermyn has evidently done much; but the subjoined additions, which occur at the moment, will show that he might have done more:—

Sacred, poisonous, hallowed, deep-drawn, love-inspiring, lewd, guilty, unholy, unlawful, tainted, soul-thrilling, lust-exciting, suffocating, love-darting, electric, life-absorbing, agonising, rapture-giving, heavenly, heart-inspiring, life-giving, maddening, chilling, hope-inspiring, freezing, heartless, deceitful, cheating, wanton, trembling, bashful, faithful, blissful, joyful, &c.

Now for the Phrases:—

"The balm of love. The breakfast of love. Cupid's seal. The lover's fee. The fee of parting. The first and last of joys. The hansom of love. The homage of the lip. Hope's first wealth. The hostage of promise. Love's chief sign. Love's indentures. Love's language. Love's mintage. Love's oratory. Love's print. Love's rhetoric. Love's tribute. The nectar of the gods. The nectar of a kiss. The nec-



bar of Venus. The pledge of bliss. The pledge of faith. The pledge of love. The seal of bliss. The seal of love. Sin's earnest penny. The melting aip. The stamp of love."

If the above prove acceptable, Mr. Editor, I shall have the pleasure of transmitting some further illustrations.

Yours, &c.

Θ

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

*Dr. Parr and Dr. William Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne.*

Possessing the Scrap Book of the late Dr. Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne, from which, as well as from a variety of other sources, we intend to draw for this department of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, we offer, by way of introduction, the following eulogium upon that prelate, by the learned Dr. Samuel Parr:—

"Among the Fellows of Emanuel College, who endeavoured to shake Mr. Homer's resolution, to preserve to him his academical rank, there was one man whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to recommend, and all my talent for commendation, are disproportionate to his merit. From habits, not only of close intimacy, but of early and uninterrupted friendship, I can say, that there is scarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence in verse or prose, whose writings are not familiar to him. He is equally successful in combating the difficulties of the most obscure, and catching, at a glance, at the beauties of the most elegant. Though I could mention two or three persons who made a greater proficiency than my friend in philological learning, yet, after surveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man, whose taste seems to me more correct or more pure, or whose judgment upon any composition, in Greek, Latin, or English, would carry with it higher authority to my mind.

"To those discourses which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young, and interested the old, which were argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness, and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness. As a tutor, he was unwearied in the instruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare of all who were entrusted to his care. The brilliancy of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, were the more endearing, because they were united with qualities of a higher order—because in morals, he was correct without moroseness—and because in religion he was serious without bigotry. From the retirement of a college, he stepped at once into the circle of a court; but he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate he does honour to a patron

who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of his station where in his wise and honest judgment upon things, great duties are connected with great emoluments. If, from general description, I were permitted to descend to particular detail, I should say, that in one instance, he exhibited a noble proof of generosity, by refusing to accept the legal and customary profits of his office, from a peasantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I should say, that, upon another occasion he did not suffer himself to be irritated by perverse and audacious opposition; but blended mercy with justice, spared a misguided father for the sake of a distressed dependant family, and provided, at the same time, for the instruction of a large and populous parish, without pushing to extreme his episcopal rights when invaded, and his episcopal power when defied. While the English Universities produce such scholars, they will indeed deserve to be considered as the nurseries of learning and virtue. While the Church of Ireland is adorned by such prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that spirit of restless discontent, and excessive refinement, which has lately gone abroad;—it will be instrumental to the best purposes by the best means. It will gain fresh security and fresh lustre from the support of wise and good men. It will promote the noblest interests of society, and uphold, in this day of peril, the sacred cause of true religion.

"Sweet is the refreshment afforded to my soul by the remembrance of such a scholar, such a man, and such a friend, as Dr. William Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne."

### *The Soldier's Wife.*

"Who comes there?" said a sentinel to a person coming near his post. "A friend," softly said a timid voice. "Advance, and give the parole." The same soft, timid voice said, "Love." "Love," said the sentinel, "is not the parole, and you cannot pass. It is more than my life is worth to permit you to pass." "Indeed, this is cruel, not to allow a serjeant's wife to pass, to take perhaps her last farewell. I beseech you to let me pass; ere the morning's battle takes place, let me spend this night in his company. I have travelled forty miles to see him." "Pass, friend: all's well." It proved her last farewell.

### *A Bishop's Potation.\**

There was nothing remarkable in our entertainment, but the most episcopal way of drinking that could be invented. As soon as we came into the great hall, where stood many flaggons ready charged, the bishop called for wine to drink the king's health; they brought him a formal bell of silver gilt, that might hold about two quarts, or more—he took it, pulled out the clapper, and gave it to me, whom he intended to drink to, then had the bell filled, and drank it off to his Majesty's health! then asked me for the clapper, put it again into the bell, and rang out a loud peal, to show he had played fair! This jolly peal was rung by every gentleman in the hall, myself excepted, who could never in my life manage more than one quart of wine at a draught.

\* As recorded by Sir William Temple, in a letter to his brother, written on his embassy to the Bishop of Munster.

*The Poet's Pen.**(From the Greek of Menecrates.)*

I was a useless reed; no clusters hung  
 My brow with purple grapes; no blossom flung  
 The coronet of crimson on my stem;  
 No apple blushed upon me, nor—the gem  
 Of flowers—the violet strewed the yellow heath  
 Around my feet, nor jessamine's sweet wreath  
 Robed me in silver: day and night I pined  
 On the lone moor, and shivered in the wind.  
 At length a poet found me. From my side  
 He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed  
 My lips in *Helicon*. From that high hour  
 I SPOKE! my words were flame and living power;  
 All the wide wonders of the world were mine,  
 Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;  
 Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;  
 High as the hills with thunder clouds are palled.  
 And there was sweetness round me, that the dew  
 Had never wet so sweet on violets blue.  
 To me the mighty sceptre was a wand;  
 The roar of nations pealed at my command;  
 To me, the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,  
 I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;  
 Or, towering o'er them all, without a plume,  
 I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,  
 Till blazed th' Olympian glories on my eye,  
 Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

When the celebrated Lord Chesterfield was extremely ill, he was walking one day with a very handsome woman. Suddenly the lady exclaimed, "I am as cold as death!" "If so," answered his lordship, "I shall have no objection to his embraces."

*The Eagle.*

Why does the eagle bend his flight  
 To meet the sun's meridian height  
 With such exulting glee?  
 'Tis not, as poets have av'rd,  
 Because he is the regal bird—  
 It is, because he's free.

## NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c.

*Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for 1839.* Edited by Frederick Shoberl. Ackermann and Co.

OUR dear old friend, the Forget-Me-Not! The *Alma Mater* of all the race! Not only was the Forget-Me-Not the *first* but, so far as editorship is concerned, it has been invariably the *best* of its class. And, after a successful career of eighteen years, here it still is, flourishing in all the freshness and vigour of youth, presenting, indeed, all the admirable qualities of adolescence and maturity combined. At such a point of his labours, most grateful to the feelings of Mr. Shoberl must it be, to lay his hand upon his heart and exclaim—"We are not aware that the work contains a single expression or senti-

ment which we could wish expunged!" The embellishments of the present volume are upon the whole, superior to those which have been given for some years past. *Almeria*, by Parris, illustrated in the *Belle Sauvage Plot*, by *Mr Lawrance*; the *Genius of Wealth*, by *Mr M'Ian*, which has called forth a glowing eulogium from the pen of that prince of story-teller *Dr. Macginn*; the *Princess of the West*, by *Middleton*; a *Highland Gillie*, by *A. Coope R.A.*; *Alice Lee*, (a little too black,) by *Nas* illustrated by a sweet Poem from *L. E. L.*, now *Mrs. M'Clean*, of whose safe arrival at *Cap Coast Castle* we are most happy to hear; the *Parting Wreath*, by *Miss L. Adams*; *Margate* by *Jennings*; and *Il Palazzo*, a lovely sun lighted view, by *Barrett*, are all more or less deserving of praise. The literary contribution at least sustain their usual standard of merit. One little poetic gem we transfer to our own page, not because it is the most brilliant in the volume, but because it demands little space, and is in perfect accordance with our own feelings. Here is *The Flag of England*, by *Charles Swain Esq.* :—

"When whirling flames round Moscow rose,  
 And fetters bowed the pride of Spain;  
 When Austria, chased by Gallic foes,  
 Fleed from Marengo's fatal plain;  
 When Italy and Egypt knew  
 The woes their dread Invader hurled,  
 Then high the flag of England flew,  
 And carried Freedom to the World!  
 Then honoured by the Flag that bore  
 The light of Triumph o'er the sea,  
 That burst the bonds which Europe wore,  
 And made the Homes of millions free!  
 May peace her laurelled reign prolong,  
 Whilst Beauty crowns each valliant name;  
 And be the Poet's noblest song  
 The Union Flag of England's fame."

*Heads of the People. Taken off by Quizfzzz.*  
 Nos. I. and II. Tyas. 1838.

LIVING under a mixed, though royal, loyal, and aristocratic form of government, it is impossible that we should not entertain due respect for the "Heads of the People." We venture to opine, however, that in the neat and clever little publication so named, the *heads* are the *heads* of, or form, only the *middling*, or, as some would style them, the *inferior* classes of that *many-headed* animal, the *people*. Thus, in No. I. the subjects are—the Dress-maker, the Dinner-out, the Stock-broker, and the Lawyer's Clerk. Of these, speaking with reference to the designs, the first is a pleasing sketch of an industrious young needle-woman; the second, though sufficiently dandyified and sensual, is deficient in the veritable air of the table voluptuary; the

bird reminds us rather of a Jew money-lender than of the cosy, kind-hearted, and really generous character described; the fourth is so graphically forcible that it *must* be a portrait: here, with his lank, attenuated figure, attired in his "office coat" with its sixth pair of sleeves, sits that truly pitiable object, the "copying clerk," *all but alive*. The literary illustrations, by Leman Rede, is intensely painful, and so is the head itself. Seemingly not at all aware of the essential difference which exists between the *Stock-broker* and the *Stock-jobber* (though the two are not unfrequently united in the same individual), we here find an amusing description of the latter under the designation of the former. Mr. Jerrold (we beg pardon, Henry Brownrigg, Esq.) illustrates the *Diner-out*, and also the *Dress-maker*. The *Diner-out* was not a happily chosen subject, it had been so repeatedly and so admirably "served up" before: still, it is "well done"—"done to a turn."

"The *Diner-Out* must have a most passionate love for children. He must so comport himself that when his name shall be announced every child in the mansion shall set up a yell, a scream of rapture—shall rush to him, pull his coat tails, climb on his back, twist their fingers in his hair, snatch his watch from his pocket; and, whilst they rend his super-Saxony, load his shoulders, uncurl his wig, and threaten instant destruction to his repeater. The *Diner-Out* must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma that the 'children are troublesome,' the *Diner-Out* must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight, and with a very chuckle assure the anxious parent that 'the little rogues are charming!'"

Gallantry apart, however, the little *Dress-maker* is our favourite in all respects. The general description is, alas! *too true*; but it is written in the best and kindest spirit, and calculated to prove extensively beneficial to an unfortunate, though useful and meritorious class of women. The linen-draper's assistants and others have obtained a reduction of their hours of labour: the *Dress-makers*, it is said, meditate a general "strike," with the same desirable object in view: we most cordially wish them success.

No. II. has reached us at so late an hour, that we can only say its four *heads*—The Fashionable Physician, The Medical Student, The Lion, and The Servant of All-work—are in every respect superior to those of its predecessor.

*The Principles of Punctuation, preceded by a Brief Explanation of the Parts of Speech.* By George Smallfield. Smallfield and Son. 1838.

This is an excellent little book, chiefly founded upon the *best* book that ever was written upon

the subject—CECIL HARTLEY'S *Principles of Punctuation*. How is it, that several of Cecil Hartley's admirable volumes have been suffered to get out of print? In the work before us, Mr. Smallfield, whose "attention has been almost incessantly drawn to the subject of punctuation, for upwards of twenty years, by his profession as a printer," has offered some new and useful rules, and his remarks on French accentuation, and on the mode of preparing manuscripts for the press, &c. will be found extensively serviceable.

*The Natural History of the Sperm Whale: its Anatomy and Physiology, Food, &c. To which is added, A Sketch of a South Sea Whaling Voyage.* By Thomas Beale, Surgeon, Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Electric Society of London, &c. Post 8vo. Van Voorst, 1809.

In this handsome, though closely printed volume, Mr. Beale has conferred a weighty obligation upon the scientific, as well as upon the commercial world. In his anatomical description of the sperm whale, and also in his illustration of the nature and habits of that stupendous creature, he has left all former zoologists far behind. One of the remarkable circumstances connected with the history of this species is, that whilst the full-grown male attains a length of upwards of eighty feet, with bulk in proportion, the full-grown female averages not more than one-fifth of the size of her magnificent partner; than which she is also more slenderly and more gracefully formed, and consequently more agile in her movements. Contrary to what has been generally asserted and understood, the sperm whale is one of the most inoffensive, and most timid animals in the creation. It is another exceedingly curious fact, that sperm whales have a mode of intercommunicating ideas peculiarly their own: they all "have some method of communicating by signals to each other, by which they become apprised of the approach of danger; and this they do, although the distance may be very considerable between them, sometimes amounting to four, five, or even seven miles." The males make from sixty to seventy expirations, while at the surface for ten or eleven minutes; they then descend, and remain below, at an unfathomable depth, from an hour to an hour and twenty minutes: the females make about thirty-five or forty expirations during the period they are at the surface, which is about four minutes, and they remain below about twenty minutes. These are only a few of the peculiarities of this extraordinary animal.

The second part of Mr. Beale's book—"A

*Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage*—is full of perilous and marvellous adventure—of the most stirring and exciting interest; almost setting the wildness of romance at defiance. With one or two exceptions, the illustrative engravings in wood, though not finely executed, are spirited and effective. As a whole, the work constitutes a valuable addition to our stores of knowledge.

*Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress.*  
By "Boz." 3 vols. Bentley.

SINCE the memorable days of John Poole's *Paul Pry*, nothing has acquired the popularity which attends the "sayings and doings" of "Boz" otherwise Charles Dickens, in his *Pickwick Club*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist*; a series of performances which, independently of the mass of gratification they have afforded to the reading public, constitute just so many "cut-and-come-again" dishes, for the special advantage of the truly original dramatists of our day. How often poor *Pickwick* may have been dragged upon the stage, heaven only knows. *Nicholas Nickleby* has been prematurely finished, at the *Adelphi*, without his father's consent; may still be seen there, for sixpence or a shilling, evening; and similar honours have been conferred upon *Oliver Twist* in that temple of classic fame, "the Surrey!"

Had poor *Oliver* made his *entrée* at the Aldine Chambers somewhat earlier than he did, we should have been happy to pay our respects to him in a style superior to what we can now accomplish. After figuring through many successive numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, he has been recently brought before the public in a separate and individual form, and in a degree more elegantly attired than was his wont; his embellishments, however, remaining as of old. We heartily wish him success in his new career, which promises, we understand, to be a brilliant one.

Mr. Dickens has another vessel upon the stocks, if not already launched, under the sonorous name of *Barnaby Rudge*. We should like to meet *Barnaby* in Paternoster Row.

*The History of London: illustrated by Views in London and Westminster*, engraved by John Woods, from Original Drawings by Shepherd, Garland, Salmon, Topham, Clarke, Brown, Roberts, &c. Edited by William Gray Fearnside, and (in continuation) by Thomas Harral. Imp. 8vo. Orr and Co. 1838.

A HANDSOME drawing-room volume, containing thirty well-engraved views of the most interesting buildings, new street improvements,

&c. in the metropolis. We could have wished a letter-press upon a more extensive scale. As it is, however, 'this will be found to be the *History of London*' in which the narrative brought down to the reign of the present Sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria." In the latter portion of the work; which appears to have been undertaken by Mr. Harral on "the sudden and lamented decease" of Mr. Fearnside, a surprising mass of information is lightly and judiciously arranged within a comparatively small number of pages.

*Sketches of Judaism and the Jews.* By the Rev. A. M'Caul, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin. Wertheim, London. 1838.

A MORE copious and more enlightened view of the existing state of Judaism and the Jews is to be found in these rapid "sketches," which originally appeared in series, in the "*British Magazine*," than in any other work though of five times its extent. The moral, as well as the intellectual character of the Jews appears here to considerable advantage.

*The Millwrights and Engineer's Pocket Director*  
By John Bennett, author of "*Artificers' Lexicon*, &c." 2nd. edition. 1839

This little *vade mecum* comprehends the prices of millwork, machinery, &c. with numerous calculations, estimates, and tables, the weight of iron, copper, brass, &c. and a variety of miscellaneous information of practical utility. The prices, &c. are all brought down to the present period.

*The Legal Guide.* Richards and Co.

THIS little weekly publication appears to be "progressing" satisfactorily. It presents much useful information, not only to the profession but to the public at large.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

Devoted as we are in spirit to all the best interests of the drama, we have no private, party, or personal feelings to gratify. In opinion, and in the expression of opinion, we are "free as air;" we have not the slightest intercourse, directly or indirectly, with any actor or actress upon the stage; and thus the readers of *The Aldine Magazine* may at least rely upon the honesty of their theatrical critic.

At all times we must be concise rather than diffuse in our strictures: this week, in particular, we must be brief, sketchy, and almost exclusively introductory.

For the present season, Drury Lane Theatre, though arrogating the epithet *national*, seems determined to rest its claim upon public favour chiefly on Opera, Spectacle, and Ballet; in neither of which, however, notwithstanding the liberal and unsparing expenditure of Mr. Bunn, the manager, has it yet been eminently

successful. Loder's opera of *Francis the First* is debited for its lingering existence almost solely to the popularity of the singers engaged in its performance. In the spectacle of *Charlemagne*, Vanburgh and his quadrupedal colleagues of the best have run a dashing course for the past month. The sight is an impressive one, but, in dignity and respectability, altogether unworthy of a national establishment. *The Spirit of Air*, a sort of clumsy prison, as it has been termed, of *La Sylphide*, is amusing from the exploits of Wieland, as the *North Wind*, from the vigorous exhibition of Gilbert, and the exquisite dancing of Mlle. Elsler. As a ballet, however, the piece has little interest or meaning. For the delectation of little masters and misses, we shall of course have something new and wonderful at Christmas.

At Covent Garden, Macready has evinced a more taste and classical judgment, and his efforts have been proportionately rewarded. As it is now performed, *The Tempest* impresses the mind of the spectator with the most vivid idea of a really "enchanted island." The restoration and revival of this play reflect the highest credit upon the manager. *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and *The Lady of Lyons*, are here the reigning favourites. Auxiliary to these is a capital new farce, entitled *Chaos is come again*. It has much of the spirit of the olden time in this class of the drama. But we are in want of two or three new and good acting plays from Knowles, Bulwer, and the like. Why the manager should have been at the trouble of disencumbering *Cato*, and the *Royal Oak*, from the dust of years, we are at a loss to comprehend.

The Haymarket, the best theatre in town for enjoying the legitimate drama, has been infinitely more successful under the management of Webster than it ever was during the long and injudicious career of Morris. Excepting at the St. James's, under Braham, a more lamentable want of tact and judgment was apparent at the Haymarket, under Morris, than at any theatre in the metropolis. The more recent novelties here are Sheridan Knowles's *Maid of Mariendorpt*, from the late Miss Anna Maria Porter's beautiful novel of the *The Village of Mariendorpt*; and Haynes Bayly's farce of *Mr. Greenfinch*.

The leading speculation at the Adelphi, this season, has been the exhibition of the *Bayaderes*; a failure, we presume, so far as the treasury of the theatre may be concerned. To us, the dancing of our own chimney-sweepers on May-day is a thousand times more amusing. Still, as the *bona fide* dance of a foreign, remote, and very ancient nation, the display of the *Bayaderes* is not without interest.

Yates has been more fortunate with the admirable drama of *Louise de Lignerolles*, by Miss Pardoe, the enterprising and accomplished author of *The City of the Sultan*, *The River and the Desert*, &c. As a first attempt for the stage, this is one of the most successful, and most deservedly successful, we ever witnessed. As another happy effort, Yates has dramatised the story of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with an exceedingly strong and effective cast of character. Mrs. Keeley, one of the cleverest little women in London, is worth her weight in gold, as the poor, deserted, forlorn, mal-treated *Smikey*. Her performance of this part alone is sufficient to immortalize her as an actress. Yates, as *Mantellini*; O. Smith, as *Newman Noggs*; and Wilkinson, as *Squeers*, are all excellent.

Ever, without exception, the best conducted theatre in the metropolis, the Olympic appears to be running a career as brilliant as though Madame Vestris herself were still the presiding goddess of the scene. In the management we find a most able substitute in Mr. Planché: on the stage, however, we both miss and want Madame. The latest of a long line of fortunate novelties brought forward here (*The Printer's Devil*, *Ask no Questions*, *Sons and Systems*, *The Idol's Birthday*, &c.) is *The Court of Old Fritz*; in which Farren, the only prime cock-salmon in the market, as he once truly though conceitedly styled himself, personates two of the *dramatis personæ*. *Frederick the Great* and *Voltaire*! Think of Farren as *Count Bertrand* (Prince Talleyrand) in *The Minister and the Mercer*, and then imagine him, or what will be infinitely better, go and see him as *Frederick the Great* and as *Voltaire*. When Farren first appeared upon the London boards, some of our *soi-disant* actors said, that every part he played was *Lord Ogleby*. Pshaw! There is not an actor living who possesses greater versatility of talent than Farren, or who so completely loses his own identity in that of the character he represents.

## SIGHTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

Under this head it is our intention to notice all public exhibitions of the fine arts, of scientific skill, of mechanical ingenuity, from those of painting and sculpture, at the Royal Academy, to that of a patent nutmeg-grater in a garret. None too high, none too low—we shall be glad to see them all.

At this season of the year few exhibitions are open; simply for the reason, that there are few people in town to go and see them. Even now, however, there are some "Sights of the Metropolis," besides St. Paul's and the Monument, which are worth looking at. We shall indicate—not describe, for they are not quite new—two or three of the more interesting.

*A Model of the Battle of Waterloo*, in which the entire field of action, with 95,000 distinct figures appears, is to be seen at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. This model is the result of immense labour and ingenuity, directed by the mind of a military officer possessing the fullest and the most accurate information that the different governments of Europe could furnish. The cost of its production has been enormous. It should be visited by every Englishman. The clearness of its effect is heightened by the intense brilliancy of the Drummond lights.

As a morning exhibition, the *Bayaderes* are also at the Egyptian Hall. Perhaps they are seen there to more advantage than at the theatre.

At *Burford's Panorama*, in Leicester Square, two paintings are on view—*The City of Canton*, and *The Bay of Islands, New Zealand*. These pictures are soon to be replaced by others.

*The Adelaide Gallery of Science*, in the Lowther Arcade, is daily increasing in interest and importance. An establishment, founded upon similar principles and for the promotion of a similar object, has recently been opened in Regent Street North, under the title of *The Polytechnic Institution*. We hope soon to be in a position to pay these galleries the attention to which they are justly entitled.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting for the season was held on Wednesday evening. Dr. Sigmond commenced by delivering a lecture on the cultivation of the tea plant. The learned professor, after adverting to the mystery in which the system of the Chinese in preparing tea had been for some centuries enveloped, proceeded to explain its culture. It appeared that when the time for picking the finest sorts of tea arrived, the labourers employed were compelled to avoid gross food, and adopt the purest diet; and moreover, that they performed the operation in gloves. The authorities quoted showed that this extreme delicacy was for the purpose of preventing the slightest injury to the leaf from the breath or skin. It would be well if this example of cleanliness were followed by the tea-dealers of England. The Chinese who could afford it drank their tea strong; and they had a proverb by which the poverty of the individual was implied, "Who drinks weak tea and eats insipid rice." Samples were exhibited of every variety of tea imported into this country and the Continent. Among other varieties there were some fine specimens of the Pekoe used in Russia, the "caravan teas," which are brought overland through Kiachta, and the Howqua's mixture tea. That the Hong merchants used not generally to deliver for exportation their finer sorts there was no doubt; for it was proved by the fact, that since the opening of the trade many new varieties had been brought to England, and, amongst others, he would mention the "Howqua's Mixture," which had now become a standard tea in this country. The flower of the China tea-plant had a fine and fragrant aroma, and differed in the form of its blossoms from the lately-discovered Assam tea-shrub. The learned professor ably illustrated his observations by elegant paintings, the property of Mrs. Morrison.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Dr. Charles Severn is preparing for publication extracts from the manuscripts of the Rev. J. Ward, A.M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon from 1661 to 1681, the originals of which are preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London. They contain novel particulars respecting Shakspeare and his cotemporaries, and will be published by permission of the Council of the Medical Society.

### TO THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

#### BOOKSELLERS, PRINTSELLERS, &c.

It is respectfully intimated to PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, PRINTSELLERS, &c., that their advertising favours will at all times receive the most sedulous attention on the *Wrapper* of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

Also, that their *Announcements of Works preparing for the Press* will be inserted in the body of the Magazine.

Such new Books, Engravings, and other productions connected with Literature and the Fine Arts as may be forwarded to the Editor, at the Printer's, No. 33, Aldersgate-street, or at the ALDINE ADVER-

TISING OFFICE, ALDINE CHAMBERS, PATERNOSTER Row, shall be promptly noticed, under their respective titles, in the *Literary and Fine Arts' Departments* of the Magazine.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE (Letters, Books, Manuscripts, Cards of Admission to Exhibitions, Concert Tickets, &c.) are requested to be sent to him, *Postage-free*, at the *Printer's*, Mr. MASTERS, No. 33, Aldersgate street.

It is with extreme regret, that from the space occupied by matter of an introductory nature—from the unavoidable length of some articles—and from other causes, we are under the necessity of postponing, for a week, several valuable contributions, Notices of New Books, &c.

"LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME," No. II. in our next.

We shall be glad to hear again from  $\Theta$  at his earliest convenience.

To R. B.—Yes. POETRY—good poetry—*real* poetry, will always be acceptable to the EDITOR of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, provided the respective pieces are not of too great a length.

From our old and valued friend, W. F., we shall be happy to receive a few *antiquarian* scraps connected with *literary* subjects.

The EDITOR will most readily avail himself of the paper which has reached him respecting the first introduction of *gas* into the metropolis.

We have not seen the book referred to by L.M.D.: if he will send us a copy, it shall be duly noticed in the proper place.

Our kind friend, W. C. S., at Doncaster, must not forget his promise.

"A MUSICAL AMATEUR" is informed, that if he will transmit tickets for the performance alluded to, it shall not pass unnoticed. We shall always be happy to attend to the claims of genius and merit.

### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

New Year's Gift, silk, 1s. 6d... Wedding Present, do. 1s. 6d... Morrison on the Acts of the Apostles, 4s... Connolly's Journey to India, 2 vols. 8vo., 24s... James's Book of the Passions, 3 vols. 8vo., 31s. 6d... Clarke's Tales and Sketches, cloth, 10s. 6d... Pereira's Materia Medica, Part I., 16s... Genlis' Manual de Voyage, in three languages, 6s. 6d... Tales of the Ancients and Moderns Verified, foolscap, 8vo. 3s... Tales of my Niece, 15mo. 2s... Philosophy of Acquisitiveness, 2s... Wesley's Highway Account Book, 4to. 2s. 6d... Epitome of Phrenology, 6d... Crombie's Gymnasium, 3 vols. 8vo., 21s... Physical Geography, 1 vol. 8vo., 6s... Reid's Catechism of Heat, 9d... Hunter's Livy, Book 21 to 25, 4s... Mahon's England, vol. 3., 18s... Combie's Clavis Gymnasii, 6s... Reynolds's Arithmetic, 2s... Book of the United States, 18s... Vision of Rubita, 8vo., 2s... Missionary Convention, 6s... Bush's Notes on Joshua, 6s... Memoirs of Mrs. Taylor, 6s... Parker's Missionary Tour, 8vo., 8s... Anatomical Remembrancer, 2d ed., 3s. 6d... What have I been About, by a Lady, 18mo., 2s. 6d... Demon of the Winds, a poem. 2s... Game Act, 3s. 6d... The only Daughter, 3 vols. 31s. 6d... Minstrel Melodies, a collection of songs, 5s... Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society, 8vo., vol. 7, 18s... Lardner's Encyclopedia, Vol. 109 (1st vol. of Swainson's Fishes)... Gardner's Music and Friends, 2 vols. 8vo., 24s... Tales of Enterprise, 2s. 6d... Domestic Hints, by a Lady, 2s. 6d... The Women of England, by Mrs. Ellis, 9s... Galbraith's Piece Goods calculated, 1s. 6d... Douglas's Ready Reckoner, 18s... Book of Family Prayer, 1s. 6d... Dr. Castle's Translation of the Pharmacopoeia Lond., 4s... Burder's First Latin Exercise, 1s. 6d... Wreath of Wild Flowers, 7s. 6d... Irvin's London Flora, 10s... The Meteorologist, 1s... Carpenter's Physiology, 8vo., 15s... Cutch; or, Sketches of Western India. By Mrs. Postans, 8vo. 14s.

# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
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For the Accommodation of Subscribers in the Country, and Abroad, the Weekly Numbers of *The Aldine Magazine* are re-issued in Monthly Parts, and forwarded with the other Magazines.—Orders received by all Booksellers, Newsvenders, &c.

## REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

In the Prospectus of *THE ALDINE MAGAZINE*, it was intimated that each succeeding Number, after the first, should commence with a brief *Original Paper*, or "Leading Article," on some popular topic of the day. It is intended that these papers shall be devoted chiefly, though not exclusively, to the interests of literature, science, and the fine arts, more especially as those subjects may involve the interests of the community at large. In this view, although nothing absolutely new can be advanced upon the point, we are not aware of any topic in which the sympathies of the people are so strong, so general, as in the desire—the demand—of a *reduction of postage*. It is a question in which all the moral affections are concerned—in which the *buyer* as well as the *seller* has a claim—in which the promotion of trade, commerce, and manufactures, as well as of literature, science, and the arts, is deeply implicated—in which the *increase of the property of individuals*, and consequently the *increase of the revenue of the State*,—and again, consequently, *THE ADVANCING PROSPERITY AND GREATNESS OF THE COUNTRY*, are at stake. From the Land's End to John O'Groat's the cry is *universal for a reduction of postage—for a universal PENNY POSTAGE*. Sooner or later—and it will not be long first—the demand *must* be conceded.

And why should it not be conceded *instantly*? It is no longer a question of revenue. It was shewn, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that the average cost of a letter to the *receiver* is 6½d., whilst the cost to *Government*, even for letters to the remotest distances within the island, is considerably *under* a penny! It was also proved, from incontrovertible evidence, that, making full and liberal allowance for all the additional expenses that would be incurred by the Post Office, for an increase of labour consequent upon the increased number of letters which would result from the reduction of postage to a charge of one penny for each letter, be the distance long or short, would be amply met by an increase of five and a half

fold on the number of letters now carried. That is, if the increase were to be *only* five and a half fold the revenue would sustain *no* diminution of its *present* annual amount. On the other hand, there was every reason to suppose, from numerous calculations by the most competent authorities, that the actual increase in the number of letters, consequent on the reduction of postage to a penny for each letter, would not be less than *fifteen* fold. Thus, instead of a *diminution* of the revenue of the Post Office, there would be a considerable *increase*. Yet, even were it otherwise—were there to be a positive diminution in the *Post Office* receipts—the loss would be abundantly compensated for, from a thousand sources, in the *aggregate* revenue of the State.

From a mass of evidence delivered before the Committee of the House of Commons, it was apparent that, in cases almost innumerable, for manufacturing, commercial, and trading establishments, the annual profits would be increased, by the adoption of a universal penny postage, from 25 to 50, 75, and even 100 per cent. From the increase of produce and of consumption what advantages must occur to the State, no less than to individuals, from the additional amount of duties to be paid on innumerable articles employed and consumed! To illustrate this position, it would be unnecessary to dwell upon the facilities which would be given by the conveyance of letters not exceeding half an ounce each in weight, for a penny, to the transit of samples of various sorts—of auctioneers' catalogues and particulars—of booksellers' catalogues of new and of second-hand books—of prices current—of market letters, and notices—of patterns of drapery, silks, ribbons, laces, &c.—to say nothing of friendly and domestic correspondence of every possible description.

The mind, as well as the eye, is too frequently distracted by having a multitude of objects placed before it at once. To give force there is nothing like concentration. We shall therefore follow the example of Sterne, when, to illustrate the wretchedness and misery attendant on incarceration, he took a *single* cap-

ive, and placed him in a cell. We shall take a *single* case—our own—with reference to THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

With the view of extending the sale, and promoting the interest of the publication in various respects, we should immediately, had we a penny postage of which to avail ourselves, issue 20,000 letters, addressed to individuals likely to patronise the undertaking. This we could accomplish, paying the postage, at a cost of 83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; a positive addition of so much to the Post Office revenue. If by this process we should be enabled to add (an exceedingly probable result) 1000 copies to our circulation, it would make a difference, in our weekly returns, of about 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; in those of the year, of 487*l.* 10*s.* Repeating the dispatch of 20,000 letters four times in the year, we should give an increase to the Post Office revenue of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* If the cost of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE were a shilling per number instead of three pence, the difference in our weekly returns, effected by the sale of only one additional thousand, would be 37*l.* 10*s.* or 1,950*l.* a-year.

This calculation applies in substance to every other periodical publication, and to every bookseller, as proprietor of periodical publications, in the kingdom, and with equal force in the case of all literary works whatever.

Whilst upon this principle the proprietors of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE would be materially increasing their own profits, they would be in an equal proportion adding to the revenue of the State; not only by heightening the receipts of the Post Office department, but also by an enlarged payment of the duties imposed upon the paper, and other articles employed in the work, to the amount of about one seventh of the entire cost. This case is applicable, with variations, to every instance of manufacture and productive labour that can be named. As Dr. Lardner has remarked, the Post Office revenue, as it is now levied, is "a most iniquitous tax upon the affections, the morals, upon every social good, and upon every thing that it is desirable to cultivate among a people in a state of progressive civilization. It is a tax on knowledge, a tax on science, and a tax on literature." It is the more oppressive too, as it is not, and cannot be required, by the exigencies of the state; for it has been shewn that, by the required alteration—by the adoption of a *universal penny postage*—the nation at large would be incalculably benefited, and the revenue of the State would not be *diminished*, but *increased*.

We repeat, therefore, that sooner or later—and it will not be long first—the demand must be conceded.

Such of our readers as may be disposed to pursue their inquiries on this important subject, and to make themselves masters of its details, will do well to refer to Mr. Ashurst's pamphlet, entitled *Facts and Reasons in support of Mr. Rowland Hill's Plan for a Universal Penny Postage*.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER II.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Dec. 1, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

You ask me the site of the Aldine Chambers. They are situated in Paternoster Row, within sixty yards of Cheapside, and of the highest ground in this great City, as it appears by a well known memorial affixed to a wall in Pannier Alley:—

"When you have searched the City round,  
You'll still find this the highest ground."

You will, therefore perceive, that the ALDINE holds an elevated position. It is also within sixty yards of the northern side and grand entrance to St. Paul's, of which I should command a grand view were the eastern side of Canon Alley levelled with the ground. Then, however, the Bible and Crown, the King's head, and a hive of sweets, would be levelled with it; and this would be as bad as levelling a Cannon against the Canons of the Church. But I must explain this seeming parable. The Bible and Crown have, for upwards of a century, constituted the sign of the Messrs. Rivington, whose highly respectable and venerable establishment *faces* me—that is, with its *back front*. I believe the Messrs. Rivington to be the very oldest surviving family of booksellers in London. They have not only been booksellers and agents to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the sale of bibles, common prayer and classical books, but were also appointed booksellers to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, nearly from its commencement. The first work that has come under my notice, with their name attached, was "*A Defence of the Church and its Ministry*," published in 1718, but they have shop bill-heads in their possession of so early a date as 1710. Thus you will perceive, they have been pillars and supporters of the Church, with undeviating principles, for considerably more than a century, from their commencement. It is my intention to give a biographical sketch of this family, during four generations. This I have prepared; and it will be followed by biographical notices



of others of the oldest and most respectable booksellers of the modern school. First, however, it is my wish to glance through the periods and principal points of the ancient printers, booksellers, and others connected with literature.

With regard to the King's head alluded to, it ornaments two angle-boards over the entrance of a small public house in Canon Alley, formerly kept by a respectable widow, of the name of Holt; and frequented, some fifty or sixty years ago, by men of literary talent and eccentricity, clerical as well lay. The sign has stood the storms of nearly a century, without being retouched. I will not say that it was painted by Vandyke, Lely, or Kneller; but it would not disgrace a modern sign-post dauber.

The hive of sweets to which I have alluded, was the old established pastry and confectionary establishment carried on for half a century, by the far famed and loyal citizen Mr. Vanhagen, who, amongst other delicacies, made the best "Coventry cakes" in London, and whose short squat grotesque figure attracted much attention. This was considerably increased in bulk during the mania of the members of the City train band militia. Mr. V. was foremost in the throng; and, bursting with loyalty and for military evolutions and honours, was said to have given rise to the popular ballad of

"He would be a soldier, my sweet Willie, O!"

Another singular and popular character resided within sixty yards of the range I have prescribed to myself in this epistle. This was no other than Mr. Beyer, at the top of Pater-noster Row, or rather the corner of Cheapside. He was an eminent linendraper, superlatively polite—somewhat taller than my friend V., not quite so stout, but he became more popular—being no less distinguished a personage than the celebrated *John Gilpin*, whom the inimitable Cowper immortalized in his ballad of

"John Gilpin was a citizen, of credit and renown,  
A train-band Soldier, eke was he, of famous London town."

This is not generally known, but that Cowper had Beyer in his eye when he wrote the Poem, I had the assurance fifty years ago, from John Annesley Colet, who knew Beyer better than I did, and also Mr. Cowper and some of his connexions.

My friend, John Annesley Colet, was a descendant of the learned Dean Colet,\* and nephew

\* Dr. John Colet, the eldest of twenty-two children, belonging to Sir Henry Colet, Knt. a wealthy citizen, who twice filled the civic chair of London. The subject of this note, who afterwards became one of the most munificent patrons of learning of the age

to the celebrated John Wesley. He was also related to the Annesley family, one of whom married that eccentric bibliopole, John Dunton. That Colet was as eccentric as Dunton you will readily believe when I shall have related some youthful adventures of his, in which I was myself participant. The proposed narrative, however, I must reserve for my next epistle.

Afterwards, and at the earliest moment, I will endeavour to convey to you a *retrospect* or *outline* of my "*Reminiscences*" from 1785 to 1792, or the first *seven years* of my intended *seven stages*; but I fear that I shall be compelled to draw upon your patience, and that of

in which he lived, received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford; whence he proceeded, after seven years' application to a course of study, to the continent, and rapidly attained the personal acquaintance and friendship of Erasmus, Budæus, Lilly, and many other distinguished scholars. In 1485, he was presented to the living of Dennington, Suffolk; and eight years after, to that of Thyrning, in Huntingdonshire; and gradually attaining the zenith of his reputation for learning and abilities, was raised, in 1505, to the deanery of St. Paul's. In this situation, his exertions in the promotion of knowledge, and the encouragement given by him to learned men for the prosecution of biblical studies, together with his own sermons, in the delivery of which he was frequent, roused the jealousy of some of his bigotted contemporaries, who made Fitzjames, Bishop of London, their agent in denouncing him as a schismatic to Archbishop Warham. That prelate, who did justice to his motives, refused to entertain the complaint; and Dr. Colet soon after commenced the great undertaking by which he is principally known to posterity. The study of the learned languages in general, and that of the Greek in particular, had suffered much discouragement from a set of persons assuming the name of Trojans, who denounced the latter tongue as altogether useless, and it is even doubted whether the dean himself attained to any great proficiency in it till a late period of his life. To restore this important branch of literature, and to promote the diffusion of general learning, was now his object; in furtherance of which, in 1512, he founded and richly endowed St. Paul's School, for the instruction of one hundred and fifty-three scholars, gratis. His friend, William Lily, became the first head master of his infant establishment; for the use of which, the Latin grammar, bearing the name of the latter, was compiled by their joint exertions. Dean Colet did not survive to witness the Reformation, towards which the diffusion of opinions, such as he entertained, contributed so materially; but after having for something less than seven years, promoted and witnessed the rising prosperity of his school, he died of the sweating sickness then so generally fatal, Sept. 16, 1519. He bequeathed his school to the guardianship and superintendence of the Mercers' Company, under whose auspices it has continued to flourish, and by whom the present handsome edifice, at the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral, was rebuilt from the foundation, on the original site, and opened in the spring of 1825.

the public, ere I can reach modern times; as you and they will perceive that I am giving precedence to the older booksellers and others connected with literary pursuits. As nearly as circumstances will admit, I shall adopt the chronological order. In the interim, I am most anxious for your communications from the eternal City and other parts of Italy.

Ever my dear Son,

Your affectionate Father,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Murphy's Predictions.—The Archbishop and the Virgin.—Titles of the Virgin Mary.—An Author in a Small Way.—St. Tychicus.—Richard Baxter.—The first English Actress.—Shaving of a Queen.—Fashionable Hours.—Jordan the Poet.—Men in Petticoats, and the Women's Revenge.—Milton's Birthday.—Death, Character, and Family Connexions of George Washington.—A Dazzling Beauty.—Hint to Lady Blessington.—Ghost of Major André.—Grouse-shooting and Salmon-fishing.—A Royal Present.—La Fontaine's Anecdote of a Gourmand.—Costly Fish.—Trial of Louis XVI.—Charles XII. of Sweden.—Gay the Poet.—Dean Swift and The Beggar's Opera.—Miss Fenton, Duchess of Bolton.—Lord Hood and Dr. Darwin.—Colley Cibber, Dr. Haller, and Alderman Boydell.—Henry IV. of France.—Gesner the Learned.—Giordani the Mathematician.—The late Lord Ellenborough, Warren Hastings, and William Hone.—The Recorder of London.—Pope Pius VI.—Mrs. Trimmer.—Izaak Walton, Dean Swift, and Lord Byron.—Angling and Anglers.—Audi alteram partem.

Let our friends of the harder as well as of the softer sex look to it; for that renowned and infallible oracle, Murphy, has predicted—and when did *his* predictions fail—that, after the “fair” weather of Wednesday, and the “changeable” of Thursday, and the “rain, wind, and probably snow” of yesterday, we are to have it “fair,” with “frost,” to-day, and ditto repeated to-morrow. We shall see.

Tradition informs us that, on the 8th of December, A.D. 1070, upon occasion of William the Conqueror's fleet having been in a storm, and afterwards safely making land, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, instituted the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. If the date be given correctly, was not the pious prelate a little “out of his reckoning?” In the Romish church, the Virgin is addressed by a plurality of titles, from which the following are selected:—Empress of Heaven; Queen of Heaven; Empress of An-

gels; Queen of Angels; Empress of the Earth; Queen of the Earth; Lady of the Universe; Lady of the World; Mistress of the World; Patroness of the Men; Advocate for Sinners; Mediatrix; Gate of Paradise; Mother of Mercies, &c.

It is astonishing the propensity that some people have to write about, not only what they do not understand, but what it is impossible they should understand. Thus Peter D'Alva, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, wrote and published forty-eight folio volumes “On the Mysteries of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin!”

The festival of St. Tychicus, in the Greek Church, is celebrated on the same day as that of the Immaculate Conception,

Richard Baxter, a celebrated non-conformist divine, has on this day enjoyed his “Everlasting Rest” 147 years.

Saturday, the 8th of December, 1660, exactly 178 years ago this day, may be regarded as constituting an epoch in the history of the English stage. It was on that day, at the Vere Street theatre, that the first actress ventured on the boards. We are indebted to Leigh Hunt, in his clever but defunct *London Journal*, for directing our attention to this curious and interesting fact. It is generally known that, previously to the time mentioned, the performance of female characters was sustained by boys, and even by *men*. Accordingly, we are told of “the stage having been kept waiting while the Queen was shaved.” Kynaston was the actor of whom this anecdote is related. In his youth he was remarkably handsome; and, “even at past sixty, his teeth were sound, white, and even, as one would wish to see in a reigning toast of twenty.” Colley Cibber tells us that, when a youth, Kynaston was so beautiful, “that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical habit after the play, which in those days,” adds Colley very quaintly, “they might have sufficient time to do, because plays were then used to begin at four o'clock—the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner.”—Alack and a-well-a-day! we need not inform our *fashionable* readers, that four o'clock, P.M., is *now* much nearer the *breakfast* than the *dinner* hour!

*Revenons à nos moutons*.—Only think of a *he* Desdemona or Ophelia! Desdemona was the first character performed by a woman at the Vere Street theatre. On this occasion Thomas Jordan\* wrote “A Prologue, to introduce the

\* Thomas Jordan was a performer belonging to a company at the Red Bull, and was one of the few players and poets who lived to see the restoration of

first Woman that came to act on the Stage, in the tragedy called the Moor of Venice." From this composition we extract the following lines :—

"Our women are defective, and so sized,  
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised;  
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between  
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;  
With bone so large, and nerve so in compliant,  
When you call Desdemona—enter giant!"

The lady-performer was well received, and her sex have ever since occupied their proper station in the theatrical world. Cibber, however, states that the stage could not be so suddenly supplied with women, "but that there was still a necessity for some time to put the handsome young men into petticoats." Some of the pretty actresses of the present day seek their revenge by "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," and *offensively* assuming the *inexpressives*.

The 9th of December is the anniversary of Milton's birthday: why should it not be kept?

"When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end; born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things."—PARAD. REG.

Milton was born in Bread Street, London, in 1608; he died in Bunhill Row, at the age of sixty-six, in 1674; and his remains were interred in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where there is a monument to his memory.

The anniversary of John Milton's birth is that of George Washington's death. Washington, the rebel chief, the republican stickler for liberty, the practical and personal patron of slavery—for he never granted the manumission of even his own old faithful nurse—has now been dead nine-and-thirty years. In the twelve-volume *Life of Washington*, just completed, by Jared Sparks, it is inferred that the hero was the descendant of a Lawrence Washington, who served the office of Mayor of Northampton in the year 1538, now exactly three hundred years ago. Of the same family in all probability was Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Laurence Washington, of Caresden, in the county of Wilts, Esq., who was married to Robert Shirley, the first Earl Ferrers, at the close of the seventeenth, or commencement of the eighteenth century. We should like to

know how the republican George would have enjoyed the aristocratic lines we are about to quote, as applied to a lady connected by marriage with his family? Granger, in his "Biographical History of England," mentions an "anonymous portrait of a woman," whose hair, he says, "is dressed in many formal curls, which nearly resemble bottle-screws." In the engraving referred to, the following lines are under the head :—

"Lo! here a beauty in her morn, who shakes  
Day from her hair; and whose perfection makes  
The sun amaz'd a heaven on earth to view—  
So much can BIRTH and education do."

We recommend this notice to the attention of Lady Blessington, in her next volume of *The Book of Beauty*.

Granger adds—"I have the first leaf only of the dedication belonging to the book to which this very ugly print of a great beauty was prefixed. This is the address :—

"To the true mirror of her sex, the truly honourable Mrs. Ellinor Pargiter; and to the most accomplished, with all real perfections, Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, her only daughter, and heiress to the truly honourable Laurence Washington, Esquire, lately deceased."

If the collateral descendant of this super-beautiful, all-accomplished fair one were indeed a great man, which history has yet to shew, and posterity to learn, he was great by force of circumstance alone. We never think of Washington, but the sheeted ghost of Major André stands before us. The death of that truly patriotic and noble-minded officer will prove an eternal blot upon the rebel chief's escutcheon—a blot which every laboured effort to remove renders but the more inveterately indelible.

They who are tired of grouse-shooting, which ends on the 10th of December, may proceed to the Tay, where salmon-fishing commences on the 11th. Salmon, the king of fresh-water fish, was, in the reign of Henry VI., thought a present worthy of a crowned head: in that reign, the Queen of Scotland sent to the Duchess of Clarence ten casks of salted salmon, which Henry directed to pass duty free. La Fontaine gives an anecdote of a *gourmand*, who having dispatched an entire salmon, (the size is not stated,) with the exception of the jowl, was taken so ill that the physician pronounced his recovery to be impossible. "Is it so?" said the dying fish-fancier. "Bring me then the remainder of my salmon."—In the month of February, 1809, Harry Fenn, a fish salesman at Billingsgate, sold an uncrimped Severn salmon, weighing nineteen pounds, for the sum of one guinea per pound, to Phillips, the fishmonger in Bond-street.

Charles II. He succeeded John Tatham as City Poet, and is supposed to have died in 1685. He was the author of four plays, a collection of verses called *Wit in a Wilderness*, and various other works, with fanciful and alliterative titles, according to the fashion of the age.

On the 10th of December, forty-six years have elapsed since the trial of the ill-fated Louis XVI. *Quære*: What have the French gained by the revolution?

On the 11th, Charles XII. of Sweden—a true hero—a high-minded patriot, mad though he was deemed, and may have been—will have mingled with his native earth 120 years. He was killed by a cannon shot before the fortress of Fredericshall, in Norway.

Dr. William Cullen, well known by his "Lectures on the Materia Medica," and various other works, was born at Lanark, in Scotland, on the 11th of December, 1712. He died at the age of seventy-eight.

Gay, the poet, an amazingly popular writer in his day, but now remembered chiefly by his Fables and his Beggar's Opera, died on the 11th of December, 1772, at the early age of forty-four. The Beggar's Opera is said to have originated from a passing remark of Dean Swift's—"What an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make!" This piece was performed for the first time at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, in the season of 1727-8. It enjoyed an uninterrupted run of sixty-three nights. For an entire season it overthrew that Dagon of the nobility and gentry, the Italian Opera. It was a pungent political as well as musical satire. The ladies carried about its favourite songs engraven on their fan-mounts; and various pieces of furniture were decorated with its scenes. The author's profits are said to have amounted to 2000*l*. "It made GAY rich, and RICH (the manager) gay."—"Miss Fenton, who acted Polly, though till then perfectly obscure, became all at once the idol of the town; her pictures were engraven, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made of even her very sayings and jests; nay, she herself was received to a station, in consequence of which she, before her death, attained the highest rank a female subject can acquire, being married to the Duke of Bolton."

Admiral Lord Hood, born on the 12th of December, 1724, died in 1816; and Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the poet, author of the "Botanic Garden," and many other brilliant but eccentric works, was born on the 12th of December, 1732, and died in 1802.

Colley Cibber, actor and dramatist, died on the 12th of December, 1757, at the age of eighty-six; Albert Von Haller, an eminent Swiss physician, died on the 12th of December, 1777, aged sixty-nine; and Alderman John Boydell, originally an engraver, and afterwards an eminent printseller, and one of the noblest

patrons of the fine arts in England, died on the 12th of December, 1804, in his eighty-fifth year.—Colley Cibber wrote about thirty dramas, some of which yet hold their station as stock pieces. His Apology for his Life is one of the most delightful pieces of autobiography extant.

Henry IV., styled the GREAT, King of France and Navarre, is entitled to have the anniversary of his birth celebrated on the 13th of December. Born in 1553, he was assassinated by a fanatic of the name of Ravallac, in 1610, in the twenty-second year of his reign. The character of this monarch is thus summed up by Henault, the French historian:—"He united to extreme frankness the most dexterous policy; to the most elevated sentiments a charming simplicity of manners; to a soldier's courage an inexhaustible fund of humanity."

Conrad Gesner, an eminent physician and naturalist, whose fame was circulated over Europe, and who maintained a correspondence with the learned men of all countries, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1513. He was professor of philosophy, at Zurich, for twenty-four years. As a botanist, he was especially celebrated. His greatest literary performance, *Historia Animalium*, procured him the appellation of *The Pliny of Germany*. His *Bibliotheca Universalis*, a full catalogue of all writers extant in three languages—Greek, Latin, and Hebrew—is a monument of immense industry and learning. The Emperor Charles V. made him a present of plate and jewels, which are noticed in his will as efficacious encouragements to learning. For his great and various merits he was also advanced to the rank of nobility. When he thought this hour was approaching, he chose to be led at midnight out of his bedroom into his study, and placed in the chair at his writing-table, where, laying his elbow on a folio, he said he would await his end; Death should find him at his darling occupation; and in this attitude he soon afterwards expired, on the 13th of December, 273 years ago.

An instance of the energy and perseverance of talent presents itself in the life of Vital Giordani, the mathematician, the anniversary of whose birth occurs on the 13th of December. Giordani was originally a soldier in the Papal galleys, where he studied arithmetic. On going to Rome, he was made keeper of the castle of St. Angelo. Louis XIV. appointed him teacher in the academy which he founded at Rome; and he was also made engineer to the castle of St. Angelo, and mathematical professor to the college *Della Sapienza*. Giordani was born in 1633, and died in 1711.

On the 13th of December, Edward Law, first Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of

the Court of King's Bench, &c. will have been dead twenty years. His Lordship was born in 1748. On the memorable trial of Warren Hastings, in 1785, Mr. Erskine having refused to undertake the defence, Mr. Law stood forward as leading counsel, and obtained the victory. It was believed that the result of the trials of Hone, who was prosecuted for impious parodies and libels, had a serious and fatal effect on his Lordship's declining health. The Hon. Mr. Law, the present Recorder of the City of London, a man eminently distinguished by his kind and benevolent feelings, is a younger son of his Lordship.

Conrad Malte Brun, poet, politician, and geographer, has been dead twelve years on the 14th of this month.

On the 15th, in 1799, according to a statement before us, died the unfortunate Pope Pius, VI., whose secular name was John Angelo Braschi. He was born in 1717, and succeeded Clement XIV. in 1775. He reformed the public treasury, and completed the museum in the Vatican; and, what was of far greater importance, drained the Pontine marshes—a project which had baffled several of the emperors, and many of the popes. When Buonaparte entered Italy the second time, he made Pius a prisoner in his capital. The venerable pontiff was carried away by the victors, and hurried over the Alps to Valence, where he died of excessive fatigue and ill usage.

Few names are upon record, the possessors of which contributed so much in their day to the moral and religious welfare, as well as to the amusement, of youth, as Mrs. Sarah Trimmer. This lady, the daughter of Joshua Kirby, who wrote on perspective, was born in 1741, at Ipswich. We have passed many a dear and happy hour in the house of her birth. Mrs. Trimmer was related to the Rev. W. Kirby, of Suffolk, the author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises, a popular work on entomology, &c. She died on the 15th of December, 1810.

Izaak Walton, author of that well-known work, "The Complete Angler"—the *gentle* Izaak Walton, as he has frequently been termed—was born at Stafford, in 1593. He died on the 15th of December, 155 years ago. He kept a linendraper's shop in London, first in the Royal Exchange, and afterwards at the corner of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street. He married a sister of Bishop Ken; and he wrote the lives of Hooker, Bishop Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and Herbert. Dean Swift, in his pungent ridicule of angling, defined a fishing-rod as a long stick, with a fish at one end and a fool at the other. Lord Byron was yet more caustic on the subject; instance the following

lines, with the note appended, from *Don Juan*:

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,  
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:  
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet  
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull  
it."<sup>\*</sup>

#### WATER-MARKS IN PAPER.

PAPER makers, as well as printers, have been accustomed to appropriate certain marks and devices to distinguish the produce of their own manufacture, respectively, from that of others. Some of these marks, however, soon became common, and, in consequence, gave their names to different sorts of paper. Instances of this will presently appear.

It is agreed that we were originally supplied with our printing papers from the Continent. "The paper used by Caxton," observes Mr. Timperley,<sup>†</sup> "and other early printers, had a great variety of marks, of which the chief are the ox-head and star, the letter *P*, the shears, the hand and star, a collared dog's head, with a trefoil over it, a crown, a shield with something like a bend upon it, &c." In the paper used in Caxton's *Dictes and Sayings of the*

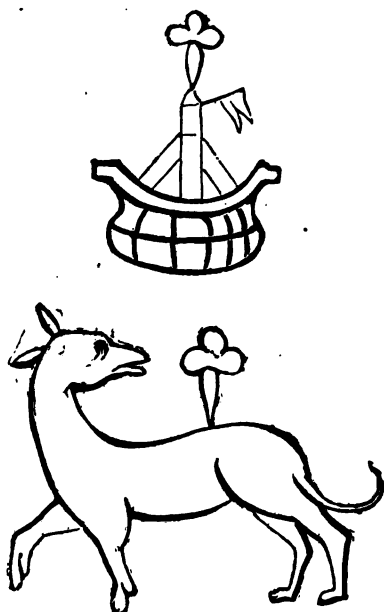
<sup>\*</sup>"It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling—the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of the dish of fish, he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have some what of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, &c. are more humane and useful. But angling!—No angler can be a good man.

"One of the best men I ever knew—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world—was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton."

"The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—*audi alteram partem!*—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation."

<sup>†</sup> Should Mr. Timperley imagine that we are making too free with the contents of his valuable Dictionary, we beg leave to remark, *first*, that the liberty originates in the respect we entertain for his book; *secondly*, in the consciousness that, ere long, we shall furnish ample means for repaying the obligation.

*Philosophers*, printed in the year 1477, we find the following water-marks:—



Water-marks, especially with dates, have at various periods been the means of detecting frauds, forgeries, and other impositions, in our courts of law and elsewhere. Such evidence, however, is not entirely sound. For instance: we have no doubt that there is paper now in the market, and in actual use, bearing the water-mark date of 1839. Suppose, upon a sheet of this paper, a legal instrument to be executed, bearing the date of Saturday, December 8, 1838; or, suppose the second Number of *THE ALDINE MAGAZINE* to be printed on paper of this description. Here would be *legal evidence*, though *absolutely false in fact*, that the instrument purporting to have been so executed, or the Magazine purporting to have been so printed, was, *prima facie*, *ante-dated*, and, consequently, fraudulent in point of time.

On the other hand, here is an amusing instance, cited by Beloe, of the detection of a monkish imposture:—

"The monks of a certain monastery at Messina exhibited, with great triumph, a letter written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand. Unluckily for them this was not, as it easily might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On one occasion, a visitor to whom this was shewn, observed with affected solemnity, that 'the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the mother of our Lord had ascended into heaven.'"

It was at one time believed, that there was

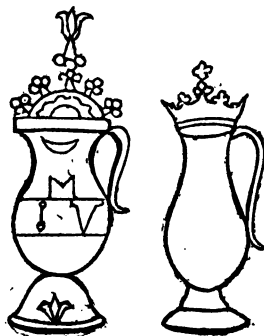
no regular paper mill established in England before the year 1588, when John Spilman jeweller to Queen Elizabeth, erected one at Dartford, in Kent. The erroneousness, however, of this opinion is shewn by the following curious note, under the date of May 25, 1498, in Lord Bacon's History of King Henry VII.—"Item, for a reward given at the paper-mylle, 16s. 9d." In *Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, also, printed by Wynken de Worde, the servant and associate of Caxton, mention is made of a paper mill near Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, belonging to John Tate the younger, who, there is reason to believe, was the first English paper maker. His water-mark was an eight-pointed star, within a double circle. "The ox-head," observes Timperley, "sometimes with a star or a flower over it, is the mark of the paper on which Faustus printed some of his early books: but the open hand, which was likewise a very ancient mark, remained longer in fashion, and probably gave the name to what is still called *hand paper*." The subjoined transcript is taken from a loose page at the beginning of a Bible, printed in 1539:—

What follows we take from *TIMPERLEY'S Biographical, Chronological, and Historical Dictionary*, precisely as we find it.



"Another very favourite paper-mark, at a somewhat later period, was the jug, or pot, which seems to have been the origin of the term *pot paper*. It is sometimes found plain, but oftener bears the initials or first letters of the maker's name: hence there is a very great variety of figures, every paper-maker having a somewhat different mark. We have given figures of both kinds: the jugs or flagons are often of a very elegant shape, and curious as showing the workmanship of the times in which they were made.

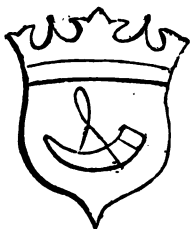
"The specimens here given are taken from books printed in 1539.



"The *fool's cap* was a later device, and does not seem to have been nearly of such long continuance as the former. It has given place to the figure Britannia or that of a lion rampant, supporting the cap of liberty on a pole: the name, however, has continued, and we still denominate paper of a particular size by the title of *foolscap paper*. The subjoined figure has the cap and bells which we so often read of in old plays and histories as the particular dress of the fool, who formerly formed part of every great man's establishment.



"Post paper seems to have derived its name from the post-horn which at one time was its distinguishing mark. This is of later date, and does not seem to have been used before the establishment of the general post-office, when it became the custom to blow a horn.



"The paper from which the above is copied was dated 1670.

"The mark is still sometimes used; but the same change which has so much diminished the number of painted signs in the streets of our towns and cities, has nearly made paper-marks a matter of antiquarian curiosity; the maker's name being now generally used, and the mark, in the few instances where it still remains, serving the purpose of mere ornament rather than of distinction."

#### *Eau de Cologne.*

Some time since, the *Journal des Connaissances Utiles* gave the following recipe for a superior sort of eau de Cologne:—Spirits of wine (of 32 degrees) one quart; essence of citron, two drachms; essence of bergamot, two drachms; essence of lavender, half a drachm; essence of cedrot, one drachm; neroli, ten drops; ambergris, ten drops; tincture of benzoin, three drachms; and attar of roses, two drops. Mix; and having well shaken the mixture several times, filter. The quality improves with age.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### THE STUART DYNASTY.\*

How many tears have been shed—how many *have been*, and yet *will be* shed—over the fallen fortunes of the house of Stuart! From the days of the lamented Mary Queen of Scots, the victim of bigotry, tyranny, and unwomanly cruelty and revenge, to those of the still mourned Charles I., murdered on the scaffold by a ruthless anarchical faction; and thence to the final extinction of the race, their fate has been a tissue of persecution and obloquy, misfortune, and evil destiny. "Let schoolmen tell us why?" Certain it is, that the sins of the fathers have been visited upon their children. All the faults of Charles I. were his father's; all his virtues—and they were great and many—were his own. That Charles II. was a contemptible heartless profligate, and that his brother James II. was a narrow-minded bigot, (the antipodes of Henry IV. of France,) is a proposition equally self-evident. It was, indeed, to his fatal error respecting religion that he owed the loss of his crown and all his other misfortunes—that his descendants became outcasts, and aliens, and houseless wanderers on the face of the earth. But for that *one* error, the race of Stuart might still be on the throne of Britain; and, with the exception of that error, (and without reference to the present dynasty,) it is hardly possible not to regret the exchange of a Stuart for a calculating cold-hearted Dutchman. With William's private virtues we are unacquainted: what public advantage, beyond that of his religion, he had over James it is not worth while now to inquire. Whatever may be our devotion to the reigning family, and to the existing state of things, it is impossible not to sympathise with the descendants of James, and more particularly with the gallant Prince Charles Edward, whose name is stigmatised in history as that of "The Young Pretender."

Our attention has been drawn to this interesting subject by the appearance of the third and concluding volume of Lord Mahon's "History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle;" respecting the merits of which, before we say one word, we must transcribe the noble author's remarks, immediately consequent on his closing tribute to the Cardinal—the last of his race!

"Thus ended a party, often respectable for generous motives, seldom for enlarged views or skilful de-

\* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. By Lord Mahon. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. III. pp. 644. Murray, 1838.



signs. In their principles the Jacobites were certainly mistaken. They were wrong in shutting their eyes to the justice, necessity, and usefulness of the Revolution of 1688. They were wrong in struggling against the beneficent sway of the House of Hanover. They were wrong in seeking to impose a Roman Catholic head upon the Protestant Church of England. But we, on our part, should do well to remember that the Revolution of 1688 was not sought but forced upon us—that its merit consists partly in the reluctance with which it was embraced—that it was only an exception, though fully justified by the emergency, from the best safeguard of liberty and order, the principle of HEREDITARY RIGHT. Can there be a greater proof of the value of that principle, than the firmness with which so many hundred thousands, under the name of Jacobites, continued to cling to it for so many years after its infraction? And what wise statesman would willingly neglect to forego an instrument of Government so easily acquired, so cheaply retained, and so powerfully felt?"

The noble heir of the house of Stanhope commences the volume before us, by adverting to the court intrigues which arose on the death of Queen Caroline, in 1738, and regularly continues his narrative down to the great political event mentioned in the title-page. To us, however, from his Lordship's having enjoyed full and unrestrained access to the "Stuart Papers," such portions of the work as relate to the rebellion of 1745, and to the personal character, adventures, &c. of Prince Charles, are the most replete with interest. Yet, into these, the confined nature of our limits precludes us from entering. With a warm recommendation of the entire work to general attention, we can do nothing more than offer one or two very brief passages, by way of sample.

Prince Charles, when young, is thus described:—

"The person of Charles was tall and well-formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect.

He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge."

With this, the following, copied from the work of an English lady who was at Rome, in 1770, will be found to contrast curiously and painfully:—

"The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking: but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo, antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. . . . At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of TARROCHI, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative: upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards? I replied, that they were very odd indeed. He then displaying them said, here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars; and here, says he (throwing me a card), is the Pope; here is the Devil, and added he there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be! I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none."

Here is the close of the melancholy tale:—

"His health had long been declining, and his life more than once despaired of; but in January 1788 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of the body, and he expired on the 30th of the same month. His funeral rites were performed by his brother the Cardinal, at Frascati. In the vault of that church lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart; and beneath St. Peter's dome, a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, has since arisen to the Memory of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh!"

We know not whether we should more pity or despise the being who, whilst reading those names, could give birth to a smile!

One short extract more, and we have done: it will serve to show the liberal, generous, manly, and honourable feeling of the writer.

"How soon, on the decay of the Stuart cause, other discontents and cabals arose, the eloquent Letters of Junius—embalming the petty insects—are alone sufficient to attest. In these no great principles were involved; but, ere long, the battle of parties came to be fought on American ground;



and, under the second Pitt, the efforts of the Jacobites were succeeded by the fiercer and more deadly struggle of the Jacobins. Indeed, in the whole period since the Revolution to the present hour, there has not been a single epoch pure from most angry partisanship, unless it be the short administration of Chatham. This unceasing din and turmoil of factions—this eternal war that may often tempt a gentler spirit, like Lord Falkland's, to sigh forth "Peace, peace, peace!" has also provoked attacks from the most opposite quarters against our admirable system of tempered freedom. The favourer of despotism points to the quiet and tranquility which are sometimes enjoyed under unlimited Kings. "Endeavour," cries the Republican, "to allay the popular restlessness by conceding a larger measure of popular control." Between these two extremes there lies a more excellent way. May we never, on the plea that conflagrations often rage amongst us, consent to part with that noble flame of liberty which warms and cherishes the nations, while—a still higher blessing—it enlightens them! Let us, on the other hand, not be unmindful of the fact, that the wider the sphere of popular dominion, the louder does the cry of faction inevitably grow; and that the unreasonableness of the demands rises in the same proportion as the power to arrest them fails. The truth is, that so long as ignorance is not allowed to trample down education and intellect—that is, so long as order and property are in any degree preserved, so long it is still possible to make complaints against "the privileged few." Any thing short of anarchy may be railed at as aristocracy."

Lord Mahon's work is distinguished throughout by candour of sentiment, and neatness and even elegance of style.

Judging from the engravings at the end of the volume, Charles's hand-writing must have been atrociously bad. Six fine engravings of the Stuart Medals, on Betts's patent Anaglyptograph principle, materially enhance the value of the book.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following is an extract from private letter, received some months since by the author of "LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME," designed to embody "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOOK-SELLER."]

"Rome, —, 1838.

"I have passed over one more birthday from the society of those I love so well, and who I am sure did not forget me on that occasion. Perhaps, however, you will smile when I tell you that I felt a delight I cannot describe on hearing an organ play under my window on *that day* "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning;" an interesting coincidence to me, as nothing but Italian and French airs had I heard since I left home.

"I regret that E. did not see the doings of the holy week here: they were of an imposing character. The illumination of St. Peter's, and the two extensive colonnades on each side of that magnificent edifice, enclosing altogether an immense space, was achieved

as it were by magic in half a minute or less, producing, by means of brilliant lamps, an effect utterly indescribable. It almost turned night into day, and lighted up in the most dazzling manner a range of architecture which, for extent and grandeur, has probably never been equalled. From the ground to the top of the cross of St. Peter's was one blaze of light. I shall never forget it. More than one thousand persons were employed at that instant, many of whom received the sacrament before commencing so dangerous an occupation. I ascended to the ball some time since, and was delighted. The view is beautiful and impressive beyond conception. Objects and places, almost familiar to every one here from childhood, present themselves in every direction, all of which I saw under the dazzling influence of a glorious golden sunset. The view from the inside of the lantern to the pavement was almost overpowering to my nerves, a person walking below appearing little more than a speck.

"The benediction on Easter Sunday given by the Pope is another celebrated ceremony. This His Holiness performs from a balcony in front of St. Peter's, the whole of the troops being assembled, and a multitude inconceivable from all parts of Italy, consisting of pilgrims and peasantry in the most picturesque costumes, foreigners of distinction with their respective dresses, and equipages filling the immense piazza, and affording objects innumerable for painting. The Pope spreads out his hands, all fall on their knees, and he blesses the whole world of the faithful! The day was particularly favourable, and the effect was grand and imposing in the extreme. The Pope also washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims; a sight, at which were present the Queen of Denmark, Don Miguel, and many other public characters. Of those, the one who interested me most was Signior Buonarrotti, the lineal descendant of *Michael Angelo Buonarrotti*, and with whom I had a long conversation. He still inhabits the same palace that the great Michael did at Florence. He gave me much information as to the real political character of his distinguished ancestor, not generally known, but which is contained in manuscripts (principally poems) now in his possession.

"Michael Angelo's masterpiece, the Sistine Chapel, is perhaps the most sublime achievement of human art. In the holy week the celebrated *Miserere* was sung in the chapel by the Pope's choir, in the most wonderfully affecting style I ever heard: the voices were unaccompanied by any instrument, yet the effect I can compare only to the wild music of the Æolian lyre.

"The Sistine chapel is a part of the Vatican, which is another world in itself, and is attached to St. Peter's. I have been ~~there~~ sixteen or eighteen times, and yet have not half seen and studied the compartments, a small portion of which is open to the public. In this chapel are the originals of the Laocoon and Apollo, with the principal part of the finest antique statues yet discovered; and it contains also the works on which the chief portions of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's fame rests. In fact, fully to see and to study the curiosities of Rome, its antiquities, &c., would require all my time.

"The spring here is delightful: indeed, the Italian spring and autumn are the most glorious seasons imaginable. I dread the heat; but as I intend always to

go to one of the coolest places in Italy in the summer, I hope to escape it. Many winter here, and summer in England; for travelling is now so simple and easy a process, that people here talk of going to Egypt with as much indifference, as though the undertaking were merely an excursion to the country for a day or two. They remark, that as Cheapside and Piccadilly are coming to Italy now-a-days, they must do something more to distinguish themselves. I met the other day with a staid old couple, who had been almost stripped to the skin by the Arabs during a little jaunt to Palmyra. A trip to Jerusalem is also becoming very fashionable."

### SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

#### Remarkable Eye.

Amongst the innumerable examples that might be produced of the effects of the imagination on the human form, the following is extracted from Lavater's Physiognomy:—

"A woman, during the time of her pregnancy, was engaged in a card party, and only wanted the *ace of spades* to win all that was staked; and as it happened, in the change of the cards, the so much wished for ace was given her. Her joy at this success had such an effect on her imagination, that the child of which she was then pregnant, when born, had the *ace of spades* depicted in the apple of the eye, without injury to the organ of sight."—*Lavater on the effects of Imagination on the human form, Chap. xviii.*

#### God Save the King

If the testimony of the Duchess de ———'s Memoirs be faithful, the words of our national anthem, respecting which there has been much controversy, are of French origin. In giving an account of the establishment of St. Cyr, the Duchess says—"When His Most Christian Majesty entered the chapel, the whole choir of noble ladies sang the following words to a beautiful air, composed by the *Seur de Sully*:—

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le roy!  
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roy!  
Vancez le roy!  
Que toujours glorieux,  
Louis victorieux  
Voye ses ennemis  
Toujours soumis!  
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roy!  
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roy!  
Vive le roy!

#### Theatrical Salaries.

Now-a-days, theatrical stars, with but few gazers, receive 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and even 50*l.* per night. Mrs. Siddons, "in the meridian of her glory," received only 1000*l.* for eighty nights. Occasionally, however, she received 50*l.* per night. Mrs. Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas a week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid 36*l.* per week. Miss O'Neill, 25*l.* per week. Lewis, 20*l.* as actor and manager. Edwin, one of the best *buffo* and burletta singers that ever trod the stage, only 14*l.* per week; and Mrs. Henry Siddons, by far the best representative for Juliet within memory of the present generation, 9*l.* per week.

### NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*An Enquiry into the Causes of Failure of Vaccination, &c.* By Charles Severn, M.D. Masters.

THIS is a most interesting and important Pamphlet, pointing out an obviously efficient remedy for the recent numerous and seriously alarming failures in vaccination.

In our walks about the metropolis, we are now often startled and shocked by the sorrowful sight of young faces fearfully marred and disfigured with the branded scars of that terrible scourge to humanity, Small Pox; and within these few years, we have stood by the grave of several, who, as their mourning parents had vainly imagined, were fully exempted from this fatal disease, by apparently successful vaccination.

Dr. Severn, the highly talented and very industrious author of the tract before us, suggests, and as we think, fully and unquestionably proves, that the lymph of the Cow-pox having passed through a long series of many thousand human constitutions, at the present great distance of time since it was taken from its original source by Jenner, has lost some of its properties, acquired others, and become weakened in effect; that lymph, procured immediately from the animal, or the use of that which is recent, can alone avert the calamity of Small-pox again ravaging amidst our population. After delay and trouble, Dr. Severn has succeeded in procuring lymph in its pristine state, which he uses with every promise and prospect of success.

Medical men in general will do well to follow up the suggestions contained in his pamphlet, which though small is evidently the result of much labour and research, and does credit to the originality and learning of the writer.

*The Arcanum; comprising a concise Theory of Practicable, Elementary, and Definitive Geometry; exhibiting the various Transmutations of Superfices and Solids; obtaining also their actual Capacity by the Mathematical Scale, including Solutions to the yet unanswered Problems of the Ancients.* By John Bennett, Engineer. Part I. 8vo. Bennett, London.

WE have inserted the title of this work at length, because it indicates more fully the intentions of the author than otherwise we could find room in which to specify them. The work is to consist of about sixteen parts, with upwards of six-hundred engravings. Part I. is a promising specimen.

*Original Maxims for the Young; By the celebrated J. C. Lavater.* Translated by the Daughter of a Clergyman. Wertheim.

A VERY neat pretty little gilt-edged volume of seventy-two pages, just of a suitable size for a young lady's reticule, and equally portable and desirable for a young gentleman. The "maxims" are unexceptionably good, and the translation is very neatly executed. We subjoin one, by way of specimen, *On Reading*.

"Reading is necessary for every well-educated child, and for every child that is to be well-educated; to exercise his understanding, to sharpen his attention

and to fix it, to enlarge his knowledge, to form his taste, that is, his perception of the beautiful, to confirm him in good principles, to guard him against many follies, faults and vices. With this object in view, read the best books, which wise and sensible persons advise thee; read with reflection and examination, that is, ask thyself, "Do I understand what I read?" "Do I benefit by it?" "Do I become wiser and better thereby?" Read with the firm determination to make use of all that thou readest; do not by reading, neglect a more immediate or more important duty: do not read with a view of making a display of thy reading: do not read too much at a time and in too quick succession: reflect on what thou hast read, and join it to what thou already knowest to be true: let thy reading be a nourishment of thy heart and soul, moderately enjoyed, and well digested by reflection.—Prov. ii. 1; 5. 2 Tim. iii. 15.

*The Confessions of Adalbert.* By Francis Therman, D.D., Chaplain to His Majesty the King of Prussia, &c. Translated from the German by Samuel Jackson, Esq. Wertheim. 1838.

Into a discussion of the merits of what may be termed "mystic divinity," it is not within our province to enter. The little volume before us is evidently the emanation of a truly pious mind; and, to the class for which it is more especially intended, it cannot prove otherwise than acceptable. The author's end and aim are fully shown in the following lines from his Preface:

"I have attempted to prescribe the commencement and progress of the Christian faith and life in the experience of an individual. In doing so, I have proceeded upon the conviction, that faith is not attained by the consideration of arguments for or against the Divine origin of Christianity; but that urged by an inward feeling of necessity which cannot be repulsed, and guided by a gracious Providence, we apprehend and receive that which God has revealed and appointed for the salvation of mankind; and that an insight into the nature of faith is obtained only through the possession of the latter."

*The Penny Mechanic; and the Chemist.* Part XXV. Berger.

This is the neatest, the cheapest, and the most practically useful penny periodical with which we are acquainted.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

The great theatrical card of the week has been Bunn's magnificent production of Rossini's *chef d'œuvre*, *Guillaume Tell*, at Drury Lane, on Monday. Familiar as is most of the music of this fine opera to every amateur, as well as to every professional performer, the entire work had never before been brought forward on the English stage; and the style in which it is now presented reflects the highest credit upon the manager of this establishment. Of the *libretto*, translated by Bunn himself, it is unnecessary

to speak; that is quite a minor consideration. The stage appointments should be equal in cost and splendour to those of the same piece as performed at the *Academie Royale* at Paris, supported by an annual grant of 32,000*l.* from Government, was not to be expected; nor will any person in his senses contend, that Braham, Allen, Stansbury, and Franks—the Misses Romer, Betts, and Poole, can compete with Donzelli, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—Grisi, Persiani, and Malibran; yet, as a whole, we doubt whether anything so excellent, so admirable in character, has been before seen and heard in this country. The cast was as follows:—Guillaume Tell, Braham; Gesler, Giubilei; Rodolph, Stansbury; Chief of the Canton of Underwald, A. Giubilei; Chief of the Canton of Schwytz, Duruset; Luter, Miss Poole; Matilda, Miss Romer; Martha, Miss Betts.—The exquisite overture, with all its sweet and beautiful Swiss simplicity, so unlike the glittering ornament of most of Rossini's other works, was performed with a precision, a force, a brilliancy of effect, for which we had not given an English orchestra credit. The audience were electrified. All the parts were finely sustained. The choruses too were admirably got up; and the scenery, with one or two exceptions, was of a high order of merit. The house was crowded in every part, and the applause was rapturous. Bunn deserves richly to be repaid, and we doubt not he will be repaid for his exertions. He has re-engaged Van Amburgh and the lions.

Whether it were in good taste or in accordance with sound judgment on the part of Mr. Macready, is a question we are not called upon to discuss; but, on the same evening, Monday, Sheridan Knowles's historical play of *William Tell* was produced in a very fine style at Covent Garden. Some curtailments have been made in the dialogue, and the best of Rossini's choruses have been successfully introduced. As a matter of course, Macready was himself the hero. If we mistake not, *William Tell* has always been a favourite part of his; and on Monday he gave the warm and rich colouring of the patriot mountaineer with even more than his accustomed energy and pathos. Warde played *Gesler* with much feeling and discrimination; and Mrs. Warner was fairly successful as Tell's wife, *Emma*.

Covent Garden Theatre was crowded to an equal extent with its rival of Drury Lane; and the audience were not less warm and enthusiastic in their applause.

At the Olympic, on Monday, a new burletta, entitled *The Queen's Horse*, a free and compressed translation from *Le Brasseur de Preston*, was produced. Full of humour, incident, and ingenious equivocation, exhibiting the comic powers of Keeley and Brougham, the plot is laid in the troublesome times of Prince Charles Edward, when a handful of Highlanders were preparing to meet the King's forces near Preston, and the whole Border was thrown into "most admired confusion." The performance went off—as most of the performances at this theatre do go off—with very spirited effect.

Rumour states that Mr. and Mrs. Matthews are expected in England by the next arrival of the Great Western, *the air of America not having been found to agree with Madame*.—Power is also expected by the Great Western, to fulfil his engagement at the Haymarket.

At the Adelphi, the heroism of Grace Darling and her father, as lately evinced in a rescue from the wreck of a steam-boat, has been taken as the subject of a drama, entitled *The Wreck of the Sea, or the Fern Light*. It was played for the first time on Monday, and received with great applause. Mrs. Yates personated the heroine in her most effective style; and Mrs. Keeley was vastly amusing as "a lady's maid to a single gentleman." The piece is of the melo-dramatic order, full of incident, and abounding with scenic effect. The rescue of the passengers from the sinking steam-vessel is a *chef d'œuvre* in its way.

The Bayaderes, having made their farewell curtsy at this theatre, are now to be seen, in the evening as well as in the day, at the Egyptian Hall.

## NECROLOGY.

MRS. ANNE GRANT, of Laggan, Author of "Letters from the Mountains," &c. was born at Glasgow in the year 1756. She was the daughter of a British officer, of the name of Campbell; and, when a child, she was carried to America by her father, who was in a regiment that was stationed for a considerable time amongst the Mohawks, in the back settlements. Mr. Campbell, on his return, in 1763, brought his wife and daughter with him. Ten years afterwards, he settled near Fort Augustus, in the Highlands; and there, in 1779, Miss Campbell was married to the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Laggan, by whom she had a numerous family. Mr. Grant died in 1803; and then, to procure the means of providing for her children, his widow assumed the pen of a ready writer. Her first publication was, in 1803, "The Highlanders, and other Poems," which reached a third edition. In 1808, appeared her "Memoirs of an American Lady," in two volumes; and, almost immediately afterwards, her most popular production, "Letters from the Mountains," in three volumes, which reached either a fourth or a fifth edition. This work was followed, in 1811, by "Essays on the Superstition of the Highlands of Scotland," in two volumes; in 1814, by "Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen, a Poem in two Parts;" and in 1815, by "Popular Models, and Impressive Warnings, for the Sons and Daughters of Industry," in two volumes.

For several years, Mrs. Grant was a valued literary correspondent of ours, in a leading publication of its class: her communications, if not brilliant, were always sound and sensible. One of her accomplished and highly-gifted pupils was the lamented Mary Cameron, (afterwards Mrs. Nisbett,) of Banff. Mrs. Grant died at Edinburgh, in the early part of November.

JOSEPH LANCASTER, the introducer in this country, if not the inventor, of what has been termed the system of mutual instruction, by which thousands of the children of the poor have been educated, died at New York on the 24th of October. He was born about the year 1771, was bred a Quaker, and long maintained the habits and manners of that persuasion. Failing in an extensive school establishment, at Tooting, many years ago, he went over to America, where he had ever since remained. He was the author of numerous works relating to and connected with his art of teaching.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday, Professor Wilson in the Chair, a reference was made, in a letter from M. Julien, of Paris, to the extraordinary travels of a Chinese, from the years 1628 to 1649. This individual, in the course of his twenty years' travels, visited no fewer than 183 principalities in India. The first communication read accompanied a manuscript grammar of the New Zealand language, compiled by the late Rev. Mr. Kendall, and containing several popular songs of that country. He traced it to a Malay origin. The primary roots and the vowels were nearly the same as the English, and it was altogether of a purity rarely found in savage races. A letter was next read from Dr. Stephenson, of Bombay, relative to the divine worship of the Dekkans, on which General Briggs remarked that in the southern parts of India it was a customary form of worship to propitiate tigers, and snakes, and elephants, or other animals likely to destroy life. In the same manner they propitiate small-pox, cholera, storms, and various diseases, particularly in the Dekkan, where Brahminical customs are not diffused so much as in India. A letter was read from Captain Christopher, being a vocabulary of the Maldivian language, the singularity of which is, that, though not derived from Arabic characters, it is from Arabic numerals, and has a considerable analogy with the Ceylonese language. The population of the islands is about 20,000, but they are much diminishing, although they are very averse to emigration; and an instance was given where a native employed in Bengal in translating the New Testament was recalled. Dr. Royle made a communication on the growth of rice in England, for which so many attempts have been made through the agency of the different societies. He proved, however, that the circumstances of the climate in this country were such as to render the attempt futile.

### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Monday a communication was read from Mr. Westwood on the spongilla fluviatilis, a disputed point amongst naturalists. He exhibited specimens of an insect, or its larva obtained from it. Mr. Gray, F.R.S., read a paper from Mr. A. White, on hemipterous insects found in different localities. Mr. Thwaites, of Bristol, exhibited a new species of hymenopterous insect; and Mr. Bagster some singular molluscous animals found in a voyage to America, which presented a curious appearance, being like common caterpillars.

### WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

On Monday evening the anniversary meeting was held, J. C. Carpué, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. The report read by the secretary, was highly satisfactory. The library had been increased to nearly 10,000 volumes, and an extensive museum was in the course of formation; whilst classes had been formed for the study of languages, of mathematics, and the natural sciences. Some repairs and other improvements were in contemplation, the probable cost of which was estimated at 1,000*l.*, and in order to raise this sum, 500*l.* had been advanced by James Drummond,

Esq., and ten shares of the institution were proposed to be apportioned at 50*l.* each. A donation of 50*l.* for the purchase of books was announced from John Thompson, Esq.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

The first meeting for the present session was held on Monday evening. Earl de Grey, president, in the chair. The Noble President, on taking the chair, alluded to circumstances which had transpired since the last session. An attempt had been made to consolidate the society with another formed for the prosecution of similar objects, but without success. Since they had last met the profession of architecture had lost one of its most distinguished members, in M. Passier, a foreign corresponding member. An instance of the growing interest and importance attached to the institute was recently shown in the case of the visit to this country of M. Zaret, a foreign professor, who made it his depository. During the recess the council have made arrangements for the delivery of lectures on acoustics and geology, two important objects connected with architecture, and which will soon be delivered. It is also intended to enlarge the benefits of the institute, by establishing a new class, to be called the student's class, for the instruction of those who are not forward enough for associates. Mr. Donaldson announced the list of presents received since the last session, and stated that the Noble President had communicated with the Rajah of Tanjore, to whom the institute is under many obligations, to continue an intercourse which has already been beneficial. Twelve new members from the Architectural Society were also proposed. Mr. Barry exhibited various metals taken out of the excavations for a sewer near the site of the new Houses of Parliament, a description of which was promised on an early occasion. Mr. Fowler read a paper on the art of glass painting, entering at length into its antiquity, general divisions, classification, different styles, and proper employment.

#### ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening an ordinary meeting was held, Mr. W. Tite, F.R.S., President, in the chair. A letter was read from Mr. Sims, on various uses of asphalt, which the writer did not however consider applicable to ornamental structures, from the ease with which it was affected by heat from the sun, and other causes. A notice was given that the next subject for a sketch was a design for an entrance to a railway station, without offices. Mr. Phillips read an essay on some essential points connected with structure. His observations were principally confined to the employment of iron, the history of which was briefly traced through its earliest applications to its employment in the construction of building. Notwithstanding the contrary opinion given by the leading architects after the fatal accident at the Brunswick Theatre, it had been introduced with pleasing effect into many public buildings, the value of which could be testified by the roof of the fruit market at Covent Garden, and of the fish market at Hungerford. White cast-iron was proved better for construction than grey, having a radiant crystalline appearance, although the latter is used in the fabrication of artillery. Recent failures on the Birmingham Railway have taught the necessity of paying more atten-

tion to the subject of iron, which is too little understood by architects.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting was held on Tuesday evening, E. Foster, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Specimens were exhibited of a new species of cotton, obtained from the common willow herb, a plant growing abundantly in Britain, and becoming of great importance to agriculturists: these specimens were of a much finer texture than the ordinary cotton of commerce, and more easily wrought. A paper was read from John Quebrett, Esq., of Bartholomew's Hospital, containing the results of his physiological researches on the ergot of rye. This poisonous substance the author proved to be, not a fungus, but merely a morbid condition of the stigma of the plant itself, and which, gradually infecting other organs, assumed the appearance of a mass of sporules; and he calculated that twenty millions of them were distributed over every square inch.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening a general meeting was held, Dr. Fitton, F.R.S., in the chair. The Secretary read a communication from the Council of the Natural History Society of Liverpool, descriptive of some appearances presented by the sandstone rocks in the argillaceous quarries near Mostyn, North Wales, namely, the imprints of what were supposed to be the feet of an animal hitherto unknown, and closely resembling those of man. They were decidedly plantigrade; the palmar portions were deeply hollowed, and the phalanges, as well as the integumentary folds, distinctly visible. These impressions were each of them about five feet in length, appeared to be similar to some discovered in Saxony many years ago, and, in the opinion of the authors of the paper, probably belonged to the Saurian class of reptiles, the feet of which approximate nearer to the human species than any other creature known to have existed. These statements elicited an interesting conversation, in which Professor Buckland and the Rev. James Yates took part; and a paper was afterwards read by Sir Philip Egerton, Bart. M.P., on the remains of the Cherotherium, found in Stourton Quarry. Sir James Alexander, the African traveller, was present.

#### ARTISTS' AMATEUR CONVERSAZIONE.

On Wednesday evening the artists and artist-amateurs held their first season *conversazione* at the Freemasons' Tavern. Messrs. Hodgson and Graves were the only publishers present. The works displayed were few, but in one or two cases of considerable merit. A clever picture, by Allen, of "Whittington and his Cat," occupied the centre of one side of the room, and was much admired: we saw it some years back in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. A gem in the way of line engraving was in the room, from the *burin* of Robert Graves, A.R.A. It is from George Harvey's picture of Shakespeare before the Shallow Justice, taken up for deer-stealing.

As a whole, the picture is a very fine composition, and the engraving is exquisite. Nothing can exceed its finish or artistical effect, its rich tone, and harmonious blending of tints. It is a private engraving belonging to the Scottish Association, who have paid for it exclusively, monopolising the prints, and having only *six* impressions before letters taken from the



plate. Some of Stanfield's drawings were in the room, and a nice little oil painting by Cooper. The latter artist had a series of lithographs, after his designs upon the table, which were most beautiful subjects of animal grouping thrown into natural landscapes. Two clever sketches by *Boulanger* are worthy of mention. One (the best) a portrait of Marshal Soult; the other, the meeting between Soult and Wellington. In the latter sketch (though an exceedingly clever and graphic one) the effect of contrast is too strongly forced, and Indian ink and white chalk are made to produce too much of the effect of that fine alliteration which is discovered in the words "Warren and Whitewash." A proof mezzotint of the "Battle of the Covenanters at Drumclog" will come legitimately under our notice when published. A small miniature from Gainsborough was well copied by Miss Augusta Cole. Mr. John Wood had a clever portrait of Miss Roberts, the daughter of Sir David Roberts, presenting a fine, intelligent, and even beautiful countenance, whose likeness, if we mistake not, we saw in last year's "Book of Beauty." A miniature of D. Serres, the Royal Academician, was also shewn with a set of his Nautical Sketches.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The ordinary meetings were resumed on Thursday Evening, in Somerset House, J. W. Lubbock, Esq. Vice-President in the Chair. The amount of Funds now in hand was declared to be 1,463*l.*; and the following medals, for 1838, were announced as having been awarded:—Royal medals to Professors Forbes and Graham, for their researches on the nature of polarized light, and on the oxides and chlorides used in chemistry; and gold Copley medals to Professors Faraday, and Gause of Berlin, for their discoveries on electric induction and magnetism. A paper was read from Dr. Faraday on the electric power of the gymnopus; the author's object being to show that that animal possessed it in a greater degree than the torpedo, and that the electricity of animal life is entirely dependent on nervous influence. He also entered into some suggestions as to the proper mode of conveying the gymnopus from tropical countries into England, without destroying it, or injuring its health; and showed that this might easily be done by keeping the eel in that part of the vessel which was least subject to motion. The Chairman announced that the newly-elected President of the society, the Marquis of Northampton, intended to hold four *soirées* in the months of March and April next.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The last general meeting for the year was held on Thursday, B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., V.P., in the chair, when twenty-one new Fellows and four Corresponding Members were elected. The report of the council announced the receipts in November as 386*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, and the amount of expenditure 833*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*, and a statement was also given of the accounts for the whole year. There had been received 13,616*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, and expended 11,130*l.* 14*s.*, leaving an excess of income of 1,785*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The present available assets were funded property in the Three per Cent. Consols of 11,291*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*, Exchequer Bills 209*l.* 6*s.*, and cash in hand 621*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, making a total of 12,121*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, whilst the whole of the amount due for rent, unpaid accounts, and current expenses of the present month was 1,724*l.* The number of visitors to the museum in November was 247, from whom 1*l.* 18*s.* was re-

ceived, and to the menagerie 2,488, and the sum received 68*l.* 17*s.*

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The ordinary meeting was held on Thursday evening, Hudson Gurney, Esq., V. P., in the chair. Several curious objects were exhibited, amongst which was a portrait of Sir P. Sidney, from Miss Capon; a ring, found in the area of the Roman Encampment at Bedford; a variety of gold ornaments found in Ireland, amongst which were some specimens of what is considered ring money by Sir W. Becker, from Mr. Hawkins; and a description was also given of an accompanying bronze sacrificial urn, from Mr. G. Johnson, analogous to several found in Italy, and contained in the Townley collection of the British Museum. A communication was read from Sir Thomas Phillips, containing a memoir of the singular adventures of Sir Peter Carew, a gentleman of high reputation at Mahon St. Otery, in Devonshire, who was engaged in several important foreign services for Henry VIII., and who died at Ross, in Ireland, in 1575.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

We have seen a beautiful specimen, embellishments as well as letter-press, of "*A Topographical History of the County of Surrey.*" by John Timbs, assisted by John Britton, F.S.A. &c.; with which is to be given "*A Memoir on the Geology of the County.*" by Dr. Mantell. Such a work, which is really wanted, could not be in better hands.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

For the sake of variety, and to make room for a curious article on the "WATER-MARKS IN PAPER," the second portion of "*THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE*" is postponed till our next.

The second communication of  $\Theta$  is also postponed. Thanks to our old friend, H.C.D. He may be assured that we shall be very glad to hear from him. The paper of Carro is under consideration.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

*Travels in Town.* By the author of *Random Recollections*. 8*s.* 3 vols. post 8*vo.*, 21*s.* boards.; or, Home. By J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8*vo.*, 34*s.* boards.. Newman's Sermons, vol. 4, 8*vo.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, boards.. Winter Studies and Summer Ramblings in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson, 3 vols. post 8*vo.*, 31*s.* 6*d.*... Women of England. By Mrs. Ellis, vol. 4, 8*vo.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, boards.. Count Valerian Krasinski's Reformation in Poland, vol. 1, 8*vo.*, La Trobe's Scripture Illustrations, 4*to.*, 36*s.* half bound.. Del Mar's New Guide to Spanish and English Conversation, 16*mo.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Grandiret's Petit Precepteur, 3rd edition, 3*s.* cloth.. Entenstein's German Grammar, 12*mo.*, 4*s.* cloth.. The Works of Ben Johnson, with Life. By Barry Cornwall, royal 8*vo.*, 24*s.* cloth.. Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England, post 8*vo.*, 10*s.* cloth.. The London Flora. By A. Irvine, 12*mo.*, 10*s.* cloth.. Thoughts on Past Years, 12*mo.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Sergeant Bell and his Rare Show, 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Byles on Bills of Exchange, 3rd edition, 12*s.* boards.. Speculum Gregis, 3rd edition, 5*s.* bound.. James on Collects, new edition, 12*mo.*, 6*s.* boards.. Papas' Book, By Rev. B. H. Draper, foolscap, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Pyne's Tables, showing the Value of Tithe Rent Charges, 8*vo.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* boards.. Burdon's First Exercises in Latin, 12*mo.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* bound.. The Pulpit, vol. 33, 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Burke's Landed Gentry, vol. 4, demy 8*vo.*, 18*s.* cloth.. Bentley's Miscellany, vol. 4, 16*s.* cloth.. Family Library, vol. 66, "Chronicles of London Bridge," 18*mo.*, 16*s.* cloth.. Carpenter's Physiology, 8*vo.*, 15*s.* cloth.. The Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book, 2nd edition, 12*mo.*, 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Lingard's History of England, vol. 9, 5*s.* cloth.. Cooper's Surgical Dictionary, new edition, 30*s.* cloth.. Gordon's Chart of English and Scottish History, 18*s.* Parley's Tales about Rome and Modern Italy, square, 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. Thomson's British Annual, 1839, 18*mo.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.. The Medical Pocket Book, 1839, 18*mo.*, 5*s.* 6*d.* bound.. Poor Richard's Almanac, 1839, 12*mo.* sewed, 4*d.*

# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

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## THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

“Can these things be credited.”—TOM JONES.

In a civilized country it is most extraordinary to find pursued that which is absolutely injurious to every one.

Debt is the curse of our country; and, although this has often been made apparent to the weakest capacity, it is still practised by all sorts of people!

It is unjust in its operation, as it wrongs those, who, seeing its evil, refrain from accepting its baneful provisions.

He that receives *credit* pays a certain price for the goods he purchases, which price includes the intrinsic value of the article, and a remuneration for the accommodation of credit; and then it becomes a question whether he who pays *cash* for what he procures does not pay for the credit that his tradesman receives from whom he buys, and for the bad debts produced by *credit*, which grace his tradesman's books.

It is a most extraordinary thing, that when a tradesman finds, after having given, what might be considered, an unlimited credit, that his customer is *sous* less; he makes him buy and buy on, pounds' worth of goods, in spite of the certainly that no money can reasonably be expected.

To trace the progress of a young man's journey through a tradesman's books, and so on, to a debtor's prison, is a task painfully interesting. The grasping creditor, whom competition has rendered heedless, tempts the unwary, at first, to exceed the bounds of prudence; ere long the truth becomes palpable.—No money is forthcoming, and the debtor can save himself from instant incarceration only by plunging still further into debt. But this will not last long: the Queen's Bench is sought for as an asylum from vindictive creditors, and the man who is confined within its walls lives but to curse the folly of his inexperience and excrete the system of credit that has thus placed him out of the world.

Not only has he found himself obliged to

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take goods he did not want, but he has been obliged to pay thrice as much as he would have done but for 'credit.'

The man who buys with money in his hand finds the evil of credit. He purchases for 'cash' what has been produced on 'credit.'

The cloth that makes his coat is received from Yorkshire on credit, and is sold by a clothier to his tailor on credit: the wine that blesses his convivial hours has suffered by credit, the bed that receives him after the pleasures of the day has 'grown by credit,' and the last tick of the clock ere sleep shuts out the realities of life, reminds him of credit: such a man pays for an accommodation that serves him nothing.

Credit then injures every one; it ruins those who accept it, and cheats those who do not.

Every man is capable of doing the 'state some service,' and should not fall back into apathy when justice cries aloud for aid. The system is wrong in theory and unjust in practice; it has nothing to recommend it but the thought that because we have delay, the transaction is blotted out, or that we shall find some more convenient season to send for our bills!

J. H. P. P.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER III.

#### NOTICE OF THE RIVINGTON FAMILY.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Dec. 8, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

On reconsideration, I find it will be desirable to give you, at once, my proposed *Notice of the Rivington Family*. Instead, therefore, of adverting, in the present instance, to the more ancient booksellers, printers, &c. I will close my little account of poor Annesley Colet, and then immediately proceed with the Messrs. Rivington.

D

London: Printed by J. MASTERS, 33, Aldersgate Street.

I told you that in some of Colet's youthful adventures I had myself borne a part. Colet resided and slept in the same room with me, at Thomas Evans's, 32, Paternoster Row, in the years 1786 and 1787; at which period he was desperately in love with Miss F——, the daughter of a respectable and wealthy shop-keeper at the corner of Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street. There I had been in the habit of dropping Colet's *billet-doux*, through a ventilator in the window in the court, and passing on; not aware that Colet had been forbidden the house. Mr. F. and the whole of his family were followers of the Rev. John Wesley; and as Colet also attended his uncle's chapel, he was determined on having an interview and conversation with his fair one, who was a very beautiful girl. To accomplish this exploit, he begged and entreated of me, (as I really had a great esteem for him) to aid and assist in attiring him in an elegant, but neat female habit, of half Quaker, half Methodist appearance. This we had no sooner effected than he sallied forth, on a Sunday morning, from Paternoster Row, to his Uncle's chapel in the City Road, for the purpose of meeting his Dulcinea. He did meet her, had a conversation with his adored, and returned to me in extacy and triumph. I, a boy, and nothing loth, and not regarding the consequences, enjoyed his victory almost as much as he did himself. It was, alas! of short duration. One night having tapped at the window at rather a late hour, he was discovered by the lady's father and brother. He made a sudden and rapid retreat, and returned home to what we boys termed our barrack-room, in apparent safety. However, he was almost as rapidly pursued by Mr. F., his son, and some watchmen with their rattles, who chased him nearly to our domicile—roused Mr. Evans from the arms of Morpheus—and all was dismay and confusion. Poor Colet, the culprit, was compelled to descend from the attic region, and from the flights of fancy and fairy dreams, into the dull realities of life. The drawing room became the new scene of action. The seniors, naturally exasperated—and the juniors, still more decided—a challenge ensued, but the intended meeting was prevented. Colet, to my great mortification (for we had worked, and written, and executed orders early and late together) was discharged, I am certain with regret, by Evans. However, he immediately found an asylum under the roof of Mr. Marshall, a book and print seller, in Aldermary Church Yard, for whom he wrote several popular juvenile works, and subsequently assisted the elder Evans, in Long Lane, in the arrangement and formation of some branches

of his business. Suddenly he disappeared, having, it was imagined, committed suicide by throwing himself into the Thames. When last seen, he was wandering on the bank of that river, after having written a violent pamphlet respecting the life of his Uncle and his Biographers. He had been educated at his Uncle's school, at Kingswood, near Bristol, and was a young man of considerable talent as well as of eccentricity, and I regretted him very much.

Upwards of ten years elapsed, and no tidings of him, when one morning, walking through Newgate Street, I met Colet!—I started back with amazement!—He laughed heartily—I invited him home to dinner, at No. 40, in "the Row." He related his adventures and disappointments; informed me that he had spent a *pleasant time* during the *troubles* in the North of Ireland. He had been a soldier, an accountant, and a forage master in an Irish Regiment of Horse; but was now ready to return to business. I had some heavy American orders, and one from the East Indies to execute at the time. I asked if he had any objection to assist me. He said none whatever. He dined with me, (and would that he had continued to do so, perhaps I should have avoided many rocks, shoals, and quicksands;) but I spared him for a few days to assist an old friend Mr. John Cumming, bookseller, in Holborn, (now a banker in Naples,) where, from over exertion or some other cause, he was taken ill while going in a Hackney coach to see a friend, was obliged to return—and expired immediately. He was buried at St. Andrew's, in Holborn.

Thus ended the career of poor John Annesley Colet.

#### THE RIVINGTONS.

Now, then, allow me to introduce this respectable firm, which I believe, stands the first in chronological order; for it appears that Charles Rivington the elder, not only first suggested (in conjunction with the celebrated Tom Osborne) the publication of *PAMELA*, to RICHARDSON, (who left the bequest of a ring to the late John Rivington,) in the year 1725, but also, at so early a period as 1718, issued proposals for printing by subscription "*MASON'S Vindication of the Church of England and the Ministry thereof.*"—This principle the family have steadily adhered to, to the present hour.

Among other booksellers concerned in the above mentioned work, appears the name of Gosling, predecessor of the Goslings, Bankers; a firm that has for upwards of a century maintained the highest character, and always been a favourite house of many of the most respectable booksellers, as well as Bankers to the Stationers' Company.



On this plea, in conformity with my original compact, allow me to make a digression. Robert Gosling, the father of Sir Francis Gosling, Knt., and grandfather to the present worthy Banker, was, we find from the Evening Post of 1721, a bookseller, at the Middle Temple Gate, about that period. His son subsequently carried on the business in the same house. In Browne Willis's Manuscript, in his own Copy of his "Welsh Cathedrals," in 1727, 1730, and 1733, is the following curious note :—

"The title-page, dated 1742, is a bookseller's trick, to give a new title to an old book, in order to get rid of unsold copies. The Surveys were printed for R. Gosling, at the Middle Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, in 1727. 'My bookseller, Mr. Francis Gosling, (now anno. 1757, a banker,) having left off that trade, he sold the copies of my Cathedrals to Mr. Osborne, who, to dispose of them, very knavishly advertised that I had given the histories of all the twenty-six Cathedrals. On which account, in my own vindication, I printed the unwritten advertisement, in the London Evening Post, March, 5-8, 1743: 'Whereas it hath been lately advertised in several public papers, and particularly at the end of the proposals for printing by subscription the two first volumes of Bibliotheca Harleiana, that there is now republished, in three volumes, 4to. 'a Survey of the Cathedrals of Durham, &c., by Browne Willis, Esq.:' this is to inform the public that the said Browne Willis has not published any account of the Members, or given any description, history, or draughts whatsoever of these following Cathedrals; viz. Canterbury, Norwich, Salisbury, Wells, and Exeter; and that what he has published in relation to the History of the Four Welsh Cathedrals; viz. St. David's, Landaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph, is in four separate 8vo. volumes, printed about twenty years ago."

I return to the Rivingtons. The "Defence of the Church and its Ministry," is the first publication that I can trace as bearing their name. It is true, it appears prefixed to Wells's Ancient and Modern Geography, 4th edition, published in 1726; the first edition, appeared in 1701; the second, in 1706; of the third edition, I have no date to go by. It is, however, very probable that it might have been annexed previously to the edition of 1726; for the name of Rivington appears to some shop-bill-heads so early as 1710. About 1719, I find that an association of respectable booksellers entered into an especial partnership for the purpose of printing some expensive books, and styled themselves "*The printing Conger*." They consisted of about half-a-dozen eminent booksellers of that day; and about the year 1736, a second partnership was formed by Messrs. Bettesworth and Rivington, who called themselves "*The new Conger*."\*

It is somewhat curious, that after the lapse of nearly a century, a similar *Association of Booksellers* took place, (about forty years ago). They termed themselves the "*Associated Booksellers*;" and consisted of the following persons :—Thomas Hood, (father of Odd Whim Hood, of punning notoriety,) John Cuthell, James Nunn, J. Lea, Lackington, Allen and Co., and others. The vignette which ornamented BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, BUTLER's *Hudibras*, ZIMMERMAN, on *Solitude*, and other popular works (of which they printed elegant editions) was a Bee-hive, with the inscription "*Associated*." This association of *industrious bees*, broke up with the death of, I believe, all the parties within my recollection. But more of this, and anecdotes of the individuals concerned, in their proper places.

Resuming my original subject, and following the progress of the elder Charles Rivington, we find him, in 1730, associated with the most respectable body of the Booksellers of that period; among a dozen of whom we observe for the first time, the name of Mr. T. Longman, of Paternoster Row, uncle of the late worthy Thomas Longman, and great uncle of the present Thomas Norton Longman, Esq. They were all concerned in publishing by subscription an edition of "*Thuanæ Historiarum*," in 7 volumes, folio, price Nine Guineas. In my Bibliographical Notices, I was somewhat at a loss in deciding whether the name of Rivington or Longman should appear first, as they started so nearly together; but I have not met with Mr. Longman's name until 1730, as above, and again as prefixed to HORSLEY's *Britannia Romana*, folio, 1734. I have, therefore, given the precedence to the former. However, Longman's name appears to the first edition of SHELVOCK's *Voyages*, at the sign of the Ship and Swan, in Paternoster Row. In tracing the annals of the Bowyer Press, I find that "WOTTON's short review of GEORGE HICKS's *Grammatical, Critical, and Archaeological Treasury of the Ancient Northern Languages*," second edition, was printed in 1737, in a large quarto volume, with Longman's name; but the *first* edition was printed with the name of Mr. Charles Rivington only, in 1718.

In 1736, Mr. Charles Rivington, after some dissensions had taken place, became an active member of a society for promoting the encouragement of learning; but it appears that his and his colleagues' interest was much injured, and that the avowed purposes of the society were frustrated. This was in the year 1737, which appears to have nearly closed the bookselling

\* The term *Conger* was supposed to have been at first applied to them individually, alluding to the

Conger Eel, which is said to swallow the smaller fry, or it may have been taken from *Congerius*.

career of the senior of this respectable family ; for he died on the 25th of February, 1742.

Next in succession was John Rivington, Esq. He was a stout well formed man, particularly neat in his person, and of a gentlemanly and dignified address. Often have I seen him in his cocked hat, full bottomed wig, with his gold headed cane, and a nice nose-gay in his coat, making his way into St. Paul's Church, which he regularly attended twice a day (at 10 and 3). On one occasion, after his trip from his country house at Islington, and after attending divine service at St. Paul's, on the 30th of January, on returning to the shop were his sons Francis and Charles were busily engaged at the desk ; "What !" he exclaimed, "Sons, how is this ? I always put up my shutters on this day." He was a most amiable and excellent man.

The venerable John Nichols gives the following interesting account of him and his family :—

"John Rivington, Esq., was a bookseller of considerable eminence in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he carried on his business, universally esteemed, for more than half a century, and enjoyed the special patronage of the clergy, particularly those of the higher order. He was many years bookseller to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge ; a governor of most of the royal hospitals ; a member of the Court of Lieutenancy, and of the Common Council ; a director of the Amicable Society in Serjeants' Inn, and of the Union Fire Office ; and an ancient member of the Company of Stationers, of which he was master in 1775, and where at one period he had two brothers\* and four sons, liverymen. He died Feb. 16, 1792, in his seventy-third year ; and his widow on the 21st of October following. One of his sons, Mr. John Rivington, a printer, in St. John's Square, died June 28, 1785. Another son, Robert, captain of the Kent-East Indiaman, met with a glorious death in October, 1800, in bravely defending his ship against the attack of a French frigate, *La Confiance*, of far superior force : he was a young man of great merit and conspicuous talents ; and it was his first voyage as captain.† Henry, the youngest

son, a respectable solicitor, was clerk to the Company of Stationers. He died in 1829, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Charles Rivington.

"The business of the father is carried on with great diligence and augmented reputation by two of his sons and a grandson, under the firm of *Francis, Charles, and John Rivington*."

From the above period the business has been carried on in its various branches in the whole-sale and retail and publishing departments ; and as their united families increased, they made an important arrangement by opening a noble establishment in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, where they conduct an extensive trade with the heads of the clergy, nobility, &c., in religious, classical, and other works of the first character. In a voluminous catalogue of books of their own publishing, we find enumerated the works of Burke, Kett, Nares, Beloe, &c., besides an endless variety of others. They also hold shares in valuable works in divinity, history, classical, and what are termed "stock books."

I cannot here omit naming one great work which the Messrs. Rivington brought forward just before the expiration of my apprenticeship with Evans. I allude to the "*British Critic*," which commenced in perilous times in the year 1791, (about the period of the Birmingham Riots, quickly succeeded by the French Revolution,) when religious and political feelings were in a highly feverish state.

The learned Dr. Nares, the favourite pupil of Dr. Parr, and Mr. Beloe, one of the librarians of the British Museum, became joint proprietors.

This review, ably as it was conducted, had much to contend with, amidst an immense patronage. All the ability and talent of the Old Monthly Review, which had marked its progress for fifty years, was still afloat ; and all

Madras,) dated Nov. 17, 1801, he says—'The KENT Indiaman, Captain Rivington, was taken in the Bay of Bengal. Captain Rivington defended his ship with gallantry, but unfortunately fell in the action.' The following poem was written on the occasion :

'If active spirit tempt thee e'er to roam,  
And quit thy native for a foreign home,  
Remember well that, distant though you move,  
No space from friendship shall divide our love.  
Lo ! Robert, nurtur'd from his early youth  
To glow with virtue, and to feel with truth,  
In rip'ning age matur'd his just disdain  
Of all that cringing Flattery-taught to feign.  
His manly virtues mark'd their genuine source,  
And naval toil confirm'd their native force.  
In Fortune's adverse trial undismay'd,  
A seaman's zeal and courage he display'd ;  
For honour firmly stood at honour's post,  
And gained new glory when his life he lost."

H. G.

\* "Of these James, who was the eldest brother, was a bookseller, and for some years in partnership with Mr. Fletcher in St. Paul's Churchyard. He afterwards settled at New York, where, for a considerable time before the American revolution he held the office of king's printer. He died there in December, 1802, being at that time the oldest liveryman of the Company of Stationers. The youngest brother, Mr. Charles Rivington, carried on an extensive business as a printer for thirty-two years in Staining Lane, in a noble house, which had formerly been the residence of a lord mayor. He was also a member of the common council, and died June 22, 1790. His only daughter was married, Oct. 16, 1790, to the Rev. James Stovin, rector of Rossington, county of York."

† "I received a similar account in a letter from my brother from Trichinopoly, (200 miles south of

the tact and talent of the editor and contributors, as well as all the influence and popularity of the proprietors and publishers (Hamiltons, Robinsons, Johnsons, &c.) of the Critical and Analytical Reviews, was in the field against them. All these being opposed to them in principle, rendered the 'British Critic' a very arduous undertaking. The 'Analytical Review,' too, preceded the 'British Critic' by three years, having commenced on the 1st of May, 1788, (the year of my first marriage.) It was ably conducted by Mr. Christie, its principal editor, and other contributors (friends of Mr. Jos. Johnson, one of the most celebrated booksellers of the day,) among whom were Drs. Aikin, Simmons, Dickson, and others. Dickson, however, declared off, and conducted, in conjunction with Mr. Wakefield, the 'Literary Review,' which I published during the years 1794 and 1795.

Mr. Nichols remarks, that the part which Mr. Beloe took in the 'British Critic,' and the dangerous and difficult times in which it was conducted, are things sufficiently known. The editorship was entrusted to the sagacity, learning, and acuteness of Mr. Nares, with whom Mr. Beloe conducted this work to the end of the forty-second volume. Dr. Parr, and Mr. Whitaker, author of the 'History of Manchester,' largely contributed to it. The 'British Critic' stood alone as to its religious and political feeling until the 1st of July, 1798, when the *Antijacobin Examiner* (to which the illustrious George Canning mainly contributed) started into notice. This publication originated in the determination of George Canning and other literary men of consequence and station to establish a paper for the purpose of exposing to ridicule the political agitators of that period. Dr. Grant, well known as a writer in the reviews and other periodicals, was the first person chosen to be the editor; but upon his declining the office, William Gifford accepted the situation. Teeming with first-rate political information—brilliant in wit and talent—caustic and powerful in argument—the *Antijacobin Examiner* was the most efficient ministerial organ of the day. It was, in fact, the brightest star of our hemisphere. It soon acquired an extensive circulation; but, unfortunately, its leading contributors were men who wrote only for their amusement, and who, in consequence, could not descend to the drudgery of periodical composition. The result was the discontinuance of the paper.

In some measure to supply its place, a monthly publication was commenced—the *Antijacobin Review and Magazine*. This also was for several years a most formidable engine

in the cause of the Pitt administration. Its editor was John Gifford, Esq., author of *The Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt*, in three quarto volumes, and for a long time one of the ablest and most active magistrates of the police. It is not too much to say of Mr. Gifford, that he was the first political writer of the age. Educated for the law, he had deeply studied the English constitution. His literary style was in perfect accordance with his mind and character—correct, clear, firm, bold, energetic, almost gigantic in power.

He had, I believe, a slight pension from Government, but very inadequate to his desert. Mr. Gifford died about the year 1818, at the age of sixty-three. He left an amiable wife, with a family of several children. Subsequently to his decease, Mrs. Gifford formed an establishment for the education of young ladies at Parson's Green, Fulham.

Amongst Mr. Gifford's very able coadjutors in the conduct of *The Antijacobin Review*, should be mentioned the Rev. John Whitaker, author of the unanswered and unanswerable *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, and other celebrated and valuable works; John Reeves, Esq., a distinguished Hebraist, afterwards the king's printer; and a host of others. Its editor, after the decease of Mr. Gifford, was, I believe, the Rev. W. —, rector of —, in Essex.

In the Early days of *The Antijacobin Review*, the work was illustrated by large folding plates, drawn and etched in a most admirable style by Gilray, the first caricaturist of his time. Nothing indeed had been seen, from the paintings of Hogarth downwards, to equal the productions of Gilray; nor, exquisite as are the sketches of HB., has any rival of his fame appeared.

In concluding my account of the Messrs. Rivington, I find that Mr. Francis Rivington died in 1822, leaving three sons—John, Charles, and Henry, and three daughters.

Mr. Charles Rivington died, in 1831, leaving five sons—Robert, (since dead,) George, Francis, Charles, and Henry, and four daughters.

The present firm stands thus—John, Francis, and George Rivington.

Thus have I known this family for four generations, and have only to remark that the present race are "progressing" in the same course with their distinguished ancestors.

Yours, my dear Son,  
Ever affectionately,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Michaelmas Term.—Short Days.—Festival and Martyrdom of St. Thomas.—A Week of Six Days.—Pennant the Antiquary.—Sir William Petty.—John Selden.—Characteristic Sketches of Oliver Cromwell.—A Christmas Moon.—Murphy and the Holiday Weather.—Lord Stanhope, the Printing Press, and other Inventions.—Coronation and Portrait of Henry II.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Dr. Faraday.—Presidency of the Royal Society.—The Founder of Guy's Hospital.—Tycho Brahé.—Bowler the Printer.—The Duke of Sully.—Gray the Poet.—The Mother of the Nights.

To some of our readers—not lawyers, for they always take care of themselves—it may import much to know, that Michaelmas Term ends this day, the 15th of December.

The days are now rapidly approaching the shortest; consequently, the weeks also are short, so far at least as daylight is concerned. By the time of our next publication we shall have passed what is nominally the shortest day—the 21st—the festival of St. Thomas à Didymus, or the Twin. It is, we believe, perfectly well authenticated that St. Thomas preached the Gospel to the Medes, Persians, Hyrcanians, Bactrians, Ethiopians, and Indians, amongst the last of whom he suffered martyrdom at Meliapore, where he was pierced through the body with a lance in the year 73, and was buried in the church which he had caused to be erected in that city. Thus, in all pictorial representations St. Thomas is shown with a lance, in remembrance of the mode in which his life and sufferings were terminated. It is further upon record that, when Marco Polo was travelling in India in 1269, he was informed that the body of St. Thomas was deposited in Meliapore; that his actual remains were found there in 1517; and that in 1522 his bones, and the lance with which he had been pierced, were removed to Goa by the Portuguese.

This is indeed a short week with us; as, having inadvertently allotted eight days to the week, (the ALDINE MAGAZINE week,) commencing on the 8th of December, we have only six days left for appropriating to the week, commencing on the 15th. We have, in consequence, proportionately the fewer "MEN, WOMEN, EVENTS, &c.," just now to dispose of.

To-morrow, the 16th, Thomas Pennant, the naturalist and antiquary, will have been dead forty years. To the laborious industry of this gentleman, in his various works, the public were much indebted. Pennant was born at Downing, the family seat in Flintshire, in 1726.

Sir William Petty, ancestor, in the female

line, of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and founder of the Lansdowne family, will have rested with his fathers 151 years to-morrow.

"Sir William Petty was an extraordinary man—extraordinary in his literary and philosophical attainments, and also in the acquisition of wealth. It is one of the glories of this country that even the humblest of its sons is not prohibited from the first station of society; and the rise of Sir William Petty is one of the ten thousand instances upon record, which illustrate the superiority of England in that respect over every other country in the world. He was the son of Anthony Petty, a clothier, of Hampshire. He was educated to the medical profession, in which he attained the degree of M.D. His work upon political arithmetic is a lasting memorial of his mental capacity. He obtained a patent to teach the art of double writing; his skill in mechanics was also great. He invented a double-bottomed ship, which, for the quickness of her sailing and other excellent qualities, attracted much notice at the time. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1661, and he was one of the first members of the Royal Society. In 1654 he contracted with the Parliament for the survey of Ireland; and, in the course of two years, he completed the measurement of 2,068,000 acres of forfeited lands. For his labour he received twenty shillings *per diem*, and one penny per acre: thus he acquired an estate of 6000*l.* a-year, and from small beginnings he was enabled to leave a fortune of 15,000*l.* *per annum*. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, and widow of Sir Maurice Fenton. After the death of Sir William Petty, she was in 1688 created Baroness Shelburne."\*

The 16th of December is the anniversary of the birth of John Selden, the successful antagonist of Grotius, and styled by some "the great dictator of learning of the English nation." He was born in 1584, a native of Sussex, and was bred to the law, of which he became one of the most learned professors. He pleaded as counsel for Hampden in the famous trial respecting ship-money, was very active against the unfortunate and cruelly-sacrificed Earl Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, and was principally instrumental in depriving the bishops of their votes. Yet he was universally esteemed for the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart. Selden was also greatly distinguished as an antiquary. Towards the close of his life he was known to have said, that of the numberless volumes which he had read and digested, nothing stuck so close to his heart, or gave him such solid satisfaction, as a single passage out of St. Paul's Epistles. (Titus, ii.

\* "Portraits from the Peerage," by THOMAS HARRAL: *Monthly Magazine*, May, 1838.—It was in the year 1692 that Thomas, the twenty-first Lord of Kerry, created Viscount Clannaurice and Earl of Kerry, married Anne, the only daughter of Sir William Petty.

11, 12, 13, 14.) He died on the 30th of November, 1654.

It was on the 16th of December, 1653—185 years ago—that Oliver Cromwell, a canting, sanguinary, regicidal hypocrite, a king in all things but the name and the heart, was declared Protector of England. Respecting this man, his life, and times, two new works have within these few weeks appeared: one, a single volume of Lardner's Cyclopædia, by John Forster, Esq., from Longman's house; the other, in two octavo volumes, by Dr. Vaughan, from Colburn's. "Who," said Dr. South, in one of his sermons, "that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the parliament-house, with a threadbare torn cloak and a greasy hat, and (perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have suspected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" When Lely painted his portrait, Cromwell ordered him to be faithful in representing every blemish or defect that he could discover in his face. Cromwell's nose, which was remarkably red and shining, was the subject of much ridicule. Cleaveland, a writer of the day, remarks:—"This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle whether she be lawfully begotten: but all is not gold that glisters." Again, "Cromwell's nose wears the dominical letter." Evelyn, who personally knew Cromwell, and "who studied physiognomy, fancied that he read characters of the greatest dissimulation, boldness, cruelty, and ambition in every touch and stroke of his countenance." In the old Ducal Palace, at Florence, there is, or was, a portrait of Cromwell, painted by Walker, which the grand duke purchased of a relation of Cromwell's for 500*l*. In the same palace was also a cast, "done from a mould taken from Cromwell's face, a few moments after his decease." Breval, in the third volume of his "Travels," remarks, "that there is something more remarkably strong and expressive in it [the cast] than in any picture or bust of that usurper he had ever seen." After a life of infamy, Cromwell died the death of the little, and the mean, and the poor in spirit on the 3rd of September, 1658, in the 60th year of his age. The place of his interment does not seem to have been agreed upon amongst his biographers. According to some, his body was carried by his own direction to Naseby Field, the scene of his grand victory, and there interred with great privacy.

Well! on Monday next, at twenty-three

minutes past 12, A.M. we are to have a new moon for the illumination of our Christmas evenings. Will Murphy be indulgent to the holiday folk at that period? Alas! no! He remorselessly threatens us with rain and storm on Christmas day! Oh, that he were at home, in his "emerald isle," that we might hope for a little fine weather again!

Charles, third Earl Stanhope, the gifted but eccentric father of the present Peer, merits honourable mention in THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, as the constructor of a new and greatly improved printing press, which is still in use in many of the most respectable offices in London. His Lordship was also the author of several other inventions: particularly of a method of securing buildings from fire—an arithmetical machine—a monochord for tuning musical instruments—a vessel to sail against wind and tide, &c. His Lordship was born in 1753, and he died on the 17th of December, 1716.

Henry the second, the first Sovereign of the house of Anjou, or Plantagenet, was crowned on the 17th of December, 1154. Of this monarch, who was endowed with many fine qualities, Vertue gives a portrait, from the effigies on his monument, at Fontevraud, in Anjou, where he was buried.

Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., the inventor of the safety lamp—the discoverer of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, of the principles of electro chemistry, &c.; was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th of December, 1778. The particulars of his useful and splendid philosophical career are well known. After a series of early success, he became professor to the Board of Agriculture, in 1802; in 1818, he was created a baronet; in 1820, he was elected President of the Royal Society; and professional honour flowed in upon him, without interruption, till his death, which took place at Genoa in 1829. Dr. Sir—Faraday was his favourite and most distinguished pupil; and as a philosophical chemist, and great scientific discoverer, that gentleman has long since far out-stripped his master. Sir Humphry Davy was succeeded in the Presidency of the Royal Society by one of his early friends and patrons, Davis Gilbert, Esq.; on whose resignation, the office was filled by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Some months ago, the Duke resigned; and the most noble the Marquis of Northampton has recently been elected to the vacated chair.

Thomas Guy, born in 1644, was brought up to the business of a bookseller. By dealing largely in the importation of bibles from Holland—by contracting with Oxford for the bibles printed by that University—by extensive specu-

lations on the Stock Exchange—and by his penurious habits, he amassed a fortune of nearly 500,000*l*. Guy was an old bachelor. Tradition states, that he was on the point of marrying his housekeeper; when the fair one, presuming on the understanding between them, ventured to give some instructions to the paviours who were at that time employed in front of Guy's house. Offended at this *premature* interference, as he deemed it, Guy broke off the match; in consequence of which determination, it is added, he resolved on building and endowing the hospital in Southwark which bears his name. On that structure he expended about 200,000*l*. He also made bequests to Christ's Hospital, erected almshouses at Tamworth, and left 80,000*l* to those who could prove relationship with him. He died on the 18th of December, 114 years ago.

Tycho Brahé, the Danish astronomer, and author of the system which was superseded by that of Copernicus, was born on the 19th of December, 1546. Since the days of Copernicus, mankind, instead of fancying themselves inhabitants of the centre of the universe, are satisfied with belonging to one of the little stars of the solar system. Brahé died in 1601.

The 19th of December is the anniversary of the birth of William Bowyer, an eminent English printer, and classical scholar, who will hereafter fall under our biographical notice in another department of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE. Bowyer was born in 1699, and died in 1777. He published several learned works; but his chief performance was a Greek edition of the New Testament, with critical and emendatory notes.

Maximilian de Bethune, Marquis of Rosni, and afterwards Duke of Sully, ambassador from Henry IV. of France, to James I. of England, on the accession of the latter to the throne, will have been dead 197 years on Friday next, the 21st of December. It was by the assistance of the Duke of Sully, one of the most able, industrious, and faithful ministers ever served a king, that Henry was enabled to bring order into the finances of the State, to encourage agriculture and the manual arts, and to lay the foundation of that power and grandeur to which the French monarchy afterwards arose.

On the same day, 122 years will have passed since Gray the poet, immortalised by his "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard," first saw the light. Gray died in 1771, at the age of 55.

We close the week with repeating, that the festival of St. Thomas falls on the 21st, the shortest day, and consequently the longest

night of the year. By our Saxon ancestors, the longest night was held in especial veneration. Terming it *mother night*, and regarding it as the *mother* of all the other nights, they dated from it the commencement of their years. They also held it as a festival in honour of Thor, one of their greatest and most powerful deities, in whom, as they believed, was vested the supreme command of the elements.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### ENGLAND'S PROUDEST BOAST.\*

"*Book of the Week!*" AY! THE BOOK FOR ALL TIME! Honour and glory to the name of Shakespear! Honour and glory to all who, with the mind to appreciate, have the heart to yield him the homage due to heaven-inspired genius! Coleridge, another child of inspiration, has well said—"Assuredly that criticism of Shakespear will alone be genial which is reverential. The Englishman who, without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakespear, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one, at least, of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ, and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent *fiat* of the uprising Apollo!"

It is in this spirit, not acted upon too literally, that Knight's *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*, Parts I. and II. now before us, is conducted. These parts consist of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *King John*; the former presenting thirty-five, the latter forty-three, finely-engraved illustrations in wood—entire pages, head and tail pieces, and insertions.

Shakespear was probably the most suggestive writer that ever existed: hence the countless multitude of his commentators, and of the pictorial productions which have been founded on his works; and hence also the very pages which now demand our notice. Shakespear not only possessed the creative faculty himself, in a limitless degree, humanly speaking, he also excited the creative, the inventive powers of others to an extent never before achieved by mortal agency.

We are very desirous of conveying to the reader some idea of the vast superiority of this new edition of our bard; but the points in-

\* The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare. Parts I. and II. super-royal 8vo.. Knight and Co., 1838.

volved are so numerous, that we despair of adequate success.

With reference to the text, it is collated with that of the folio edition, which Horne Tooke described as the only one worth regarding, with occasional corrections and variations, and some slight changes of punctuation. The various readings are given as foot notes. So far as the notes are concerned, the object of the editor is to embody the idea of Dr. Drake, which, whilst it would expunge "all that was trifling, idly controversial, indecorous, and abusive, should at the same time retain every interesting disquisition, though in many instances remodelled, rewritten, and condensed, nor fearing to add what farther research, under the guidance of good taste, might suggest."

According to the arrangement indicated in the prospectus, and which is strictly adhered to in the two parts already published, an introductory notice is to be prefixed to each play, pointing out—

"1. The historical facts, the real or imaginary incidents, and the complete stories or detached passages in works of imagination, from either of which the plot of the drama, or any portion of it, is supposed to be derived. 2. The evidence which exists to establish the date when the play was written. 3. The *period* and the *locality* of the drama, with an account of the materials from which the local illustrations have been derived. 4. The *costume* of the drama, in which notice will be introduced wood cuts, copied from ancient MSS. or books that may exhibit the authentic costume of the place and of the period which the poet has in his mind. 5. The *music* of the drama, in which the original airs of Shakespear's original songs will, as far as possible, be given, with an account of the later musical compositions that have been adapted to the poet's words."

To each play is also appended a supplementary notice of the various critical opinions which may have been pronounced on its merits.

We have yet to speak of what appears to be the leading aim of Mr. Knight's edition—its *pictorial illustrations*. "We have *embellished* editions of Shakespear," observes the editor, "out of number, that attempt to represent the incidents of his scenes and translate his characters into portraits for the eye with greater or less success; but we have no edition in which the aid of art has been called in to give a distinctness to the conceptions of the reader by representing the *REALITIES upon which the imagination of the poet must have rested*. Of these pictorial illustrations many, of course, ought to be purely antiquarian; but the larger number of subjects offer a combination of the beautiful with the real, which must heighten the pleasure of the reader far more than any fanciful representation, however skilful, of the incidents of the several dramas."

With this view, the assembled talents of ancient and modern painters, and of engravers in wood, of the first class, are called into play. Amongst the old artists we find the names of Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, Vecellio, Hoghenburgh, Paul Veronese, Cipriani, Raffaele, &c.; and of our contemporaries, those of Harvey, Pyne, Jacque, &c. And these are charmingly wrought out by the gravers of Orrin Smith, Jackson, Thompson, and others at the top of the list in their art.

Sincerely could we wish that it were practicable for us to transfer some of the engravings to our own columns, as the best and only satisfactory vouchers for the justice and warmth of our praise; but as the wish would be vain, we must content ourselves with mentioning some of the more striking and curious subjects from each play.

From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—The title-page, a fanciful and picturesque group, embodying the final scene, from an original design by Harvey, the first artist of our day in this branch of art; various Italian costumes; a border of flowers, framing the *dramatis personæ*, after Domenichino; the shrine of Loreto; Queen Elizabeth's salt-cellar; triumph at Milan; a pageant, designed from Sharp's Dissertation on Coventry Pageants; the comic muse, after Cipriani; Shakespear's house at Stratford.

From *King John*:—The title-page, another design of Harvey's—a group embodying the scene before the walls of Angiers, Act ii. Scene 2. This is a truly magnificent composition, and in its fine execution alone, worth more than double the cost of the book. The composition and grouping—the fore and back-grounds—the variety and individuality of character—the sentiment and expression—are all so admirable, that nothing more is desired than enlargement to render it a grand historical picture. This, indeed, is the merit, to an extraordinary degree, of nearly all Harvey's designs: they are perfect pictures in little. Harvey is a complete master of composition. This noble print is engraved in a style worthy of the painter, by J. Thompson. At once curious and beautiful, is an ornamental border for the *dramatis personæ*, from a MS. of the time of King John. Then we have the ceremony of creating a knight on the field of battle; Richard I. and the Lion, very brilliant, from the graver of O. Smith; and, from a design by Jacque, and also engraved by O. Smith, a view of Angiers (vignette) which, for softness, delicacy, and depth of tone, we have rarely seen surpassed; Marriage of Louis and Blanche of Castile, by the same artists, exceedingly bril-

liant; English vessels, from ancient MSS., very spirited; Jacque and O. S. again, in the battle near Angiers, the field after the battle, and the smithy, all three of them brilliant and forcible in an extraordinary degree; the Castle of Rouen, by Sargent and Jackson, well-toned and effective; the death of King John, at Swinstead Abbey, and the Long Wash between Lynn and Boston, two other gems by Jacque and O. Smith; and the Muse of History, after Raffaele.

We remark, with satisfaction, that the embellishments of the Second Part are not only more numerous than those of the first, but that they are also of a far higher grade of merit.

Throughout this notice, we have spelt, as we have long been accustomed to spell, our poet's name, SHAKESPEAR. This, we have no doubt, was, with the addition of a final *e*, the original orthography; though we are not disposed to contend that it was the orthography adopted by the bard himself: it might have been altered—modified—abbreviated, before his time. However, it is proper to state, that, in the *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*, the name (not for the first time) is spelt—SHAKSPERE. After a *fac simile* of the poet's autograph, the change or innovation, is thus justified:

"We have placed at the head of this notice, the autograph of 'WILLM. SHAKSPERE,' which we have been permitted to copy from his undoubted signature in the volume of Montaigne's Essays, by John Florio, in the British Museum. This autograph has set at rest the long-disputed question of the mode in which the poet wrote his name. Sir Frederick Madden has satisfactorily shewn, in a letter published in the *Archæologia*, vol. 27, that in the five other acknowledged genuine signatures in existence, namely, in the three attached to his will, and the two affixed to deeds connected with the mortgage and sale of a property in Blackfriars, the poet always wrote his name SHAKSPERE, and, consequently, that those who have inserted an *e* after the *k*, or an *u* in the second syllable, do not write the same (so far as we are able to judge) in the same manner as the poet himself uniformly would authorise us to do? In the Stratford Register, both at his baptism and burial, the name is spelt *Shakspeare*. The printers, however, during his life, and in the folio of 1623, spell his name *Shakespeare*. In this edition, after much consideration, we have determined to follow the authority of the poet's autograph."

Shakespear—or 'Shakspeare'—when he made Juliet ask, "What's in a name!" had little thought of the discussions that would be excited respecting his *own* name.

We cannot but wish the present undertaking every possible success.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Extract of a Letter from "AN OLD BOOKSELLER'S SON," at Rome.]

Nov. 9, 1838.

I LIKED Sienna much; the month of October particularly delightful, as it is in fact throughout Italy. All is rich and picturesque, especially the vintage. The vine runs in all its natural luxuriance in festoons from tree to tree, hanging over the road-side wherever you go. I have not any occasion for fire: it is like the beginning of September in England.

I am settled on the Pincian Hill, one of the highest parts of Rome, and therefore most healthful, and also convenient of access to the Academy and other places of interest, as well as contiguous to the promenade, one of the finest in Europe, where I exercise daily. CLAUDE'S house is on the opposite side of the street, facing my window; SALVATOR ROSA'S is within a minute's walk; and POUSSIN'S within three doors above me on my side of the street. The French Academy, formerly the famous Villa de Medici is in sight. Thorswaldsen, the sculptor, with whom I am acquainted, is in the same street, four or five doors above me. So you will say, in such a spot, I ought to receive some inspiration.

Last year Claude's and Poussin's houses were inhabited by friends of mine, and I have sometimes divided an evening between them. Rome is in fact an eternal gratification to an artist. To a travelling visitor the interest is generally over after he has seen the sights; to an artist, all here, whether animate or inanimate nature, is a study, and he regrets that time allows him to do so very little.

To day I was employed in painting a woman of the Neapolitan states in her native costume; a white handkerchief, folded in a curious manner on the head; a plaited chemise, the principal covering of the bust; a small red bodice trimmed with gold lace, and embroidered with different coloured flowers; a purple silk skirt, trimmed with three or four rows of red binding; and a large robe of scarlet cloth, placed anglewise over it, forming a very rich dress. Imagine me in my study chattering Italian to this damsel, and painting her towering visage. This is her mode of getting her living, as it is that of many others who come long journeys for the winter season in Rome. This year the city is full of foreigners.

I did not regret leaving Sienna, as there was a second and more violent shock of an earthquake; and I should not be surprised were they to have another violent one ere long. Several houses were destroyed by one in 1795. I was sitting drawing about ten o'clock at night, when I heard aloud rumbling noise; the doors and windows began to rattle; and I felt the floor move under me, creating a very unpleasant sensation of giddiness. This was repeated more violently, and I was almost tempted to run into the street. It did not, however, do any damage that I heard of.

Two thirds of the road to Rome are volcanic; and the lakes of Bolsena and Rosiciglione are said to be two craters of extinct volcanoes; the former unfathomable.

The country is lovely, but it is impossible to enjoy it from the constant apprehension of meeting brigands on the road, the coachman calling out to us the first thing in the morning to "give an eye behind"



every now and then, which you may be sure I attended to, as my portmanteau would have been the first at hand, by their simply cutting a cord in the rear of the coach. The conveyance is much like a large hackney, with a cab in front. The brigands rarely, however, use arms, unless they meet resistance. A worthy Italian who sat facing me had fear evidently depicted on his countenance the greater part of the journey. He was a bit of a cockney in his way, asking the most ludicrous questions respecting the geography of England. One was, if the *United States* were not touching on the *North of London*. This was "official," and the geographical knowledge of most of them is about on a par with this.—Adieu.

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

### *Female Knights of the Garter.*

Only three females have in this country worn the insignia of the Garter: Lady Harcourt, Lady Gray, and Lady Suffolk. Lady Harcourt was daughter of Sir John Byron, and wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K.G. (temp. Henry III.) Her tomb is at Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. The garter is above the elbow of the left arm. It has the motto. There is at Nuneham Courtenay, Oxfordshire, (the Seat of the Earl Harcourt,) over one of the doors of the dressing-room, a painting of that Lady Harcourt, wearing the garter on her arm. Lady Gray was daughter of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter. She married, first, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and, secondly, Sir John Gray, K.G. (temp. Henry V.) Sir John was afterwards Earl of Tankerville. Her tomb was in St. Catherine's Church (now demolished) near the Tower of London. Lady Suffolk was daughter of Sir Thomas Chaucer. She married William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk (temp. Henry VI.) Her tomb, with her effigies, wearing the garter on her left arm, is in good preservation in Ewelme Church, in Oxfordshire.

### *A Pleasantry of the late Duchess of Devonshire.*

As she was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, her Grace was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her to take shelter in a little hut, where she happened not to be known. Among other topics of conversation which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman if she knew the Duchess of Devonshire. "Know her," answered the woman, "ay, God save her, everybody has cause to know her here!—there was never a better lady born of a woman." "I am afraid you are mistaken," said her Grace, "for from what I can understand of her, she is no better than she should be." "I see you are no better than you should be," returned the poor woman; "it would be happy for you if you were as good; but you!—you'll never be worthy to wipe her shoes." "Then I must be beholden to you, for they are at present very dirty," answered her Grace. The honest cottager, perceiving her mistake, ran with the greatest readiness and humility to perform the office, which was generously rewarded by the Duchess.

### *Extraordinary Courage in a Game Cock.*

A large dog, of the mastiff breed, happened to pass near a game cock, when the latter, without any provocation, assaulted the dog with the utmost violence. The dog became irritated, and in his turn attacked the game cock. A severe combat ensued; but the vigilance and dexterity of the cock eluded every attempt of the dog to hurt him. At length the cock flew upon the dog's back, and with his beak actually beat out both his eyes. He then continued the attack with so much ferocity, that in a short time the dog fell to the ground, when the cock struck him a blow with his heel, which penetrated to his brain, and he instantly expired.

### *The Waverley Novels.*

The sale of the autograph originals, at Evans's in Pall Mall, seven years ago, excited less attention than might have been anticipated. The MSS. were all in Sir Walter Scott's hand-writing, neat, clean, and in green morocco bindings. The total produce of the sale was 317l.; and the prices of each lot, and the purchasers, were as follows:—*The Monastery*, bought by Mr. Thorpe, 18l.—*Guy Mannering*, Mr. Thorpe, 27l. 10s.—*Old Mortality*, 33l.—*The Antiquary*, Captain Basil Hall, 42l.—*Rob Roy*, Mr. Wilks, M. P., 50l.—*Peveril of the Peak*, Mr. Cochrane, 42l.—*Waverley*, Mr. Wilks, M. P., 18l.—*The Abbot*, 14l.—*Ivanhoe*, Mr. Rumbold, M. P., 12l.—*The Pirate*, Molteno and Graves, 12l.—*The Fortunes of Nigel*, 16l. 16s.—*Kenilworth*, Mr. Wilks, M. P., 17l.—*The Bride of Lammermoor*, Captain Basil Hall, 14l. 14s.

### *Prayer against the Small Pox.*

"The dread and horror excited by this disease from the earliest ages is curiously illustrated by a prayer of the Anglo-Saxon æra, preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts at the British Museum, which is as follows:—

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus sancti, Amen † in adiutorium sit Salvator noster † Dominus cœli;—audi preces famulorum famularumque, Domine Jhesu Christe † atque peto angelorum millia, ut me † salvent, ac defendant doloris igniculo et potestate *Variole*, ac protegant mortis a periculo: tuas, Jhesu Christe! aures tuas nobis inclina."—Bibl. Harl. No. 585. p. 202.\*

### *Little Fishes.*

DR. MC CAUL, in his "Sketches of Judaism and the Jews," gives the following Talmudistical statement:

"The sea threw out a great fish; sixty cities ate of it, and sixty cities salted some of its flesh for food. From one of its eyes were made three hundred measures of oil. When I passed that way a year after, the people were sawing the bones into great beams, for building in that city.

\* In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen. † May our Saviour be our help, † Lord of Heaven! Hear the prayers of thy man servants and maid servanis, Lord Jesus Christ! † and I beseech thousands of angels that they may save me, † and preserve me from the insensuity of the small-pox, and protect me from the danger of death. Jesus Christ, incline thine ear towards us. †—SEVERN'S *Failure of Vaccination*.

"The same rabbi also relates :—We were once sailing in the middle of the sea, when we saw a great fish, whose back projected out of the water, and there was sand on his back. We went out of the ship, and made a fire on the fish, in order to cook, for we thought it was a mountain. When the fire grew large, and the fish felt it, he turned about, and if the ship had not been close to the fish, we should all have been drowned."

## NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*Knight's Patent Illuminated Prints. Miscellaneous Series.* Part I. Crown folio. Knight and Co. 1838.

*Knight's Patent Illuminated Maps. Scriptural Series.* Part II. Double foolscap. Knight and Co. 1838.

THESE publications are perfect novelties in the fine arts; beautiful in execution, and so marvellously cheap that our imagination flags as to the mode by which they can be produced at the price they are sold for. A few years ago, each of the *livraisons* named above would have been deemed a bargain at half-a-crown.

Part I. of the Miscellaneous Prints contains three plates, in colours—the Ptarmigan, the celebrated Portland or Barberini Vase, in the British Museum, and the Sussex Truffle Hunter,—in a style almost equal to painting. Part II. of the Maps—the Land of Canaan during the Lives of the Patriarchs, and Canaan, as divided by Joshua among the Tribes of Israel—are in the same degree attractive, and yet more striking and surprising in their execution and effect. The ground is "of various tints," so that the land and sea, as well as the great divisions of the map, can be at once traced; the mountains are "white," she wing distinctly and brightly upon the different ground colours; and the rivers, the boundary-lines, and the names are "printed dark upon the tinted ground." The process by which these impressions are obtained is called "*illuminated printing*, from its approach to the sharpness and brilliancy of the ancient illumination of MSS. and printed books;" and, as we learn from Messrs. Knight and Co's notice on the wrapper, it "mainly consists in applying *surface printing in colours*, wherever the roller-press and the pencil have formerly been used." So far as we can trace the mechanism of the art, there must be as many blocks engraved, and as many impressions taken from each block, as there may be colours in the original design. And this very circumstance heightens our surprise at the cheapness of production.

It appears that Messrs. Knight and Co. have it in contemplation to publish, in series, maps upon this principle for the purpose of illustrating the Penny Cyclopædia, the Pictorial Bible, and the Pictorial History of England, now in course of delivery; as well as the Histories of Palestine, Rome, and Greece, about to appear; and also School Room Maps upon a larger scale.

*Spectacle Secrets.* By George Cox. Hamilton and Co.

WE have read and studied a great many treatises of spectacles, opera-glasses, &c.; we have conversed with and consulted several opticians; and the result of our observation is, that not one spectacle maker out of ten in London is, in a scientific sense, more than half acquainted with his business. When we spoke to them of two foci in the eyes of an individual—told them that nature designed one eye for one specific purpose, and the other for another, and that, in consequence, the two glasses of a pair of spectacles required to be of different foci—an air of the most amusing stolidity crept over their countenances; they were absolutely bewildered—astounded—utterly incredulous. Such, however, is generally, though not universally, the fact; a fact, of the existence of which any person may, by a very simple experiment, satisfy himself in a single minute. And this is a point which above all others creates a difficulty in the choice and adaptation of glasses, unless by the aid of an experienced and scientific optician. As for buying spectacles, or eye-glasses, of hawkers, or general shopkeepers, even supposing them to be honest, it is worse than throwing money into the street.

We are by no means disposed to class Mr. Cox with the ignorant and incapable parties referred to. On the contrary, his little *brochure*, so far as it goes, is correct, ingenious, and useful. Moreover, it is valuable as exposing the gross ignorance, impostures, and frauds of jews, pedlars, and other locomotive quacks. The humbug of *amber spectacles*, *coloured pebbles*, *clarified crystals*, periscopic lenses, parabolic curves, &c. is here thoroughly exploded.

Mr. Cox is evidently a practical and scientific man. His instructions for the choice of spectacles, and also for the adaptation of the frames, or mountings, to the form of the face, are good.

With reference to spectacles for travelling by railroads, &c. his remarks are very judicious:

"Almost every combination of light and shade has been used for this class of spectacles; violet, grey, blue, green, crape, wove wire, &c.; but some sensitive and tender eyes failed to receive the relief expected from any of these, and opticians have been repeatedly baffled in their attempts to produce a shade of glass congenial to the requirements of the eye under such circumstances. I have made extensive use of the new neutral tint, or twilight tinge glass, and find it most agreeable to the eye while employing it, and when removed, it leaves the vision undisturbed by the flickering and confused halo so much complained of after wearing other coloured glasses. The cause of this superiority is clearly seen when we remember that, after taking off a pair of green glass spectacles, every object appears of a red colour, while upon the removal of blue colours, an orange or yellow mantle seems to rest on all which meets the view."

Further on he observes;—

"I have always discountenanced the use of wire gauze, crape, and muslin substitutes for glass, because, in my opinion, it is a fallacy to assert that they are cooler and more agreeable to the eye. There is abundant space for the circulation of air in the region of the eye if the spectacle-frame adapts itself pleasantly to the wearer's face; while the eye and common sense

may answer together, that to look on things around us, a transparent medium is preferable to a hazy and indistinct one. We do not choose bars and gratings, or coarse curtains, in preference to glass, for the windows of apartments; but if the light is sometimes too intense, we place a shade to soften its dazzling effects. Such precisely is the reason why tinted glass spectacles, for defending the eyes from rain, dust, and wind, are recommended."

Altogether, the information in this pamphlet is well deserving of attention.

*The Village Magazine; a Journal of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, and General Knowledge; with Illustrations.* Nos. I., II., III., and IV. Tyas.

THIS is the neatest, the best arranged, and the best written work of its class that we have met with for years. It is at once ornamental and useful; and it evinces much editorial taste and talent. To a publication so pleasing in character, it is impossible not to wish success.

*A Key to the Difficulties, Philological and Historical, of the First Book of Schiller's Thirty Years' War. (Adapted to any edition.) Forming a Guide to German Construing, for the Use of English Students.* By Adolphus Bernays, Phil. Doc., Professor of the German Language and Literature, King's College, London. Wertheim.

THE title-page of this little volume, which we have transcribed at length, sufficiently explains its general nature. Its chief object is to remove certain difficulties attendant on the study of Schiller's deservedly popular work. "At the same time it is to supply the lovers of German literature with an easy and cheap guide to the study of other works in this language, by such general remarks as would, if once thoroughly understood, save them hours of search and thought; such as on the use of certain prepositions, the adverbs which connect accessory clauses with principal clauses, the formation of adjectives from proper names, &c." Dr. Bernays has executed his task very satisfactorily.

*Choice Spirits; or, the Palace of Gin: a Serio-comic Dramatic Poem, in Two Acts.* By George Booth. Bennett, 1838.

A WELL-INTENDED little satire on the destructive vice of gin-drinking amongst the lower classes.

*Franklin's Journal of Income and Expense; intended chiefly for the Use of Young Men holding Situations, Collegians, Law and Medical Students, and others of Limited Income; containing Hints on Lodgings, How to Provide, List of Dining Rooms, Coffee Rooms, &c., and full Instructions to a Young Man on his First Arrival in Town.* By a Disciple of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. Tyas.

EXCELLENT ideas, well arranged and well worked out. No young man from the country ought to be without this little *vade mecum* in his waistcoat pocket.

*Splendid Library Edition. Fables; by the most Eminent British, French, German, and Spanish Authors; illustrated with numerous Engravings, after Original Designs.* By J. J. Grandville. Part I., 8vo. Tilt, 1838.

IT is intended, that, with some original fables, with others translated for the first time from the French and German, and with a selection of the best extant, in prose and verse, from the most eminent writers of all ages and countries, a unique assemblage of these delightful productions shall here be formed. Part I. now before us, containing fifty-nine fables, with seven illustrations on wood, most of them ranking high in merit, is strong in promise. The work is printed on fine paper, with great accuracy and beauty.

*Poor Richard: an Almanack, for the Year of our Lord, 1839.* Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

WE had lost sight of our old friend for some years; but, ancient as he is, we find he is still alive and merry. Super-added to the usual Almanack matter, Poor Richard presents us with five or six very pleasant sketches, and a variety of amusing detail, original and selected. His *Oraculum since Astrologium*, we particularly recommend to the notice of Master Murphy: it would assist him amazingly in the constructions of his castles amongst the clouds.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

AT the Park Street Theatre, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews took *final* leave of their American friends—and of their enemies—on the evening of the 13th of November. Mrs. M. is said to have been in better voice and spirits than usual, on the occasion. It is not unlikely that the termination of a disagreeable engagement had some share in producing this pleasurable exhilaration. From a long and energetic address delivered by Mr. Mathews, it appears that, even from their first arrival in America, a "dead set" was made against his wife. The conduct of the Americans towards Mrs. M. has been base and unmanly. We use these epithets advisedly; because, if it were against the moral character of the lady that their virtuous indignation was excited, they ought to have had the candour to avow it, and thus to put the assault upon its right footing. Instead of this, it seems a gross falsehood was wickedly invented, and as wickedly circulated in every direction, by which a prejudice was raised against Mrs. Mathews, and the most dastardly persecution became the order of the night, whenever she set her foot upon the stage. "I was informed," says Mr. Mathews, "that we had given serious offence at Saratoga Springs, on our way to the Falls of Niagara—that we had refused to sit at the public table, but at the same time had insisted that our servants should be admitted there, and that the visitors at the hotel, disgusted at the gross outrage, had been compelled to rise and leave the table. I could only smile at this absurd accusation, and deemed it one of the gossiping and ephemeral paragraphs of a newspaper, the subject of an hour's chit-chat, and then to be forgotten. I therefore replied jestingly that there were seventeen reasons why the alleged offence at Saratoga could not have been

committed—the first was, that we had never been there. (Laughter.) I presumed that the other sixteen reasons would not be required—(Great laughter)—but I was mistaken. The report was not suffered to die a natural death; it was resuscitated day by day, nourished and amplified hour by hour, till at last the conviction was forced upon me that what I had at first looked upon as a harmless mistake was, on the contrary, a regularly organised, deliberate falsehood, systematically planned and persevered in for the purpose of creating a rancorous feeling against us in the public mind, and thus at once irreparably injuring us on our first appearance at this theatre.” However, that this rancorous feeling was directed exclusively against Mrs. Mathews was subsequently apparent.

On the last night of their engagement, a better spirit prevailed—the house was a bumper—and all was rapturous and enthusiastic applause.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” said Mr. Mathews, “I appeal to yourselves—can you blame me for at once ending the injustice, by removing my wife from a persecution she is so unaccustomed to? (Cries of ‘No, no—certainly not,’ from the boxes.) Look for one moment calmly at the circumstances. A malicious report is invented and put in circulation, without the least inquiry into its truth, throughout the United States. I do not speak figuratively, but literally, I have received newspapers containing bitter invectives against us from all parts of the Union—(who could have imagined that we were of such consequence in the eyes of the New World?) And all about what? Nothing but our conduct at Saratoga, where we have never been.” (Laughter and much applause.)

Here is the closing passage of the address:—

“Your kindness, Ladies and Gentlemen, let me assure you, will ever be deeply and gratefully remembered by us both; and I trust that, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances under which we have appeared before you, you have not found us flag in our efforts to please those who have generously endeavoured to support us. (Great applause.) We have fought up against the attack with all our strength, but the enemy has proved too much for us, and at length, after mature deliberation, we are compelled to adopt the only alternative left us—that of abandoning the field. In the name of Mrs. Mathews and myself, allow me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to bid you, and for ever, most respectfully farewell.”

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews are probably now on their way home.

*William Tell* continues to be the rage at our two large houses.

To fill the gap occasioned by the non-arrival of Power in the Great Western, to fulfil his engagement at the Haymarket, Webster has engaged Hill, the American comedian, for six nights. He accordingly made his first appearance on Monday evening, in *The Yankee Pedlar* and in *New Notions*, and was very cordially received. Power may be expected hourly, as he had taken his passage in the *Roscius*, which was to sail two days after the Great Western.

On Wednesday evening another new *petite* comedy, from the pen of Haynes Bayly, was acted at the Haymarket, under the title of *The Little Adopted*. The heroes of the piece are three:—*John Dibbs*, *Buckstone*, *Major Seymour*, Mr. Hemming; and *Frederic Summers*, the “*Little Adopted*,” Mr. Walter Lacy. The heroines are three likewise:—

*Laurette Seymour*, sister to the *Major*, *Miss Taylor*; *Rose Mayburn*, an adopted orphan companion of *Laurette's*, Mrs. Fitzwilliam; and *Beccy Blunt*, Mrs. F. Matthews. In nineteen instances out of twenty, we decidedly object to any attempt to detail the plot of a play, or of a novel. In the present case, therefore, we shall only mention that *Laurette*, whose heart, she says, is an “omnibus, and friendship the cad, who lets in no Cupid-looking passengers,” is just now one “passenger” minus by the death of a dear friend abroad, who, however, has committed her nephew to *Laurette's* charge, and *Laurette* is in momentary expectation of the arrival of her *Little Adopted*. She has made up her mind to tend him and to teach him like a thousand mothers, and she has already bought him books and toys, a cradle, a rocking-horse, a cricket-bat, and a kite. At last he arrives, and the pretty little *Frederic Summers* turns out to be a fine handsome young man, who falls immediately in love with her, she being just as quick in returning the compliment. The scene of embarrassment which ensues on their first meeting—one expecting to encounter a little child, and the other an elderly lady—is good in itself, and admirably acted by *Miss Taylor*, who was well seconded by *Lacy*. Altogether the piece is full of fun and pleasantries, was excellently performed, kept the house in a roar of laughter, and will no doubt contribute its full quota to the treasury.

At the Adelphi, on Monday, Rice made his appearance, for the first time this season, as *Jim Crow*, in *A Flight to America*. He was under the agreeable necessity of singing his famous song no fewer than five times!

A musical entertainment, designated *Promenade Concerts à la Musard*, similar to what was attempted last season at the St. James's Theatre, has this week been introduced at the Lyceum with doubtful success. The whole of the pit and stage of the theatre was laid open and level for the purposes of giving the visitors room to promenade. A portion of the distance was bounded by scenery to enliven the prospect, which closed with an illuminated “V. R.” over a long table of refreshments. Nearly in the centre was a square elevated orchestra filled with musicians. Signor Negri was conductor, and Mr. Willy leader. Amongst the first violins were W. Cramer, Banister, Payton, Blagrove, Betts, and Tzerbini; Mr. Harper and his son in the trumpets; and other departments creditably filled. This band gave some good music, and played it well, dividing the concert into two parts, with half an hour's interval between, and not extending the whole to a length of much more than three hours. They performed six overtures—two by Weber, one by Auber, one by Beethoven, one by Rossini, and one by Herold—four Musard quadrilles, and two Strauss waltzes. Mr. Harper also gave a fantasia by Bishop on the trumpet.

On Wednesday evening the *Phormio* of Terence was represented a second time by the Queen's Scholars of Westminster School. The *ensemble* was complete. The house was crowded; but instead of producing diffidence on the part of the youthful actors, that circumstance only excited them to redoubled exertion. They all played with great spirit, and shewed that they well understood both the meaning and design of the inimitable author whose language they delivered. The prologue was spoken by the Captain

of the school, Mr. Farrer, with much grace and animation. After explaining that the omission of a play last year was occasioned by the death of the late King William IV., it went on to panegyrize her present Majesty, and to express a hope that the reign of Victoria would be as auspicious to England as that of another virgin queen (Elizabeth) had been. The characters of the comedy were filled as follows:—*Davus*, Richards; *Geta*, Wood; *Antipho*, Glyn; *Phadria*, Farrer; *Demipho*, Swabey; *Phormio*, Vernon; *Hegio*, Cramer; *Cratinus*, Mayne; *Crito*, Greenlaw; *Dorio*, Cocks; *Chremes*, Randolph; *Sophrone*, Williams; *Nausistrata*, Phillimore; *Dorcium*, Phanium, Mutes. The epilogue was piquant and amusing, and in it the changes effected by steam and railroads, as well as in our political and judicial systems, were felicitously touched upon.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The third meeting for the session was held on Monday Evening, Sir John Barrow, Bart, in the Chair. From Dr. John Yltsky was read an account accompanying two vocabularies of the language of the natives of Australia. There was a singular analogy in the pronunciation in some respects to that of the Slavonian; the vocabulary of Van Dieman's Land was considered of the most interest, as the small and unhappy remnants of that island are reduced to a very few in number, being driven to Flinders's Island, where they are fast perishing away. Mr. Long made a communication on a lake situate on a mountain in Iverness-shire, at the north-western end of Strathglass, near the Caledonian Canal, which is frozen continually throughout the year. This peculiarity has never before been noticed by topographical writers. The next communication was made through Mr. John Barrow, being the recent survey of the Archipelago of the Seychelles about five hundred miles north-east of Madagascar, and a tributary of the Mauritius. The last subject to which the attention of the meeting was drawn was Australia, on which several notices were read. A complete map was exhibited belonging to the South Australian Commissioners of Port Adelaide. It was stated that so much as the value of land increased, that Governor Hindmarsh, for two plots for which he gave 80*l*. each, obtained no less than 1,000*l*. on leaving the colony. There had been 14 sail in the harbour at one time, and at the last accounts there were 12, of which three were of 500 tons burthen. A fresh flock of bulls, consisting of 360, had arrived overland, following the first troop of 350, so that the colony was then well stocked; and at the last accounts there were 127 horses, 1,527 cattle, 18,910 sheep, and 210 pigs. Captain Washington also stated that 9,000 guineas had that day been given for 9,000 acres of land, on which to establish two secondary towns in that thriving colony. A communication on the subject of Australia was then read from Mr. Gowan, who, at the conclusion, recommended the introduction of the camel into that country, as not only well adapted to the climate, but also to the exigencies of intercourse between its straggled population, as well as the fittest instrument for exploring the interior, which appears to be inaccessible by any other means of travelling. Captain Lushington gave some particulars of his recent expedition, along with Lieutenant Gray, to explore the interior of Australia. It was also stated that the latter, who had just recovered from the effects of his wound,

had returned to the Swan River to make a new attempt to enter the interior.—Adjourned to the 14th of January.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

On Monday, the Seventieth Anniversary of the Foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a general assembly of the academicians was held at their apartments in Trafalgar Square, when the following distribution of premiums took place, viz.:—

To Mr. Henry Nelson O'Neil, for the best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal; and the lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. William Carpenter, for the next best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal.

To Mr. Henry Le Jeune, or the best drawing from the life, the silver medal.

To Mr. Henry Bailey, for the best drawing of the principal front of Harcourt House, in Cavendish Square, the silver medal.

To Mr. William Baker, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. Joseph Edwards, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal.

The general assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Martin Archer Shee was unanimously re-elected President.

*Council, New List.*—Thomas Uwins, Frederick Richard Lee, William Wyon, Esq., and Sir Richard Westmacott.

*Old List.*—Abraham Cooper, Esq., Sir David Wilkie, Edward Hodges Baily, and Charles Lock Eastlake, Esqrs.

*Visitors in the Life Academy, New List.*—Thomas Uwins, William Hilton, Charles Robert Leslie, and William Mulready, Esqrs.

*Old List.*—William Etty, Henry Howard, Richard Cook, Alfred Edward Chalon, and Edwin Landseer, Esqrs.

*Visitors in the School of Painting, New List.*—Henry Perronet Briggs, William Collins, William Etty, and Edwin Landseer, Esqrs.

*Old List.*—William Hilton, George Jones, Joseph Mallord, William Turner, and William Mulready, Esqrs.

*Auditors Re-elected.*—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, Esqrs. and Sir Richard Westmacott.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Tuesday Evening, Mr. Goddard delivered a lecture on the polarization of light; a new and powerful illustrative apparatus having been invented by the ingenious lecturer, and constructed for him by Mr. E. M. Clarke. The luminous figures were thrown on a muslin screen, and presented to the eye of the spectator as transparencies, beautiful illustrations of the laws of polarization. The subject, however, is rather abstruse, and one on which a lecturer must, with all the aids of improved apparatus, feel considerable difficulty in explaining familiarly and satisfactorily to a mixed audience.

### METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the Monthly Meeting, on Tuesday Evening, Dr. Lee, F.R.S., in the Chair, fourteen Professors of the scientific institutions of the United States, with four other scientific Professors of the Continent, were elected associate members. The principal subject of the various communications and journals was an account of the gales between the 26th of November and the 3rd of December, from which it appeared that the gale could be satisfactorily traced to the south of the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, about the 17th of September. From hence it passed over the Bahama Islands, where it did considerable damage, and laid waste a great many of the plantations. From the Bahamas it took a north-easterly direction across the Atlantic, and reached Truro on the 26th of November at noon. It here con-

tinued to blow a hard gale all night, which on the 27th increased to a perfect hurricane. In Ireland its effects were of a frightful character, and in the bay of Dublin, on the 28th, the barometer indicated 27.60 inches, the lowest on record for many years at that place. The storm reached London on the 28th, and was attended in the whole of its track with much thunder and vivid lightning, and in some places with great falls of rain. After it had left England the storm seems soon to have expended itself upon the Continent. A paper was read from Mr. J. G. Faten on the subject of the easterly wind abating with the declining sun, and on the increase of the wind in rivers just before high water, denominated by sailors "high water squalls;" and a second communication from the same author, on a luminous arch and Aurora borealis seen at High Wycombe on the 16th of September last. There were exhibited, from a member at Norwich, plans of three new anemometers for measuring the force and velocity of the wind, with its direction at any given period. Adjourned to the 8th of January.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary meeting held on Thursday evening, Dr. Sigmond, F.R.S., in the chair, the Chairman announced that at the next meeting in January, the Noble President, Earl Stanhope, would resume the chair for the session. Mr. C. Johnson, the Professor of Botany, delivered a lecture on the particular distinctions of the plants used in food and medicine. He gave it as his opinion, that it might almost be taken as a general rule, that in proportion as cultivation improved the nutrition of the plant for food, so did it deteriorate its medical qualities. It is remarkable that a very large proportion of plants employed as food are not now known in a wild state, particularly the different varieties of corn which have followed man in his migrations, and are only met with under the hands of the cultivators. Dr. Sigmond next exhibited a sample of tea grown in our newly-acquired provinces of Assam, sent by the Secretary of the Board of Control; two importations of which have recently been made by the East India Company. Although the taste and aroma were not equal to those of the Chinese varieties, there was little doubt that when the cultivation and mode of preparation should be improved, the supply of tea from India would supersede that from China. Adjourned to January 18.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

An ordinary meeting was held on Thursday evening, the Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair. Presents were announced from Sir James Macgregor, Sir A. Carlisle, Lieut. Stratford, Professor Dessault, of Berlin, and from the Royal Academy of Stockholm. The Rev. Dr. Moseley and R. Heywood, Esq., were proposed as members. A paper was then read from Dr. Faraday, being the results of his recent examinations on a living specimen of the gymnopus, in the Gallery of Practical Science. The author had fully come to the opinion that its electrical power was identical with common electricity, though more rapidly developed. The animal was caught in March, 1838, and did not begin to feed until last October, when it derived nutriment from some blood placed in the vessel of water in which it was contained; now, however, it devours one fish daily. In the experiments copper cylinders were used, wrapped in caoutchouc, so that the creature might be properly insulated, the galvanometer being used as a test of accuracy. The result was, that whilst the hinder parts were negatively electrified, the head and neck were positively so; and a series of electric sparks, as well as an elevation of temperature, were elicited. Indeed, the degree and frequency of the shocks were such as to render them of a higher power than those obtainable from the galvanic battery: Adjourned till January.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

ERGO's letter refers to an error of the press, at page 27, in our last. In the closing paragraph of the article on Lord Mahon's "*History of England*," we mentioned "six fine engravings of the Stuart Medals, on BETTS's patent Anaglyptograph principle." It should have been "BATES's." We regret the mistake, and promptly make the correction; and, at the same time, we unhesitatingly pronounce BATES's principle of medallion engraving superior in accuracy, and consequently in value, to the French process.

We are much obliged by the attention of E. B., but we do not feel that the appearance of his communication would be in accordance with the spirit of the ALDINE MAGAZINE.

J. H. P. P. will perceive that we do not hold him lightly. At present, however, we have so vast a mass of important material on our table, that we find it impossible for us to avail ourselves of his kindly-proffered services in the manner suggested. His poetical favours appear more suitable for the pages of an exclusively religious publication than for those of a literary miscellany.

"THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE" is again unavoidably deferred.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF

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## THE RAILROADS.

"The Club prescribe a railroad ride  
To such as are bent on marriages ;  
If they're looking for sweet, 'tis like they'll meet  
A jam between two carriages."

PRESSED as we are this week for room, we feel it due to the interests of science, and to the interest and welfare of the community, to say one word against the crying and daily increasing nuisance of the Railroads. There is nothing that more imperatively demands the immediate and energetic attention of the Legislature. The monthly, weekly, and almost daily loss of life upon these roads is frightful. Such calamities may be of slight import to brother Jonathan, who seems to have no more respect for human life than he has for human reputation ; but they are not to be tolerated by John Bull—at least, they will not *long* be tolerated.

Independently of the loss of life which they occasion, the Railroads are so many direct frauds upon the public. Witness the Birmingham Railway, the passenger's fare by which is more than it used to be by coach ; and this in the very teeth of the plea upon which the projectors originally obtained their Bill from Parliament. Nothing but *time* is saved by this mode of conveyance, and not much of that. The distance to Birmingham is not more than one hundred miles by the Railway line : the average speed upon a Railway ought to be at least twenty-five miles an hour ; consequently the entire journey should be performed within four hours. Instead of this, however, the distance is seldom completed in less than six or seven hours (sometimes eight or nine) averaging not more than fifteen or seventeen miles an hour.

For a time, the Railway people, by driving the coaches off the roads, have secured a monopoly. The horses have been sold—at a heavy loss, no doubt—dispersed over the kingdom—and cannot easily be collected again.

Yet we are glad to find that they *will* be collected ; and that stage-coach companies are

now forming, on several of the great roads, to run at a *low* rate. If so, they will be certain of success, despite the proprietors of the unscientifically constructed, grossly defective, and barbarously dangerous railways.

The defects of those roads are glaring, even to the observance of a child on his first sight of one of them. As a well-known engineer has pronounced them to be, the railroads are, in their construction, a disgrace to the age and to the country. Independently of their *unsoundness* of construction, the rails are not *level*—the two lines are not upon the *same* level—nor is *either* line *rectilinear* for fifty yards together. Hence the violence of motion on the road—hence the danger—hence the origin of most of the accidents, by the reports of which our feelings are daily agonized.

If something be not promptly achieved in its favour—if the united aid of science and the legislature be not called forth—the whole system must speedily destroy itself, even by its own impotence. Independently of this, we have not a doubt that, ere many years shall have passed, it will be superseded by a new, a cheaper, more simple, more easily manageable, and yet far more powerful agent than steam.

In the interim, we urge the formation of stage-coach companies—more particularly of *steam-carriage* companies, for turnpike roads—or, what would be better, for *stone* tramways.\* Maceroni's steam carriage will go sixteen or eighteen miles an hour on a common turnpike road, a speed nearly if not quite equal to the average speed of the trains on many of the railways.

Whilst these efforts may be in progress, it is the bounden duty of the Legislature to extend its protection to the lives and purses of her Majesty's subjects, in defiance of hordes of reckless and unprincipled speculators.

\* We are happy to find that several hills between London and Birmingham have within the last twelve months been considerably lowered, valleys raised, and trains laid down.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

## LETTER IV.

## LIBERALITY AND ILLIBERALITY OF BOOKSELLERS.

[It is probable that many of the anecdotes in the following Letter may be familiar to the elder classes of the reading public; but to most of the younger, it is presumed, they will be found to possess the charm of novelty.]

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Dec. 15, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

The calamities, complaints, and quarrels, of AUTHOR and BOOKSELLER, are almost co-eval with Printing itself. Were I to trace or go through the catalogue or chapter of accidents that have befallen each, I believe that the misfortunes and fate of the latter, including suicides, would preponderate even in my time.

As I journey through my correspondence with you, I shall have to combat many charges of illiberality made against Booksellers towards Authors. This can perhaps only be rebutted by producing instances of great liberality, or rather causes for the want of patronage not in the power of the Bookseller to command, or that time and circumstances would not warrant. Besides, these objects must be governed by the taste of the wealthy, and of the public generally, or the bookseller would be generous ere he could be just.

The want of patronage to MILTON, the neglect of BUTLER, and the fate of OTWAY, SAVAGE, CHATTERTON, and numberless others have been a theme so long, and so often dwelt upon, that it is unnecessary for me to travel over the same ground except by way of illustration.

The truth is—almost every author considers himself a man of talent, whether patronage, the public taste, or the times, bear him out or otherwise.

As an instance of this, it is upon record, that "A poor vicar, in a remote diocese, had on some popular occasion, preached a sermon acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, and he undertook a journey to London for the purpose. On his arrival in town, he was recommended to the late Mr. Rivington, (the elder Mr. Charles Rivington referred to in my account of that family, in the last number of the Aldine Magazine) to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The bookseller agreed to the proposals, and required to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off. 'Why sir,'

returned the clergyman, 'I have calculated that there are in the kingdom ten thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies.'

The bookseller remonstrated, the author insisted, and the matter was settled, and the reverend author departed in high spirits to his home.

With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Rivington, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. R's. convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation, and anguish, excited by the receipt of the following account.

The Rev. Dr. \*\*\*\*

To C. Rivington, Dr.

To Printing and Paper 35,000 Copies of					
Sermon . . . . .	785	5	6		
By the sale of seventeen Copies of said					
Sermon . . . . .	1	5	6		
Balance due to C. Rivington . . . . .	784	0	0		

The bookseller, however, in a day or two, sent a letter to the following purport:—

Rev. Sir—

"I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself any uneasiness. I knew better than you could do, the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but one hundred copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome."

Formerly literature and the fine arts solely depended on the patronage of kings, princes, and the nobility. Fortunately in the present day, the fulsome flattery of dedications to high quarters, and the useless appeals to the *great*, and subscriptions in advance are not resorted to. If they even were they would produce little effect.

Burke says in a letter to a friend, "I don't think there is so much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the 'rath primrose, which forsaken dies,' is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talent are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven, and history arrests the wings of time in his flight to the gulph of oblivion."

As a proof that Burke was correct, Gibbon,



Gillies, Hume, Robertson and other celebrated historians, did not succumb or look up to royalty or the nobility for patronage or protection. No, they placed themselves under the protection and liberality of their bookseller, who relied upon the general taste of the public, and the result was, that Dr. Robertson ultimately received a sum little short of ten thousand pounds for his *Histories of Scotland, America, Charles the V., and his disquisitions concerning India.*

Gibbon, Gillies, and Hume relied more upon the judgment of their booksellers than their own. I once met Gillies at Mr. Dilly's in the Poultry, when he was in the prime of life. This was in 1796. He had the highest regard for, and I believe, never changed his bookseller (Mr. Cadell) for another.

Gibbon possessed the same feeling, and it was perhaps near the spot where you are now standing that he says, "he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol on the 15th of October, 1764, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that his first idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* entered his mind." I am therefore not surprised that you should anticipate my expectations that you should in such a place receive some inspiration as an artist, particularly when you reside in the very street where the houses and studios of Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, still remain—and where in the two former you have sometimes divided your evenings; this, added to the friendship and kindness of the venerable *Thorwaldsen*, must indeed be a source of great luxury to you, as painting and sculpture are so nearly allied. An old friend of mine, who I regret died ere you were born, in speaking of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, remarks, "Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly. I don't think so: (he continues) what useful lessons of mortality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit. When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, it tells her it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form and as fair a face as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendship beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from the gulph of oblivion. Such is our natural love of immortality; but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust."

Well, I have been chatting to you on inanimate subjects—as you say every thing about you, animate or inanimate, is interesting—let me now (as I am aware that you are a *philosopher without knowing it*) turn to the former, in the shape and towering visage of the Neapolitan brunette, who, with her graceful costume, you have so happily described. Well, proceed and prosper; have wit enough to endeavour to rival your great namesake; for recollect, that he "who has not wit, by art or nature, must come of dull kindred." Therefore, let not Cupid wound you too soon, even with the longest of his golden-headed arrows; for improvement sometimes ceases when he commences his career.

After this digression allow me to return to Gibbon, who in his own life says—"The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend, Mr. Elmsley, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; nor was the general voice disturbed by any barking critic."

You will recollect that Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* eventually reached to six volumes in quarto, and to twelve volumes in octavo. It passed through so many editions as to enrich author, bookseller, and printer.

I will now give you another instance of liberality, evinced by the same eminent bookseller and printer, in the case of Blair's *Sermons*.—"Dr. Hugh Blair transmitted the first volume of his *Sermons* to Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, who, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. Such at first was the unpropitious state of one of the most successful theological books that has ever appeared. Mr. Strahan, however, had sent one of the *Sermons* to Dr. Johnson, for his opinion; and after his unfavourable letter

to Dr. Blair had been sent off, he received from Johnson on Christmas-eve, 1776, a note in which was the following paragraph: "I have read over Dr. Blair's first Sermon with more than approbation; to say it is good, is to say too little."

Mr. Strahan had, very soon after this time, a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning them; and then he very candidly wrote to Dr. Blair, enclosing Johnson's note, and agreeing to purchase the volume, for which he and Mr. Cadell gave one hundred pounds. The sale was so rapid and extensive, and the approbation of the public so high, that the proprietors made Dr. Blair a present, first of one sum and afterwards of another, of fifty pounds, thus voluntarily doubling the stipulated price; and when he prepared another volume, they gave him at once, three hundred pounds, and for the other two (the third and fourth volumes) six hundred pounds each. A fifth volume was prepared by him for the press, and published after his death, in 1801, to which is added a "Short account of his life," by James Findlayson, D.D. The Sermons that were contained in this last volume were composed at very different periods of his life, but were all written out anew in his own hand, and in many parts re-composed during the course of the summer of 1800, after he had completed his eighty second year.

I have been informed that the sum of nine hundred pounds was given for his fifth volume of these moral and deservedly popular discourses, from which Dr. Blair received upwards of two thousand pounds. I could enumerate many similar instances of the liberality shewn to authors of celebrity, in proportion to the sale of their productions, two of which occurred with Oliver Goldsmith.—The worthy Mr. John Newbery (of Tom Thumb's folio notoriety) gave him so large a sum for his Traveller, that the amiable Goldy (as Dr. Johnson used in kindness to call him) wanted to return half his purchase money, fearing his bookseller would be ruined. This of course was not accepted, but was honourable to both.

A similar act of liberality occurred between Goldsmith and Griffin, (an eminent bookseller that formerly lived in Catherine Street in the Strand) with regard to the Deserted Village. It first appeared in a thin quarto pamphlet, with a neat vignette engraving of the Cottage and the Widowed Matron, "who strip't the brook with mantling cresses spread:"

"She only left, of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain."

This, with the great beauty of the poem,

caught the public taste at once. Griffin gave fifty pounds first, but on the whole impression selling in one day, he very liberally presented Goldsmith\* with one hundred pounds more.

Griffin was so respectably circumstanced that he received two hundred pounds as an apprentice fee (a large sum at that time) with the son of that great actress, Mrs. Barry, (wife to Spranger Barry, who built the Cork Theatre, said to be one of the best in Europe, for conveying the voice to the audience.) This anecdote I had from Mr. Roe, I believe the oldest bookseller now in London: he knew Goldsmith, often took proof sheets to Dr. Johnson, and commenced business in 1786; so that he has been 52 years in the trade.

A worthy man died lately, Mr. James Ridgway, the bookseller, who had been a shop-keeper 54 years. I first knew him in York Street, behind St. James's Church. He jocosely told me he commenced opposite the church, but that now he was further removed from it than ever.—He was an amiable man.

However, I must now conclude and turn to the arrangement of Chronology (one of the eyes of history,) and describe to you the establishment of Messrs. Longman and Co. which will be followed by others, in town and country, according to the original compact of,

Yours, my dear Son,  
Ever affectionately,  
AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

### THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE.

ALDUS MANUTIUS ROMANUS, whose eminent professional career we have already partially sketched,\* married the daughter of Andrea d' Asola, a Venetian, in partnership with whom he for some time carried on his professional labours.

It is evident that Aldus was not friendly to the employment of ornamented capitals for the commencement of chapters, or to the introduction of vignette head and tail pieces. The *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, of the date 1499, in folio, is the only production of his press that was so ornamented, and also illustrated with wood cuts. Had he lived in our time, when the art of engraving in wood has attained a degree of excellence scarcely ever before im-

\* It is said that the Author of the "Good Naturesd Man," received in one year eighteen hundred pounds for his Literary labours; and I imagine it was at this period, the Good Naturesd Man considered whether he should build a Ship, a Church, or an Hospital!

\* Vide Page 2.

aged, it is probable that his taste would have experienced a change.

It was Aldus who first introduced the practice of striking off some copies of an edition on finer, whiter, and better paper than the rest; the first known instance of which was in the *Epistolæ Græcæ*, in 1499. It was Aldus, also, who first published single copies on large paper, in the edition of *Philostratus*, in 1501. And he printed the first impressions on blue paper, beginning with some copies of the *Libri da Re Rustica*, and *Quintilian*, both in 1514. The paper he used was invariably strong, and of fine colour; and his ink was of excellent quality. His impressions on parchment were eminently beautiful.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged superiority of his paper and print, his prices were rather moderate than high. For instance, his *Aristotle*, in five volumes folio, cost only eleven ducats.

It appears that, in the early stages of the art of printing, "great complaints were made of the frequent falsifications, pirating, and forgeries of literary works. This evil gave occasion to those privileges of impression which were granted by kings, princes, and supreme pontiffs, in order to guarantee to the industrious printer the due reward of his labour and enterprise. But these *diplomata* were often found a very inadequate remedy for the injury. Frequently whole works were clandestinely reprinted in cities or countries remote from the place of their first appearance; and the author and original publisher were very often defrauded of their just advantages. Sometimes books were reprinted in an abridged and mutilated form; and often with little attention to accuracy, or to the credit and feelings of those authors or imitators whose names they bore. Sometimes the prices of obscure and worthless publications were enhanced by a false date, place, or subscription; for as the art was cultivated with superior accuracy in some cities of Italy, and at Venice more especially, the names of such places appearing in the title were often found to give superior sale and currency to the impression. Whatever might be the original intention of such private and peculiar marks, rebusses, and devices, adapted by early printers, after these literary frauds began to prevail, they became so far useful, as to render such frauds less practicable. It was, however, by no means impracticable for one printer to counterfeit the device of another, in addition to the fraudulent assumption of his name and designation. A ludicrous instance is upon record of such an attempt, which betrayed itself like a counterfeit coin, by the clumsiness and inac-

curacy of its execution. Certain printers who were so disingenuous as to counterfeit a popular production of the Aldine press, were exposed to public ridicule in the preface to the *Aldine Livy*, 1518."

It cannot be matter of surprise that the Aldi of Venice should have been particularly obnoxious to these despicable frauds. Accordingly, Renouard has further observed, that many others of those printers who were contemporary with the Aldi, hoping, by their device of the *Anchor and Dolphin*, to recommend their own impressions, were eager to avail themselves of such an advantage. Some counterfeited the mark itself, others invented something similar to it in appearance. Various Italian printers disgraced themselves by these proceedings. The printers of Lyons, however, carried their impudent forgeries to a far greater extent than any others; and Renouard refers to a particular memorial drawn up by Aldus himself on the subject; and published at Venice in 1503.

Chiefly, as it would appear, from the state of public affairs, not a single volume is known to have issued from the Aldine press from the year 1510 to 1515. In the month of April, in the latter year, the world of letters, as well as his own family, sustained an irremediable loss by the death of Aldus Manutius Romanus; a man who had spared neither labour nor expense in promoting the interests of literature and of the typographic art—who had been equally prodigal of his purse and of his life—and whose pride and glory it had been to sacrifice private to public considerations.

Here, again, we crave the indulgence of a pause.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Winter Quarter.—The "Waits."—Music in the Night.—Christmas Customs.—Christmas Eve and the Yule Log.—Custom of Carolling.—Specimens of Ancient Carols.—A "Perfect Christmas."—The Holcroft Family.—Mercier.—Dr. Wollaston.—Flight of James II.—Assassination of the Duke of Guise.—Peace with America.—Robin Hood, and Vasco di Gama, Bishop Warburton, and Dr. Beddoes.—The First Christian King of France.—Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Matthew Hale.—Origin of Christmas Boxes.—Theatricals.—St. Stephen.—Dr. Fothergill.—Kepler the Astronomer.—Murphy the Dramatist.—Dr. Blair.—Slaughter of the Holy Innocents.—Superstitions relating to Childermas Day.

What is called the "winter quarter" commences this day, the 22nd of December. Had we been otherwise uncognizant of the presence

of winter, we should have been duly apprised of it by the attention of the "Waits." There is no doubt, we believe, that the Waits originated in honour of the heavenly visitation; and most sweet it is to be awaked in night's dead hour by the gentle strains of soft, and sweet, and far-off music. Ah!

"— If such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
day!"

Pleasant also at the close of the dying strain, to hear the minstrels exclaim—"God bless you, my masters and mistresses; a merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year!"

And Christmas is indeed "coming—with lightning speed will again be with us! On the thousand-and-one rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, traditions, customs, sports, &c., by which Christmas has, for nearly 2000 years, been celebrated, it would be a work of supererogation to enlarge; without further research, they may be found amply detailed and illustrated in the pages of Bourne, Brand, Brady, and Hone, to which, upon these occasions, as there is nothing new to be offered, it is hardly possible not to be indebted. For instance, almost every one knows that, on the eve or vigil of Christmas (Monday next) our ancestors were accustomed to light candles of an enormous size, called Christmas candles; and to place a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule log, or Christmas block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, to turn night into day. This custom is still kept up in many parts of England.

Somebody has justly remarked that, on the Continent, the custom of carolling at Christmas is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music under the traditional notice of charming her pains on the approaching Christmas. Lady Morgan observed them frequently stopping at the door of a carpenter. In answer to questions concerning this, the workmen who stood at the door said that it was done out of respect for St. Joseph.

In Ireland, the custom of singing carols at Christmas prevails to the present time; but in Scotland, where no church feasts have been held since the days of John Knox, the practice is forgotten. In Wales, it is still maintained to perhaps a greater extent than in England.

At former periods the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and to the four seasons of the year; but now they are limited to that of Christmas. Four or five years ago, Gilbert Davies, Esq., formerly President of the Royal Society, published "Eight Ancient Christmas Carols," with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the west of England. The subjoined extract is from a carol, called *Dives and Lazarus* :—

"As it fell out, upon a day,  
Rich Dives sicken'd and died,  
There came two serpents out of hell  
His soul therein to guide.

"Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,  
And come along with me,  
For you've a place provided in hell,  
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

Timperley remarks that "the idea of sitting on the knee was perhaps conveyed to the poet's mind by old wood-cut representations of Lazarus seated in Abraham's lap. More anciently Abraham was frequently drawn holding him up by the sides, to be seen by Dives in hell. In a work entitled *Postilla Guillermi*, 4to, Basil, 1491, they are so represented, with the addition of a devil blowing the fire under Dives with a pair of bellows."

More rational, if less curious, is the following stanza of a carol for Christmas, literally translated from a Welsh book, entitled *Llyfr Carolan*, or the Book of Carols. It is said to have been written by Hugh Morris, a celebrated song-writer during the commonwealth, and until the early part of the reign of William III.

"To a saint let us not pray, to a pope let us not kneel;  
On Jesu let us depend, and let us discreetly watch  
To preserve our souls from Satan with his snares;  
Let us not in a morning invoke any one else."

In modern times, no one has more felicitously sketched the domestic *agrémens* of Christmas than Leigh Hunt, in his *London Journal*.

"A Christmas day, to be perfect, should be clear and cold, with holly branches in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner, with mince pies, and games and forfeits in the evening. You cannot have it in perfection if you are very fine and fashionable. Neither, alas! can it be enjoyed by the very poor; so that, in fact, a perfect Christmas is impossible to be had till the progress of things has distributed comfort more equally. But when we do our best, we are privileged to enjoy our utmost; and charity gives us a right to hope. The completest enjoyer of Christmas (next to a lover who has to receive forfeits from his mistress) is the holiday schoolboy, who springs up early, like a bird, darting hither and thither out of sheer delight; thinks of his mince pies half the morning; has too much of them when they come; (pardon him this once!) roasts chestnuts and cuts apples half the evening; is

conscious of his new silver in his pocket; and laughs at every piece of mirth with a loudness that rises above every other noise. Next day what a peg-top will he not buy! what string! what nuts! what gingerbread! And he will have a new clasp-knife, and pay three times too much for it. Sour oranges also will he suck, squeezing their cheeks into his own with staring eyes; and his mother will tell him they are not good for him—and let him go on.

"A Christmas evening should, if possible, finish with music. It carries off the excitement without abruptness, and sheds a repose over the conclusion of enjoyment."

"Welcome the midnight minstrel's lay,  
That simple rustic prayer,  
That, like the fabled elfin fay,  
Steals lightly through the air."

But we must not for ever listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.—Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist, was born on the 22nd of December, 1744. As a self-taught genius, Holcroft was a very extraordinary man. Rising from one of the lowest stations in life, that of helper, in a stable, he obtained an elevated rank in dramatic literature. For more than thirty productions, some of which are even now stock pieces, is the modern stage indebted to his pen. As an assiduous labourer in the field of novel and romance, Holcroft greatly distinguished himself: witness his "Alwyn, or the Gentleman Player;" "Anna St. Ives;" "Hugh Trevor," &c. He was also the translator of many valuable works from the French and German. His still-surviving daughter, Fanny, is well known for her musical talent as a teacher, and also as the author and translator of several interesting works of fiction. One of his sons, inheriting the genius of the parent stock, has been many years extensively engaged in the metropolitan press. Holcroft died in 1809. His third wife, daughter of Louis Sebastian Mercier, author of the celebrated *Tableau de Paris*, and many other works of note, is still living as the wife of Kenny, the dramatist.\*

\* Mercier was born at Paris in 1740. He commenced his literary career as a poet; but, renouncing poetry for criticism, he attacked the reputation of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire in his *Essai sur l'Art Dramatique*, and published a violent philippic against the players for not paying attention to his remarks. Returning from Switzerland, where he had been residing for some years, he, at the commencement of the French revolution, declared himself "a friend to liberty;" and, in concert with Carra, he published the *Annales Politiques*, and *Chronique de Mois*, two journals spirited yet moderate in tone. He was a member of the *Institute* at its first formation. He was also a member of the National Convention, and sentenced for the detention instead of the death of Louis XVI. Mercier died in 1814.—*Vide MAUNDER'S Biographical Treasury.*

Dr. William Hide Wollaston, one of the most eminent chemists and experimentalists of modern times, has been dead ten years this day, the 22nd of December. Amongst his numerous inventions was the *camera lucida*. Dr. Wollaston (who died at the age of sixty-two) was the great grandson of William Wollaston, an ethical and theological writer of the seventeenth century.

It will be 150 years ago to-morrow (the 23rd) since James II. fled from Rochester to France, expelled, as it were, by the Whigs—hurled from his throne, and condemned, he and his posterity, to perpetual exile and political annihilation, for his adherence to that form of religion which many amongst us of the present day are directly and indirectly straining every nerve to restore.

Exactly 100 years before the flight of James II. on the 23rd of December, 1588. Henry of Loraine, eldest son of Francis, Duke of Guise, was assassinated as he was entering the council chamber at Blois. Thus was his plan for dethroning King Henry the III. of France defeated.

Christmas-Eve (the 24th) is a day of many incidental remembrances. It will be four-and-twenty years ago on that day, since the termination of our last contest with the United States of America; Robin Hood will then have been dead 581 years; and Vasco di Gama, the illustrious Portuguese navigator, 313. Bishop Warburton, author of "The Divine Legation of Moses," and many other eminent theological writings, was born on the 24th of December, 1698; and Dr. Beddoes died on that day, in 1808.

Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was crowned on Christmas Day, 1642; 196 years ago. Christmas Day, 1642, gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton; and on Christmas Day, 1676, died Sir Mathew Hale. Of the former, Dr. John North, who succeeded Dr. Barrow in the mastership of Trinity College, used to say that he believed he would have killed himself with study, if he had not wrought with his hands in making experiments. Sir Mathew Hale is said to have been without exception, the most impartial disposer of justice of any of his contemporaries.

"Boxing Day," as the festival of St. Stephen, held on the day after Christmas Day, is a busy and a merry day with the apprentices, and with many others; the parish boys, the bellman, the watchman, the postman, the dustman, the church-band, &c. who keep a sharp look out for annual presents on that day. The custom of gifts at Christmas, and on New Year's Day, is very ancient, having been



copied by the Christians, from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed. Perhaps the best illustration of the modern derivation of the now somewhat obsolete practice, is that which has been fragmentally quoted from "The Athenian Oracle."

"The British priests had masses said for almost every thing. If a ship went to the Indies, the crews had a *box* in her under the protection of some saint; and for masses, as their cant was or he said for them to that saint, &c., the poor people must put something into the priest's *box*, which was not opened till the ship's return. The *mass* at that time was called *Christ-mass*; the *box* called *Christ-mass box*. It never gathered against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this, servants had the liberty to get *box* money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his *masses*, knowing well the trick of the proverb, 'No penny to parents, none to priests.'"

On boxing night, it will not fail to be remembered by the interested parties, the Theatres are opened with all sorts of legitimate and illegitimate Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, Farces, Melodramas, Pantomimes, Spectacles, &c.

According to tradition, St. Stephen, one of the boldest and most unsinching champions of Christianity, and the first martyr to its faith, was stoned to death by the Jews on the 26th of December, A.D. 33.

Dr. John Fothergill, who for thirty years, stood at the head of the medical profession, died on the 26th of December, 1780, at the age of 68. The festival of St. John the Evangelist, the son of Zebedee and Salome, and the nominal brother of Our Saviour, falls on the 27th. It is thought to be celebrated second from the high festival at Christmas, on account of the pre-eminent love of Christ towards that holy apostle; the apostle who sat next to our Lord, and who leaned on his bosom, at the last supper.

John Kepler, the great astronomer and mathematician, was born at Wief, in the Duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 27th of December, 1571. He died in 1630.

Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, who has been dead three-and-thirty years, was born at Cork, on the 27th of December, 1727.

John Wilkes, the notorious, whose patriotic memory is perpetuated by an obelisk at the end of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, died on the 27th of December, 1797.

Dr. Hugh Blair, a Scotch Divine, author of five volumes of excellent sermons, and of an invaluable course of lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, died on the same day of the month in 1800, at the age of 82.

We close with a quotation:—

"According to the calendar of the Greek church

and to the history of the Abyssinians, in Ethiopia, 14,000 children were slaughtered by order of Herod, king of Judea, on the 28th of December. Macrobius asserts, that one of the sons of the tyrant, then at nurse, fed a sacrifice with the other children; an incident which induced Augustus Cæsar to remark, that "it were better to be Herod's dog than his son." According to the dances of our forefathers, the day of the Holy Innocents, or Childermas Day, was one of most unwholesome merriment. The coronation of Edward IV. was put off till the Monday, because the twelfth Sunday was Childermas Day; none would marry in that week and it was thought most lucky to put on a new suit, to move the mails, or to commence any undertaking on Childermas Day."

#### WTSAC AT SEA.

The booming wave is still—

The night-wind now is set;

And sailors 'midst the calm

Their foregone toils forget.

But a sudden strain is heard,

Once breathed in and out,

When young hearts bowed and pined

Beneath the evening star—

Far, far away!

Now does a food of memory swell

Within the watcher's mind;

He hears no more the halting sail,

The winners of the wind;

For as a death those aged oaks

Where love's first word was spoken;

He's sitting near that fond true heart

That may, ere now, have broken—

Far, far away!

Another—bolder song!

It is the battle-cry:

A trumpet-note, that says, "Come on,

To win, or mayest fall!"

There is a pacer in that track

Who hears—yet grows to hear—

The nation's charge that stirred his soul

To contest great, yet dear—

Far, far away!

Thou spirit-breathing hymn,

From the bright unseen store!

A mourner dress thee in,

Whose life or life is o'er.

He's at the distant grave,

Where "dust o' dust" was given;

He hears once more the words—

"Thy dead are safe in Heaven!"—

Far, far away!

L. S. S.

*Local Prejudices.*—A Londoner, at Bristol, was shown everything remarkable there, whether the production of nature or of art. But as everything in that city was, in his estimation, unequal to any of a similar nature in London, he was at length led to St. Vincent's Rocks. On being asked what he thought of these stupendous monuments of natural magnificence, he replied, "They was inwaring enough, but that they was nothing to the *London rocks*."

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## LIFE OF AN ACTOR OF ALL WORK.\*

At last, then, we have before us the long-announced, long-looked for Memoirs of Charles Mathews, that is to say, two octavo volumes of them. How many more tomes there may be *in petto* we are not informed; but we presume not fewer than two; as the second of the couple now in hand brings us down only to the year 1818, soon after the commencement of Mathews's unfortunate connexion with Arnold, at the Lyceum. We must confess that we should have thought two volumes would have been sufficient for the gratification of any moderate appetite, on such a subject; and few, we apprehend, will be of a different opinion after a perusal of the present portion of the work.

Mathews was a noble-spirited, fine-hearted, high-minded, honourable man as ever lived. Of this, all who knew Mathews were well assured; but had there been any existent doubt as to the fact, the doubt would have been dispelled by the appearance of these volumes. Without the slightest deficiency of perspicacity, Mathews had a soul of the most open confiding simplicity; free from guile himself, he suspected not its existence in others; and the consequence was, that, in common with all generous men, he was incessantly the prey of designing scoundrels. To this unsuspecting liberality and benevolence of disposition must chiefly be ascribed the pecuniary difficulties which cast a shade over the declining portion of an active and laborious life. Mathews neither drank nor gambled; but, from a variety of incidental sinister events, beyond his power of controul, he never realized money to the extent that was supposed; his expenses were, in some respects, heavy; the formation of his dramatic picture gallery, (now the property of the Garrick club) cost him much; he was frank, liberal, and generous in all his dealings; superadded to which, he, from time to time, sustained enormous losses. No wonder, then, that he did not die rich.

The general outline of Mathews's life—that he was the son of a religious bookseller in the Strand—that “he would be an actor”—that he left his paternal home—that, like most of the histrionic profession, he experienced a thousand vicissitudes before substantial success placed him above want—all this, with much more, is so well known by every person in the slightest de-

gree interested in theatrical affairs, that it would be a labour of supererogation, equally tedious and unprofitable for writer and reader, to enter into any detail upon the subject. Our purpose, on the present occasion, will aim at little more than to offer a few such isolated passages from the memoirs as shall possess an individual interest with our friends.

The first portion of the book, for about eighty pages, is autobiographical, and, as may be supposed, is exquisitely amusing. Subsequently, Mrs. Mathews takes up the pen, and carries on the narrative, which is incalculably enriched by the insertion and interweaving of numerous letters by Mathews and many of his friends. In fact, Mathews was an admirable letter-writer—fresh, racy, unaffected.

That Mathews had more than sufficient discouragement to encounter, even after had he been some years on the stage, is abundantly evident from the following letter of that strange eccentric, yet good-hearted creature, Tate Wilkinson, the York manager, in answer to a note of complaint and remonstrance from Mathews:—

“To Mr. Mathews.

“I am dangerously ill, therefore unable to attend to theatrical grievances. After the 2<sup>d</sup> and a 3<sup>d</sup> time seeing y<sup>r</sup> performance, I aver'd, and do aver that misfortune has placed an insurmountable bar as to the possibility of y<sup>r</sup> ever being capable of sustaining the first line of comic business. Mr. Emery I requested to inform you of the same at Wakefield, who was entirely of my opinion. For the paralytic stroke, so far from a comic effect, renders y<sup>r</sup> performance seriously disagreeable. I told Mr. Hill that not all the mirrors in the kingdom, in print or in glass, can never establish you for a first comedian. If God wills it, it will be so, but no other order or interest can effect such a miracle. If you were to hear how you are spoken of (ask Mr. Jarman), you would not rely too much on y<sup>r</sup> unbounded applause at Hull. If you had ask'd at Wakefield if you were to play the characters you mention, Mr. Jarman would readily have told you, no. If you think the company is in general approv'd, you are mistaken; am sorry to be told, quite the contrary. Y<sup>r</sup> *Rundy* is very bad indeed; so is *Motley*. *Rundy* they have been used to see really well acted. As to *Jabal* for Mr. Hatton, it was his first request, which I granted, as Mr. Jarman can testify. Do you think I engaged Mr. Hatton to hurt you? On my honour, no. If you say, Why add to my expence? I answer, necessity and full conviction stared me in the face. Try, by degrees, to be useful, and by such means get into respect. Y<sup>r</sup> worth as a man (as far as I know) I much esteem; but, as a first-rate actor, you must try some more discerning leader, and officer some other troop. I think ‘Feeble Old Men’ is a cast you are most likely to be useful in. The pain I have suffered at my breast in scratching these lines is more piercing than what you feel at the loss of *Frank*. You have youth, sobriety, and assiduity,

\* Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Bentley. 1838.

which sometimes does wonders. Wish Emery had been more open with you. I recommended the shop, as suited to you and Mrs. M.; but he said you were so stage-bitten it would only vex you. I can only say, Stay and be happy, or, Go and be happy, and ever be happy; and wishing myself better, am y<sup>m</sup> in great pain,

"TATE WILKINSON."

We should certainly yield to the temptation to transcribe the account of Mathews's first interview with Tate Wilkinson, were it not for its length, and that it was given with far greater effect by Mathews himself in one of his "At Home" entertainments,

Previously to this event, and utterly without the means of providing for a wife, Mathews had married a young lady, the daughter of a deceased physician, Dr. Strong. The bride was no richer in this world's wealth than her husband; but she was good and amiable, and so was Mathews; and the young couple were at least as happy as, under such circumstances could reasonably be expected. The lady, however, after much suffering, died early. She was in the habit of intimacy with Miss Jackson (the second and present Mrs. Mathews); and, on her death-bed, she, with the most urgent prayers and entreaties, conjured her and her husband to marry. Than such an event, nothing could at that time be more remote from the idea of either. However, strange things do come to pass in this strange world. And we have mentioned the somewhat unusual solicitation for the purpose of introducing an account, though rather clumsily put together, of two remarkable dreams, or whatever they may be termed, which occurred simultaneously to the survivors. Mrs. Mathews writes as follows:—

"At the close of the summer a very remarkable instance occurred of a coincidence of dreams, befalling Mr. Mathews and myself, a circumstance which I am induced to relate, since it was attested by witnesses who severally and apart were informed of it, before the dreamers had power to communicate with each other, or their mutual friends. Mr. Mathews's account of his impressions was as follows:—He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up to his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark—it was only too dark for the purpose of reading: indeed every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained, when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, 'in her habit as she lived'

who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate; for in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor (where the fall having alarmed his landlady) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room. There is nothing surprising in all this; for, admitting it not to be a dream, but one of those cases called nightmare, so frequently experienced (when the sufferer always believes himself under real influences), it was not a case to excite astonishment. The circumstance which rendered it remarkable, was that at the exact hour when this scene was taking place at a remote distance, a vision of the same kind caused me to be discovered precisely in the same situation. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which, giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts; there could, consequently, be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest amongst all those who knew us. That the scene at the bedside of the dying woman simultaneously recurred to the dreamers when awake, was natural enough, and was afterwards confessed. How far the facts which I have here related tended to the serious result of our continued intimacy I will not determine; but it is certain that neither of us regarded it as an impediment at a future period, or a just reason why we should not at last fulfil the desire of her whose wishes were made known to us at a time when it would have been discreditable to both, had we supposed ourselves able to comply with it at any future period of our lives."

The parting interview between Tate Wilkinson and Mr. Mathews and (the present) Mrs. Mathews, where the letter was coming to London, on an engagement with Colman, at the Haymarket Theatre, was affecting:—

"The manager was exceedingly ill, scarcely able indeed to bear the presence of any one; and when Mr. Mathews expressed a hope that he would soon be better, he checked him, saying, 'Do not hope it; it is unkind to wish me to live in pain, and unable to feel enjoyment. No, my children; I do not wish to live. I should like to stay over the August race-week to see my old friend Fawcett, and hear how the audience receive their former favourite, and then I shall be content to die.'

"The dear old man then shook Mr. Mathews affectionately by the hand, calling back his 'grand-child,' as he often called me, to kiss him once more, and, as he prophetically said, 'for the last time.'"



With Mathews's deserved success in London, all the world is well acquainted.

We proceed to the second volume, from which also we have a few extracts to make.

Mathews's wonderful power in mimicry, or rather in the creation and assumption of character, was shewn with great effect in his appearance as Mr. Pennyman.

"His first experiment off the stage was at Liverpool in 1803, at an evening party, where he had left me for a time, pleading business as an excuse, but promising to return. In a few minutes after he had left the room, the servant delivered a message—'A gentleman, a particular friend of Mr. Mathews, had arrived in Liverpool, and having inquired at his lodgings for him, was directed to the present house, and took the liberty of asking admittance to see his friend, as the gentleman purposed to leave Liverpool again by daybreak the next morning.'

"Mine host of course begged 'Mr. Pennyman' (for that was the stranger's name, by his card) to walk up; and, as Mr. Mathews was momentarily expected to return, his friend was requested to remain until he came. The stranger professed not to have seen Mr. Mathews since his marriage, and inquired whether Mrs. Mathews was present? I was then introduced, and Mr. Pennyman from that moment devoted all his attention to me. In fact, Mr. Pennyman fell desperately and unequivocally in love with his friend's wife, who, betraying some alarm at his eccentric conduct and manner, (an alarm which the other ladies really suffered,) the host and hostess felt their mistake in having admitted a person who was evidently a lunatic. Mr. Pennyman perceiving this, thought it time to finish the scene; therefore, affecting to despair of his friend's return, he took his leave just soon enough to escape being turned out of the house.

"In a short time after this my husband, in *pro-pria persona*, entered, and all present eagerly assailed him with an account of what had happened. He disclaimed all knowledge of the person described, or recollection of the name of Pennyman. After the extraordinary intrusion of this *extra-ordinary* man had been fully discussed, and just as the subject seemed exhausted, Mr. Mathews, who had been for a moment looking towards me, as the last speaker, turned suddenly round upon the rest of the party as the identical person they had been describing! The effect upon everybody was that of unutterable surprise, and it was several minutes before they could believe the evidence of their senses."

This frolic was repeated with increasingly surprising effect in a vast variety of instances. Nothing but want of space prevents us from transcribing all that relates to this subject, which forms decidedly one of the most amusing portions of the book.

His creation and assumption of the character of the "Spanish ambassador," under which, by direction of "the authorities," he was shewn all the "curiosities" of Woolwich Dockyard, &c., was another grand hoax. With his friend Theodore Hook—that glorious fellow, that

prince, that king, that emperor of fun, drollery, and humour—he participated in many an exploit, the simplest narrative of which would surpass in raciness and brilliancy, in breadth of effect, all that Boz, *alias* Mr. Charles Dickens, could produce in a thousand years.

At page 66 we find mention of Harriet Mellon, (the late Duchess of St. Alban's,) "then a youthful, *slim*, and beautiful creature." *Beautiful* she was, with a pair of eyes that might have sufficed to dazzle and electrify a world; but, as to her *slimness*, we take leave to say, going farther back by ten years than Mrs. Mathews does, it was not in existence. She was always *quite* sufficiently *embonpoint*—her anatomy was always abundantly clothed.

All the world has heard of the hoax played off by Liston upon Charles Incledon, respecting a lozenge for the improvement of the voice. But Incledon, aided by Mathews, had a glorious revenge. The following is the heading of a bill, got up for the occasion:—

"Messrs. Incledon and Mathews have the satisfaction of announcing, that they have engaged Mr. Liston, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, for two nights, who will go through the whole of his wonderful performance of fire-eating, swallowing a live cat, &c.; he will also dance on the slack wire after the manner of Des Hayes; he will stand on one leg three minutes, and balance a coach wheel, in which attitude he will sing the 'Beautiful Maid,' dressed in armour, with Lord Grizzle's wig, miraculously saved out of the late conflagration of Covent Garden Theatre."

Mathews and Incledon were on a professional tour together.

"Mr. Mathews liked the simplest fare; Mr. Incledon was always in search of an appetite, and therefore was very fastidious about the wherewithal to tempt it. On one occasion at some town where they stopped only to change horses, Incledon, according to a habit in which he indulged, sought out the larder, and seeing a small undressed loin of pork displayed through a glass window with other delicacies, he fell deeply in love with it, and immediately applied coaxingly to the landlord (a portly independent sort of person, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets,) to be allowed to purchase it to carry onwards. Mine host abruptly refused; 'he could not sell it,—he should want it for his dinner-customers,' &c.; but in proportion as the landlord seemed unrelenting, Incledon's anxiety became stronger; he asked what the joint would be charged to his dinner-customers, and then held out the sum with an addition; but the sulky landlord was inexorable. The epicure increased his temptation until at last he offered double the worth of it; and Mr. Mathews, ashamed of the childish behaviour of his *chum*, left him with the landlord to settle the important matter as they might, and walked on, telling the servant to wait for Mr. Incledon, with the carriage, and overtake him on the road. In a short time he saw it approach with Mr. Incledon, who, after my husband had seated himself, and the horses were proceeding, took out a handker-

chief from a pocket of the carriage with some appearance of mystery, and deliberately placing it upon his knees with evident satisfaction, opened it, and revealed the coveted little loin of pork! 'Well,' said his friend coldly, 'what, you prevailed at last; how did you manage to coax that surly fellow out of it?' Incledon twinkled his eyes:—'Charles Mathews,' said he with something of solemnity, 'I did not prevail. My dear boy, the man was a brute. I offered him all the silver in my pocket. I had set my heart upon the thing, my dear Charles Mathews. I couldn't have eat anything else, my dear boy; so what do you think I did? Don't be angry, Charles (and here he looked like a child who knew he had done wrong, and dreaded the punishment for his fault,) don't be angry; a man like yourself can have no idea what I feel, who want little delicacies to keep up my stamina. My dear Charles, the man was unfeeling.' In this way did Incledon prepare his companion for the truth, and deprecated his wrath. The fact was, he had watched the landlord's absence, entered the larder unperceived, and bore away the tempting prize, leaving the already proffered *double its value* in its place."

#### Another anecdote of Charley.

"On one occasion, at Leicester, Mr. Incledon had agreed during their stay to play *Steady* in 'The Quaker;' but after he was advertised for it, he discovered that there was not a dress in 'the stock' that he could wear. This was a great disappointment. Methods, however, were devised to vamp up something like what it ought to be. But Incledon was miserable at the make-shift. In the course of the day he and Mr. Mathews were walking up the principal street of the town, when they saw a comfortable plump-looking Quaker standing at the door of a chemist's shop. The moment Mr. Incledon beheld him he began winking his eyes, (a nervous habit he had when pleased,) saying to Mr. Mathews, 'Charles, my dear boy, do you see that Quaker there? What a dress he has got on, hasn't he? just my size!—I've a good mind, Charles, to ask him to lend it to me to-night.'—'Absurd!' said Mr. Mathews; 'you would not think of such a thing?'—'My dear boy,' said Incledon, 'only consider what a comfort it would be to me, instead of that trumpery suit from the wardrobe. I'll go in and ask him, Charles; he looks like a good-natured creature.' Accordingly in he walked, inquiring of Obediah for several quack medicines. After some small purchases, he began, in his blindest manner and voice, to address the Quaker upon the real object he had in view:—

"My dear and respected sir,"—the man stared—"allow me to explain to you how I am situated, and grant me a patient hearing." The Quaker looked patience itself; and Mr. Mathews, curious to hear the result, kept his seat in the shop.

"My dear sir," continued Mr. Incledon, 'I am one of a class of men of whom, of course, your peculiar tenets cannot allow you to know much. In fact, I am of the theatrical profession—*Charles Ingledon*,\* of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, first ballad singer in England.' (This was uttered with great emphasis and volubility, in Mr. Incledon's peculiar

dialect—that of Cornwall.) The Quaker started back, and looked at my husband, as if doubting the sanity of the person who addressed him. Incledon resumed. 'I say, sir, I am an actor. I am this night advertised at your—no, not *your* theatre—at the theatre in Leicester, for *Steady*, the Quaker; and it so happens that there is no proper dress for the character, which is one highly complimentary to *your people*. Independently of the want of effect from a bad dress, I am *trewly* mortified to do discredit to so respectable a body as yours. In fact, part of my own family were of your persuasion, my dear sir, (the *Ingledons*, of Cornwall, were originally Quakers), and this is an additional reason why I am anxious to do all possible honour to the revered Society of Friends. In short, my worthy sir, without your humane assistance, I shall come before all the gentry of Leicester in a dress very degrading to the proverbial neatness of your sect. Will you lend me one of your suits?—you and I are of a size; and in so doing you will at once show the liberality of your character, and keep up the respectability of the admirable body of people so deservedly esteemed by all the world, and by none more than *Charles Ingledon*!"

"This speech staggered the chemist, who, after a little hesitation,—to the surprise of my husband,—melted by Mr. Incledon's eloquence, not only lent a suit of clothes, but yielded to the persuasions of the singer, to be put into a private corner, in order that he might be an unseen witness of the manner in which the stage upheld his persuasion."

#### We cannot resist one more.

"Mr. Incledon was exceedingly absent at times; and during one of their journeys in a stage-coach, he had been annoyed with wasps, the day being very hot. Mr. Mathews was amused, whenever one of these insects entered the coach, at his taking for granted that, during a ride of forty miles, the same insect had travelled with the coach for the express purpose of alarming him. He would exclaim—'There's that cursed wasp again!' trying (with many imprecations,) on each occasion to destroy it. A grave taciturn man, sitting opposite to them in the coach, seemed to look with great distaste upon Incledon, whose habit of swearing evidently startled and disgusted him. He had, at the close of the day, fallen into a sound sleep. Incledon was still occupied in evading the wasp, which had entered the carriage once more, endeavouring on each occasion, when it alighted anywhere, to kill his persecutor. Intent upon his object, and engrossed by it, to the exclusion of every other recollection, he followed it about with his eyes and hands: at last, the insect rested upon the face of the sleeping stranger, and Mr. Incledon, seeing fair scope and opportunity for his purpose, slapped his hand with most earnest violence upon the cheek of the sleeper, crying out as he did so, in a tone of triumph, 'Ha, d—n you, I've done for you now!' It may be imagined what effect this outrage had upon the unfortunate recipient; and it required all Incledon's asseverations, and some additional oaths, to convince the stranger that he had not really intended to *do for him*."

#### And yet another!

"He and Mr. Mathews were travelling on a very

\* The manner in which he always pronounced his own name.



the summer's day on the outside of a stage-coach, soon after the death of Mr. Incledon's first wife, to whom he had been greatly attached. A very presumptive looking man sat near him, about whom Mr. Incledon's humane heart made him feel an interest, and he frequently spoke to him, inquired into his history, and found that the poor man was going to his friends to be nursed. Incledon, when the coach stopped, addressed the poor invalid for the first time, as follows. 'My good man, we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're *bespoke*; you're now, I take it, as good as dead money to the undertaker. In fact, you're *booked*,—so there, there's a seven-shilling piece for you, my good man; and when you go to heaven, and my dear sainted Jane, pray tell her you saw me, and that I'm well!' The poor creature stared, and took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he doubtless supposed to come from a lunatic.

The character of Pope, the actor, as a *gourmand*, is well known. He—

"Had a great desire to be introduced to Doctor Kitchener, who, having amongst other things, composed a good cookery-book, inspired Mr. Pope with great respect for him. He was strongly impressed with the idea, that the author's own 'feed' must be a superlative nature. At last the desired introduction was accomplished; and it followed, from the hospitable habits of the Doctor, that an invitation to dinner was given to Mr. Pope. Several mutual friends were appointed to meet him, and expectation ran on tiptoe for the feast.

Mr. Pope was punctual, too punctual; for the Doctor keeping a mere bachelor's establishment, the servants were unprepared for so early a guest, and had to wait a long time before even the master of the house was dressed for dinner. Mr. Pope's appearance, which he had starved for this great occasion, was now urgent. At last, the other guests arrived; great compliments and goings to and fro below stairs gave 'note of preparation.' If a man *writes* so well upon good things, how perfect must be his practice, and how exquisite the reality! Thus reasoned Mr. Pope; and at last, 'Dinner's upon table!' saluted his will-ears, and down the company went.

"Now as every person present, except the stranger, knew the custom of the house, and that the Doctor never aimed at any entertainment beyond that of wholesome food, the majority of his guests looked all disappointment when the simple dishes were uncovered. What shall we describe the astonishment of the expectant epicure?—the fish was not the fish just in season—the *mutton* was not *venison*—the side-dishes were vegetables, undisguised, barefaced vegetables! There was no second course; no persuasive ticklings, no provocatives of the palate, nothing in short, but what might be found requisite to a plain family meal! The decanters were filled merely with sherry and port—not even a liqueur apologized for the absence of rarer wines. Pope was an embodied disappointment; he was not talkative, neither was he *silent*, he invariably refused the offer of plain food whenever it was sent to him, with a peremptory '*No, I'll wait*!' to the servant. It was beyond all things surprising to Mr. Mathews and his friends, who understood what was passing in his mind, to see Mr. Pope's

amazement and ill-humour, of which his kind and hospitable host was happily unconscious.

"At last, the party, as if by one consent, took leave. Doctor Kitchener's form of invitation being, '*Come at seven,—go at eleven!*' which Mr. Colman pleasantly amended by reading, '*Come at seven,—go at it at eleven.*' The rogues enjoyed their poor unsatisfied friend's vexation; and after agreeing amongst themselves, in Mr. Pope's hearing, that they had never spent a pleasanter day, appealed to him for his opinion of Dr. Kitchener, whom he had so long desired to know. Of course, this inquiry related to Dr. Kitchener *personally*, but Mr. Pope, thinking only of the one thing needful at a dinner-table, and brooding upon his disappointed expectation from '*The Cook's Oracle*,' exclaimed, in tones of the deepest mortification, laying a stress upon every syllable: '*What do I think of him? why, I think he's the greatest impostor that ever existed!*'"

This is still better.

"I remember once a venison dinner being given by an old gentleman, in the absence of his family, to a chosen party. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, and Mr. Mathews and myself, were of the number. It had been settled by the cruel 'contrivers of this harm,' that Mr. Pope should be asked by the master of the house (in the absence of his son) to take the head of the table, and thus relieve his host from the fatigue of carving. To this proposal, and to our surprise, Mr. Pope cheerfully assented, commencing his undertaking with an alacrity of manner inconceivable to all present. Everybody agreed to eat venison whether he liked it or not, for the sole motive of trying the carver's temper; but on he went with the most patient and zealous exertion; and we saw with glee that the joint was at length shorn of all its delicacies; little more than a mere bone was left. When he had finished his task, Mr. Pope, for the first time, seemed dispirited: throwing down the carving knife and fork, he sank back in his chair as if heartily tired. The master of the house, affecting not to perceive how little remained to tempt a venison lover, 'hoped Mr. Pope meant to partake with them of the fare he had so admirably dispensed?' But Mr. Pope declared, he cared little that day for the dish he generally preferred, and talked of taking part of another, when, just as we were all perplexed at his unusual forbearance, and his liberal distribution of 'the dish he did delight to feed upon,' Mrs. Pope observed that she had inadvertently allowed a plate of venison to be placed before her by the servant, which she had not touched, 'but that, if she might be excused, she would prefer something else.' Upon which Mr. Pope good-naturedly proposed, as *that* was the case, the plate in question might be brought to him. Every eye turned upon it on its transit from the lower part of the table. And lo! the mystery was solved! All the best parts of the venison had been judiciously selected, packed in close slices, and doubtless forwarded to Mrs. Pope with a look with which she was familiar, and which signified that the meat was to be kept in reserve for him, when he should have helped the rest of the party! Oh, what a masterly defeat was here! Cromwell's dissolution of the Long Parliament created but a tithe of the amazement apparent on every face on this occasion; all were confounded, except the ingenious epicure, whose

skilful manœuvre had so outdone all our preconceived plans. He was wholly absorbed in his triumph, and quietly enjoyed the fruits of it, while Mrs. Pope sat meekly eating some other delicacy, with all the self-complacency of a good wife, who had done her husband's bidding, and secured his good humour for the rest of the day."

Here is an amusing illustration of the character of Irish beggars.

"We were posting from Dublin to Limerick, and thence to Cork, and specimens of this race were in every town and village, in readiness to pounce upon the unwary traveller. I never saw any of them without remembering, I think, Foote's wonder what English beggars did with their left-off clothes, which mystery was solved when he afterwards went to Ireland, and saw the beggars there. Surely, nothing more squalid and filthy can be met with elsewhere; but their wit and merriment even exceed their dirt. They are very apt to form themselves into partnerships, so that four or five of a firm will assail you under the same interests, but with separate claims. Sometimes, indeed, they affect hostility with each other's aim, but in a friendly and good-humoured manner. Thus it happened with one party we fell in with—three women, by whom our sympathies were invoked in the following manner:—'Ah! my lady! ah, your honour! have compassion on the blind, the lame, and the lazy' (?) 'How's that?' said my husband. 'Praise your honour's glory, I am lame (as you see), this good woman's blind, and my daughter's lazy.' 'Well, well,' said he to whom this truly original appeal was made, and who began to be amused at this novel mode of application, expecting some further drollery from her—'well, there's a five-penny among you, that is, if you'll divide it equally.'—'Oh! sure,' answered the lazy, 'it's no matter,—we're all one family.'—'Oh,' said the donor, 'but I insist upon an equal division of the money in my presence, or I withdraw it.'—'And so there shall be, your honour, if you'll *depend* upon my *virtue*,' holding out her hand. 'Yes, yes, but I must see you do it.'—'And how, your honour, will I do it, seeing that it is impossible?'—'Very well, then, I shall not give it,' said Mr. Mathews (still anticipating amusement from her ingenuity). Suddenly she seemed to have a thought, and with quickness asked, 'Will your honour trust me with the five-penny to get changed?'—'Well,' said he, after a short pause, 'I will.'—'God bless you for ever,' and away she ran into the inn. On her return, after a minute's consideration, she placed three half-pence into each of the other women's hands, saying as she did so, 'There's three-halfpence for *you*, good woman—there's three-halfpence for *you*, good woman—and here's three-halfpence for *me*, good woman.' Then, looking for an instant perplexed at the remaining halfpenny, she suddenly darted into a little huxter's shop opposite to the inn, and as speedily returned with a pair of old scissors in one hand, and a bit of what is called pig-tail tobacco in the other, saying, as she measured it with her eye, and divided it, 'There's one bit for *you*, good woman'—'there's one bit for *you*, good woman; and here's one bit for *me*, good woman. Ah! now, haven't I done it *nately*, your honour?' "

Volume the 1st brings us down, as we have

said, only to the year 1818, some time after poor Mathews's connexion with Arnold, at the Lyceum. We could willingly enlarge upon that abominable transaction (by which the *manager* is calculated to have realised 30,000*l.*), but we have already far exceeded bounds. However, we had no doubt about the character of Arnold, long, long before Mathews had any thing to do with him. The man has since fallen upon misfortune himself; therefore, if his conscience will allow him to rest, we are not anxious to disturb his repose.

We have only space enough left to allow us to enumerate the embellishments of these volumes.

A portrait—an inveterate likeness—of Mathews, from a painting by Lonsdale;—Harlowe's celebrated quintuple picture of Mathews studying four of his own principal characters;—Mathews, as *Lenitive* in the *Prize*, as the "*Spanish Ambassador*," as the *Coachman* in *Hit or Miss*, and as the *Old Scotch Lady*;—and Portraits of George Colman and Tom Hill—the latter, most excellent.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*The Bible Story Book.* By Bourne Hall Draper.

Third and fourth series. Darton and Clark. As enlarging its sphere of usefulness, it must be exceedingly gratifying to the author of this volume, to know that the second and third series of his "*Bible Stories*" have been "translated into the Italian language; and that there are four editions, in French, circulating in France and Switzerland." That it may be equally successful, the present requires only to be known.

We have always approved the interrogative system of education when properly applied. It is therefore with pleasure that we perceive Mr. Draper has, to each of the stories before us, subjoined some questions for the exercise of his youthful readers.

*Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository* for 1839. Longman and Co.

DECIDEDLY the best provincial pocket-book for the fair sex, we happen to be acquainted with. Its original compositions are good, its selections are good, its designs are good, its engravings are good. The *tout ensemble* reflects great credit on the management of its editor, Bird, the well-known Suffolk poet and one of the worthiest fellows that ever lived.

*Bon Mot.*—Whilst Evans the bookseller and a friend were talking once about parish expenses, two beautiful young women were observed looking out at an opposite window in an attic story. It must at all events, Evans (said the friend\*), be a pleasure to live, in your parish you have such handsome *over-seers*.

\* This friend was *Alexander Chalmers*.—Ed.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &amp;c.

At the large theatres there is no further "progress" to "report" than that Mr. H. Phillips has—we know not why nor wherefore—seceded from Drury Lane. No doubt all is just now busy preparation for the holidays.

Power is said to have cleared nearly 4000*l.* by fifty four nights' performance in America. As was expected, he arrived in the Roscius, played at the Haymarket on Monday night, and has been playing every night since—we need not add to crowded houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, having dispatched their luggage in the Great Western, are expected to arrive by the Liverpool steamer.

Madame is said to have been very ill. At her theatre (the Olympic) a new one-act burletta was produced on Monday evening, under the title of the *Burlington Arcade*. As a local piece of foolery, with much extravagant bustle and fun, it may probably be indulged with a run through the holidays.

At the Queen's Concert Rooms, on Tuesday evening, Mr. G. A. Kollman gave a concert which was honoured with a full and fashionable attendance. The chief object of this concert appears to have been the familiarisation of the public with the powers of a new piano-forte, the invention of Mr. Kollman. The instrument possesses a bell-like clearness of tone, with great depth, brilliancy, and power, and was much approved by the amateurs present. The mechanism is said to be so constructed that the hammers strike *above* the string instead of *below* it, as in the old instruments.

On Wednesday a morning concert, by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, was given at the Hanover Square Rooms.

On the evening of Saturday last, at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance*, Paris, Mlle. Pauline Garcia, the sister of the lamented Malibran, made her *début*. All the appointments of the scene were admirably brilliant and effective. The *débutante*, who was received with enthusiastic applause, sang three pieces—a grand scena of Costa's *Malek-Adhel*; an *aria* composed by M. de Beriot, and introduced by Malibran into the *Elisire d'Amore*; and lastly, the *Trille du Diable*, arranged by Panseron from "Tartini's Dream" for the voice and violin. In the latter fantasia she was accompanied by M. De Beriot: Mlle. Pauline had scarcely given the strange melodies which the Italian violinist fancied he heard performed by the Devil, seated at the foot of his bed, when her brother-in-law had already executed them upon his instrument. Their marvellous *ensemble* drew forth shouts of applause, though it was, perhaps, in the allegro of the grand scena that the acclamations elicited by poor Maria's sister seemed loudest and most unanimous.

A Parisian writer observes, that Mlle. Garcia has something of her sister in her features and *tournaire*: her voice reminds us still more of our loss. She has one of those extraordinary voices, partaking of the soprano and contralto; but what is more valuable still, she possesses to a rare degree the genius of song, soul, and inspiration. The blood of the Garcias runs in her veins: she is another scion of that famed and prolific stock. Her voice has not all the *éclat*, all the flexibility which years and practice may impart to it. It is said that she has not sung for above a

year past; but already she touches and electrifies her hearers. Making allowance for the fascination of her name, it is certain that the impression she makes is great, and that it is produced by astonishing powers."

On the evening of the 2nd inst. Charles Kemble's younger daughter, Adelaide, who some three or four seasons ago made a promising appearance or two in London, came out at the Grand Theatre at Venice. The members of the Vice-Regal Court, accompanied by the hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, with his brilliant and numerous suite, honoured the performance with their presence. The opera selected was Bellini's *Norma*, in which Miss Kemble sustained the character giving the title of the opera; *Adalgisa* was sustained by Mdlle. Saglio, that of *Polliane* by Signor l'Asti, and *Oroveso* by Signor Louisia. From her appearance on the stage the *débutante* was most flatteringly received, and soon evinced that talent as a vocalist and actress which report had previously ascribed to her. Her "Casta diva" in the first act was enthusiastically applauded, and she was called for three times on the stage, and the "Cabaletta" encored. In the *terzetto* of the same act she was equally applauded. In the second act she shone equally conspicuous in the first scena; and throughout the whole opera displayed so much talent in her acting and singing as to ensure to her a complete triumph. Her voice is pronounced by competent judges to be capacious, powerful, clear, and expressive, and her pronunciation of the Italian, free from the slightest defect.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, a full meeting of the members was held, G. R. Porter, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. Numerous presents were announced, including the various statistical tables issued by the Governments of France and Austria. Members were elected to the number of twenty-eight, among them Sir James Walsham, the Hon. H. Dunlop, J. C. Cooke, Esq., M.P. A communication was read from R. Clay, Esq., M.P., on the criminal statistics of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, particularly in reference to Preston. The number of criminal cases had increased during the last year, especially among the juvenile part of the population, whilst the re-committals were in the ratio of 11 per cent. The greater number were to be found among those whose education had been neglected, who had been bred up amid habits of vice and intoxication; indeed, out of 1,129 individuals, there were only eight who could read and write correctly. In the northern division of the county the number of cases was nearly double that of the southern, and full one half of them were the natural consequences of drunkenness. The paper concluded by urging the utility that would arise from establishing the silent or separate system in prisons, as a means of preventing relapses into crime.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Edward Foster, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The first Paper read was a communication by Professor Don, on different Indian species of iris, giving an account of several new and beautiful forms found on the north-west boundaries of British India. Some of these varieties were analogous to species found in South Siberia, and types of other species were found in the Flora of this country.

A letter was read from Mr. Rudge, of Abbey Manor House, Evesham, on the blossoming of a rare plant, the *cereus tetragonus*. The plant was between nine and ten feet in height, and was twenty years old; it first blossomed in 1836, the flowers opening at sunset and shutting at sunrise. In the year 1837 it bore eight blooms, and this year 13; the petals were white slightly tinged on the base with green, the anthers and stigmas being yellow. A communication was also read from Mr Hogg on the river sponge, and the author concluded by expressing his opinion on this recondite point of vegetable physiology, that the different varieties were propagated by seeds analogous to the algæ.

#### SOCIETY OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

On Tuesday, a general meeting of the members of this society was held at the society's rooms, Lincoln's Inn fields, the Rev. Richard Edwards, A.M., in the chair. The report stated that the society was formed in 1798, for the benefit of masters of endowed and boarding schools. A charitable fund was attached to it for the relief of distressed subscribers, their widows and orphans. During thirteen years 7,000*l.* had been distributed to forty families for claims that accrued, and 5,000*l.* in charitable donations. The funded property of the society amounted to 6,000*l.*, and the annual expenses did not amount to 30*l.* It had derived great advantage from the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the exertions made at various times by his Royal brothers. The report, in conclusion, stated that the society owed a great debt of gratitude to his late Majesty for his kindness and a yearly grant of fifty guineas. Several petitions were entertained and various sums given to applicants.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, a full meeting of the members was held at Somerset House, the Rev. Professor Whewell, F.R.S., in the chair. The Rev. S. Wilberforce, of Oriel College, Oxford, Dr. Stephen Lees, and J. J. Adams, Esq., were elected into the society; and presents were announced from the Royal Institute of France, Dr. Silliman, and J. Taylor, Esq. Professor Owen then read an elaborate essay on the zoological characters presented by the fossil remains of Stonesfield quarry, consisting of several perfect jaws and teeth embedded in oolite or Portland stone. The question as to the class of which they form a part is one which has received the consideration of the ablest geologists and zoologists throughout Europe, including the great Baron Cuvier, and which involves the leading doctrines of geological science; and yet it still remains a subject of fierce controversy. Mr. Owen, utterly disregarding the opinion of the Saurian character of these remains, which are called *phylacothierium*, believed them to be of the highest order of mammalia, perhaps marsupia, and he mentioned as proofs of this their double-rooted teeth, fanged summits, and coronoid processes, and the fact of there being eleven molars in the ramus of each jaw. The animal to which they belonged might have been allied to the opossum, and, indeed, the remains closely resembled those of a species of that animal found in Australia.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting was held on Thursday evening, J. G. Children, Esq., Vice-President, in the Chair. Donations to the library and museum were announced from the Board of Ordnance, the Royal Academy of Paris, and from Captain Jervis; and Professors Agassiz and Martius were proposed as foreign members by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and by the Marquis of Northampton; and were accordingly ballotted for and elected. Dr. Faraday having concluded his series of essays on electricity, a communication was read from J. R. Young, Esq., Pro-

fessor of Mathematics at Belfast College, demonstrating some new laws regarding the curvature of surfaces. The author, after commenting on the various theories that have been put forth in explanation of this phenomenon, denounced most strongly the method of equation usually adopted, by the differential calculus, as extremely fallible; and proposed, as a more correct rule, that we should look for the lines of curvature upon the "normal points" of the surfaces of bodies, by which means he stated he had been enabled to arrive at his deductions.

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Sturgeon gave a summary, with experimental illustrations, of his paper "On the direct action which caloric exercises on magnetic poles." Adjourned to the 15th of January.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to the author of "*The Duelling System*," &c.; but, unluckily, his last communications are not in exact accordance with our taste. If he will take the trouble of calling at, or sending to, Mr. Masters, No. 33, Aldersgate Street, (mentioning his initials,) he may receive his papers back, with a compliance with his request respecting THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

In reply to a constant reader respecting the firm of Rivington standing first in chronological order, (1710,) in THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, when the name of Richard Whitaker appears to a "Greek Prayer Book, 1638," the "Old Bookseller" has to remark, that he premised in the original prospectus to first notice the ancestors of the *present race* of booksellers, in which it will be found that the Rivingtons stand the first. The present respectable house of Whitaker is in no way connected with that of R. Whitaker, of 1638.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Reclaimed Family, By the author of "Edwin and Mary" f. c. 2s. 6d. bds. Harrison's Philosophy of Disease, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl. Combe's Physiology of Health, 7th ed. roy. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds. Edwin and Mary, a tale, by Lady Tuite, 2nd. ed. f. c. 3s. 6d. cl. Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac, 1839, 18mo. 4s. bds. Dowell's Explanation of the Old Testament, 12mo. 4s. cl. The Philosophy of Death and the Future Life, by Rev. O. Dewey, and Dr. Channing, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Beauties of Holiness (Sacred and Moral Poetry), 32mo. 3s. cl. 4s. silk. A Wreath of Minstrelsie, by P. S. Sparling, 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl. 4s. silk. Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Russia and the Turkish Empires, 2 vols. p. 8vo. 15s. bds. Peter Pilgrim, by Dr. Bird, 2 vols. p. 8vo. 14s. bds. Sketches of Sermons, new ed. 4 vols. 12mo. 24s. cl. Stephenson's Christology of the Old and New Testaments, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl. The Evidence of Profane History, roy. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl. Whitfield's Lectures on Christian Doctrine, 12mo. 4s. cl. Drummond's Rights of Animals, 12mo. 5s. cl. Brown on the Payment of Tribute, n. ed., 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Porquet's German Phraseology, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Stone's practice of Petty Sessions, 3rd ed. 12mo. 8s. cl. Elphinstone's Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, new ed. 2 vols. 28s. cl. Travers' and Green's Ophthalmic Surgery roy. 18mo. 6s. cl. Annett Mowbray, by Mrs. Marshall, sq. 3s. cl. The Child's Guide to Good Breeding, by Mrs. Marshall, sq. 2s. 6d. cloth. Tarver's Choix, n. ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d., bd. Prayers for the use of Christian Families, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Merivale's Poems, 2 vols. f. c. 14s. cl. Pigott's Manual of Scandinavian Mythology, p. 8vo. 12s. cl. Ganger's South Australia in 1837-8, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. cl. Schloss' English Bijou Almanac, 1839, 1s. 6d. ra. 3s. mor. An Exposition of Quackery and Imposture in Medicine, roy. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

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## STEAM CARRIAGES AND RAILROADS.

"That the substitution of inanimate for animate power in draught on *common roads* is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communications *ever introduced*, and that its practicability is fully established."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OF the precious *economy* of Railway travelling, a *grand* instance, on a *petty* scale, has just been shewn in the new and extortionate scheme of the Greenwich Railway.\*

When we threw together a few loose thoughts on the bad and dangerous construction of Railroads generally—on the gross mockery and imposition under which their conveyances are conducted—and urged the formation of *Steam Carriage Companies* for turnpike roads, either with or without stone tramways, we were not aware that a Company had actually been formed, and was on the point of commencing its operations expressly on that principle. Such, however, is the fact; and, thanks to an intelligent correspondent, we are enabled to state a few particulars of the plan.

A few preliminary particulars should be borne in mind. An expenditure of two or three millions of money for enabling us to take a thirty miles' journey—or some six millions to establish a hundred-miles' line—or, as in other cases, an average expense of 15,000*l.* per mile, is a consideration of some importance; especially if it be taken into account that, upon many of the lines which have been formed at such an enormous cost, a return of even common interest upon the capital sunk is not likely to be realised.

Without sinking one farthing in the formation of roads—for the roads are already formed—the working of locomotive engines, whether for waggons or for lighter carriages, will be achieved with vastly greater facility than that

of the rapid horse-coach system; and, in extent, the wear and tear of the machinery will hardly bear a comparison with that of the latter mode.

According to the plan proposed, a great weight may be drawn at a steady motion of about seven miles an hour, which is more than double the rate of the ordinary "fly waggons;" and, it is said, at an expense in mechanical power far less than that of horses. The cost is estimated at two pence per ton per mile, which is equivalent to sixteen shillings and eightpence per ton for a distance of a hundred miles.

With reference to turnpike roads, another material point in favour of steam carriages is the immensely reduced cost for wear and tear. It is well known, that the wear and tear of roads is caused, in part, by the *narrow* wheels of carriages, but chiefly by the feet of the horses. Now, in steam carriages of *all* sorts, it is a *sine qua non* that the wheels be *broad*; there are no *horses' feet* to inflict injury; and, the *wheels*, by being *broad*, will act as *rollers* on the road, pressing down every inequality they meet. If the present roads were to be run upon by steam carriages *only*, they would become, in time, almost as solid and even as a flagged pavement.

The steam carriage company alluded to, is that which has been formed by Sir James Anderson, aided and supported by several noblemen and members of the House of Commons, in its direction; the Earl Balcarras, Lord Stewart de Rothesay, Captain Boderò, M.P., Mr. Broadwood, M.P., Mr. Hawkes, M.P., Mr. Stuart, &c. In an article published some time ago in the "*British and Foreign Review*," it was estimated, that the average number of passengers taken by each train, between Liverpool and Manchester, was *sixty*; for which one engine was required throughout, and one in addition to assist on the inclined planes, which may be fairly called two for each train. It was also estimated by several engineers, and proved before a Committee of the House of Commons, that one steam carriage on a common road can

\* *Vide* Letter of a Correspondent in a subsequent page.

convey thirty passengers and their luggage. It is moreover stated, that Sir James Anderson has contracted with the company now formed, that the carriages to be supplied under his patent shall not only do so, but convey at least a ton of luggage, at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, and at a cost of 4d. a mile for fuel. It is further estimated, that 1s. 3d. per mile will cover all expenses, or  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile for each passenger. Each of these carriages is to be supplied, by contract, for 1000*l.*, consequently a capital sunk of 2000*l.* (for two carriages) will enable sixty passengers to be taken on any road in the kingdom, at fifteen miles an hour; while it requires two engines to convey the same number on the Manchester line, at from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, which line of road is said to have cost three millions of money in its formation!

Of all points, the *safety of the passengers* in steam carriages is chiefly to be provided for. Mr. Farey, in his evidence, observes as follows:

"The danger of being run away with and overturned is greatly diminished in a steam coach. It is very difficult to control four such horses as can draw a heavy stage-coach ten miles an hour, in case they are frightened or choose to run away; and for such quick travelling they must be kept in that state of courage that they are always inclined to run away, particularly down hill, and at sharp turns in the road. Steam power has very little corresponding danger, being perfectly controllable and capable of having the power reversed to retard it going down hill. It must be *carelessness* that would occasion the overturning of a steam coach. The chance of breaking down *has been* hitherto considerable, but it will not be more than in stage-coaches when the work is truly proportioned and properly executed. The risk of explosion of the boiler is the only *new* cause of danger, and that I consider not equivalent to the danger from horses."

Of course, almost every thing, with reference to *safety*, depends upon the *construction* of the boiler. Sir James Anderson's boiler is said to be so constructed that it cannot burst—or that, should it explode, no injury to life or limb can result. At present, we have not room to enter into an investigation of Sir James Anderson's boiler. We much regret, too, that we have not Maceroni's Memoirs at hand. Poor, neglected, ill-treated Maceroni! When we read his book a few months ago, we were perfectly satisfied as to the safety of his boiler, for every description of steam-engine; and in its favour he had the suffrages of several of our leading engineers. As the most successful projector of steam-carriages, before the plan of Sir James Anderson was brought forward, Colonel Maceroni ought not to be lost sight of.

Had we further space, we should like to shew—as we have the means of shewing—that the

apprehensions which have been entertained in some quarters as to the injury which would be likely accrue to agriculture, to the breeding of horses, and to the employment of human labour, are without foundation.

Sir James Anderson's first carriage (built after his experimental carriage had been abundantly proved) is, we are informed, ready to be set to work; and it is expected to be brought forward in the spring, so soon as the roads shall be in a tolerably favourable state.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME

### LETTER V.

ACCOUNT OF THE FIRM OF MESSRS LONGMAN AND CO.—PROFITS AND LOSSES OF THE TRADE.—SERGEANT TALFOURD'S BILL.—PROS AND CONS BETWEEN AUTHORS AND BOOKSELLERS.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Dec. 22, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

The earliest notice of the eminent book-sellers of the Longman family—namely, that have met with—is that of Thomas Longman (uncle of the late Thomas Longman, Esq.,) at the sign of the Ship, in Paternoster Row, in 1720, when it appeared prefixed to the first edition of "Shelvoek's Voyages;" making a difference of about sixteen years subsequent to the commencement of the Rivingtons, whose name, as I before remarked, was prefixed to a publication in defence of the Church in 1718, and to bill heads in 1710.

The name of Longman, however, appears in other works about the same period at the sign of the Ship and Swan; and again in 1730 proposals for publishing a *new edition of Thucydides' Hist.*, in seven volumes folio, (it might perhaps have been to the first edition, as we have seen as to some of our early school books). It is evident that Mr. Longman was engaged in the most respectable works of that period. In 1755 I find his name in connection with the celebrated Tom Osborn's to Horsley's *Britannia Romana*, with one hundred engravings. He died June 18, 1755; his widow, June 18, 1762.

The late Mr. Thomas Longman (nephew of the above) appears to have succeeded to the business in 1755, under the most favourable auspices of a handsome property, valuable stock, and excellent connection. Good fortune has always attended this family throughout their



reer. At one time, indeed, Mr. Longman was very extensively engaged in the American trade, and it was said had an immense sum locked up in it at the commencement of the first hostilities between England and that country. It appears, however, that several of his correspondents behaved very honourably by paying large sums, and liquidating their debts subsequently to the amicable arrangements and peace of 1783.

Mr. Longman continued to pursue the calm even tenour of his way; and with a fine, mild, placid disposition, his business always appeared more a source of amusement to him than of anxiety or care. He continued a select wholesale country business without the ambition of an increase, and held some of the finest copyrights of the best works, and general shares in others, of which I know of no regular catalogue containing the whole.

It is deeply to be regretted that we have not a general catalogue in England that combines the advantage of *names, dates, prices, and publishers' names*: no general catalogue can be perfect without. Our former catalogues had only the titles and list of prices: the more recent ones have, it is true, prices and publishers' names, but *no dates*; and even that noble catalogue, "Warr's *Bibliotheca Britannica*," in four volumes quarto, although it contains the most valuable mass of information ever collected of the titles, dates, sizes, and prices of books at home and abroad, from the invention of printing to the nineteenth century, yet the names of the printers and publishers are generally omitted. Had these objects been attained, what an immense advantage would have been added to bibliographical knowledge as well as a knowledge of what each respective bookseller and publisher had achieved, and countless anecdotes of them and of their connection would have been the result.

Amid the immense mass of works that pass through the press belonging to an eminent publisher during a long series of years, and of which few catalogues or documents remain to designate them, much interest is lost to the rising generation with regard to literary associations, combinations, and conversations. Mr. Nichols, in speaking of the late James Robson, (an eminent bookseller of Bond Street,) and a literary club of booksellers, to which he belonged for thirty-five years, observes that Mr. Longman, with the late Alderman Cadell, Messrs. James Dodsley, Lockyer, Davies, Peter Elmsley, Honest Tom Payne of the Mew's Gate, Thomas Evans of the *Strand*, (all of whom I knew when a boy except the last named,) were

the germ of many a valuable publication. Under their auspices Mr. Thomas Davies (who was a pleasant member of the club) produced his "Dramatic Miscellanies" and his "Life of Garrick;" and here first were suggested the ideas that led to the publication of Dr. Johnson's invaluable "Lives of the most eminent British Poets." The same authority truly states that Mr. Longman was a man of the most exemplary character both in his profession and in his private life, and as universally esteemed for his benevolence as for his integrity. His liberal conduct to that once *King of Booksellers*, George Robinson, in early life, in offering him unasked for any sum he wished on credit, was gratefully acknowledged by that gentleman, of whose extraordinary character and literary connections I shall have much to say in the future pages of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

To return to Mr. Longman and his establishment, to which I have alluded in my "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOOKSELLER." I omitted to mention an accident that occurred to me in the early part of 1785. Mr. L. had just completed the reprints of Chambers's large dictionary, in four volumes folio, or 418 folio numbers, on which occasion I was hastily dispatched late of an evening for a load of them, as the house where I was initiated were subscribers for 150 sets. On returning with as many as I could carry before me, and not observing where the street water pipes had been taken up, I was precipitated, with the books, into a vortex, with the water flowing in upon me and them. This disaster weighed upon my mind considerably; however, Mr. Longman the next day removed it by exchanging many of the numbers, and by giving me an order for the theatre, previously to his retiring to his country mansion, (which might almost be termed "De Coverley Hall,") at Hampstead. It was from near the same spot that the celebrated GEORGE STEEVENS was in the habit of walking (lamp in hand) to London, at five o'clock on a winter's morning, to correct his and Dr. SAM. JOHNSON'S edition of *Shakespeare*. Mr. L. frequently gave me other opportunities of amusement at the theatre, one of which, in particular, I cannot omit mentioning, as it enabled me to enjoy the treat of seeing the celebrated John Henderson in the character of Falstaff. This was in 1785, and I believe the last time he ever performed. About the same period I had the gratification of seeing Macklin, Edwin, Quick, Gentleman Lewis, and the rest of the flower of the British stage perform.

I was in the habit of going to Mr. Longman's almost daily from the years 1785 to 1787 or

1788 for various books for country orders, being what is termed, in all wholesale booksellers' shops a collector. In this department almost every apprentice is at first very properly initiated in the rudiments of his business by purchasing such books as his employer may not have in his establishment for the supplying of country orders. By this means he readily acquires a knowledge of the stock, habits, manners, and connexions of most other houses; of the value of books; and becomes fitted for a future active in-door department. To the latter position I was, from family arrangements, called into requisition earlier than was usual, in consequence of which I frequently attended the present Mr. Longman, whose father had wisely caused him to go through the whole routine of his profession; and I am informed Mr. L., although at the very head of the book trade, has pursued a similar course with his sons.

Mr. Thomas Longman, sen., died at his country house at Hampstead, Feb. 5, 1797, (leaving his wife and two daughters amply provided for). He had three sons, the eldest of whom, the present Thomas Norton Longman, Esq., was brought up to and pursued the same even steady course of attention to business as long as it was necessary; for it was well known that he had been left a handsome fortune, and a stock almost unequalled in value in the trade. From those sources and subsequent arrangements, and an extension of business during the last forty years, a concern has emanated, perhaps unrivalled in extent and respectability in the world. Of its benefit and utility to literature more anon.

Mr. Longman's second son, George Longman, Esq., was also left an ample fortune. He originally graduated with Mr. Chapman, an eminent wholesale stationer in King Street, Cheapside, who was in the habit, with Wright and Gill, Bowles and Gardiner, Jonathan Key, and others, of supplying the wholesale booksellers and publishers with immense quantities of paper (which requires great capital) for their standard, stock, and new books. Mr. George Longman in turn became still more largely connected with the paper trade, not only as a dealer, but also an extensive manufacturer at Maidstone, in Kent. For that borough he was an active member of Parliament for some time. He was also drawn for sheriff of London, but did not serve that office. While in business he was joined by Mr. Dickenson, who still carries on the paper trade with the most eminent booksellers in the kingdom.

Mr. Edward Longman, the third son, was intended for a naval station in the East India Company's service; but I believe he only went

one voyage, for he was quite a youth when, returning from the East Indies, an accident occurred which terminated his life. This was in 1799 or 1800. My brother-in-law was returning from India in the same ship, and had seen him reading on deck a short time before the accident occurred. He was of a quiet, retired disposition; and it was supposed that, overpowered by sleep, or from a sudden gust of wind, he slipped overboard. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain, for he sank to rise no more.

The liberal conduct of the elder Mr. Longman to his old and faithful assistant, Mr. Christopher Brown, has been noticed by me on a former occasion.

Of Thomas Norton Longman, Esq. Upwards of forty years have elapsed since this gentleman succeeded to the business of his highly-respected father, who I believe was not anxious for his extending it in new works and the miscellaneous literature of the day. Fortunately, however, for the cause of literature and authors of splendid talents, this gentleman not only branched out into its most extensive range, and entered the field of honourable competition with the first houses in Europe, but also extended his country trade at the same time. What countless sums have been transferred to authors and men of genius from this source; and what immense sums have been distributed amongst thousands of persons employed, and also in the consumption of articles manufactured.

Mr. T. N. Longman commenced business about the year 1792-3, at a period when an additional duty was imposed upon paper. At that time I assisted *Sylvester Doige* of Edinburgh (who had been unfortunate) in the sale of his stock in London, which produced a large sum in addition on that account, and in large orders which I executed for America. Notwithstanding the advance upon paper, Mr. Longman's business increased very considerably. Mr. Thomas Brown entered when very young upon the establishment, and became a most attentive, valuable, and confidential assistant.

In 1794 the late Mr. Owen Rees entered into this extensive concern, and shortly after became a partner, under the firm of Longman and Rees.

About this juncture the younger Evans, (James,) rating only as third wholesale bookseller in England, became a bankrupt, and the whole of his picked and select wholesale trade was transferred to the house of Longman and Rees, whose trade as publishers and wholesale booksellers not only rivalled the great house of the Robinsons, but within four years more it

surpassed every thing that had preceded it in extent, punctuality, and regularity.

In 1804 Mr. Thomas Hurst, with the whole of his trade and connection, with Mr. Cosmo Orme,\* and their respective capitals, joined this important establishment; and subsequently Mr. Thomas Brown and Mr. Green were declared partners, thus trading for some time under the firm of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Some years since Mr. Hurst retired from the concern.

Mr. Rees, having been forty years an active member of the concern, retired about twelve or fifteen months ago, intending to settle upon his estate in Wales. Unfortunately, however, his health, which had for some time been in a declining state, gave way, and he died, much lamented by a numerous circle of friends, in the course of a few weeks after his retirement from Paternoster Row.

The business, however, with the accession of one or two of Mr. Longman's sons, continues to be conducted upon that high principle of integrity, punctuality, and steadiness which it has ever maintained.

Were I to enter into particulars of the connection of Messrs. Longman and Co. with authors of the first rank who have congregated and met under their roof, a most entertaining and instructive volume might be formed. Suffice it to say, that among the number formerly were Johnson, Hume, Kippis, Rees, Stephens, Chalmers, and other historians and poets, as well as most of the popular dramatists during the conclusion of the last century; and in the present, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Campbell, Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Montgomery, and numberless other eminent authors. In fact, after such a display of names—such a galaxy of talent—connected with one house, who can deem that the annals of booksellers are not interesting.

I have heard it asserted, that when govern-

ment were about to impose an additional duty on paper, subsequently to that of about 1793-4, the firm of Longman and Co., and some of the best informed and enlightened members of parliament, urged such strong and unanswerable arguments against it, and its impolicy, that the idea was relinquished. I have also been told that this house had nearly 100,000*l.* embarked in various publications at the time; many of which, and thousands of others since published, would not (had the duty been imposed) have made their appearance.

Another and more serious subject, not in the way of tax, but of actual deprivation of property, has more recently been brought forward and discussed; and were it to be carried into effect, it would not only go to an actual loss of property, really bought and paid for in the most open, honourable, and liberal way, but would prove the ruin of authors as well as of booksellers. It hardly requires to be said, that I allude to the bill proposed respecting literary property, not only in a prospective, but also in a *retrospective* point of view, by renewing copyrights to authors who had been previously paid for them. Were such an act of plunder and spoliation to take place, this and every great publishing establishment in the kingdom would have just cause of complaint; indeed, not only on account of the copyrights they hold, but of the sales and transfers that have been made. Authors, have never been paid so liberally as in the nineteenth century. Witness Scott, Moore, Byron, Southey, Bulwer, and the *principal novel* and periodical writers of the day. This is not an age for such weighty productions, and in such form as the works of Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, &c.; and if the immense number of works that never half-pay the expenditure, were taken into consideration, the want of success of the bookseller cannot be matter of surprise. Sir Richard Phillips, one day asked me "how many booksellers I could recollect to have made respectable fortunes and to have retired." "Oh! scores," said I; but, on being asked to name them, I could scarcely enumerate one dozen for upwards of fifty years.

Should the Copyright Bill ever be brought forward again under such unjust pretensions, as it was in the first instance, every bookseller and publisher in the kingdom ought to come forward in the most undaunted and spirited manner to resist it in every stage of its retrospective views. The trickery and *jobbery* of Sergeant Talfourd's bill were at once fraudulent and disgusting. With reference to its prospective provisions, it would have proved equally injurious to the author as to the book-

\* Cosmo Orme, Esq., was the first to arrange and appoint an establishment for the support of decayed booksellers in old age, and was the first to bestow the liberal donation of one hundred pounds; and, subsequently to become its chairman and one of its most active advocates. Such a noble institution speaks for itself; and it may one day become as popular as that of the "Literary Fund" for the relief of authors, an establishment from which it is said the celebrated Canning and Chateaubriand at an early period received benefits, and to which they afterwards became liberal contributors. Well may it be said that, although London has been termed the sink of vice, the turrets of her charities, like so many electrical conductors, seem to avert the very wrath of heaven.

seller. However, I merely glance at the subject here, as the establishment of the Longmans and a few other great publishers, must feel it their bounded duty to protect themselves and others against such a monstrous encroachment and innovation as was meditated upon private property.

According to D'Israeli the first appearance of anything in the shape of a legal security granted to authors for their productions, was in the reign of Elizabeth. "No book was allowed to be published without the permission of the *licensors of the press*, who were instructed, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one licence for the same book. This does not, however, appear to have had the desired effect, since these persons were easily tampered with by the booksellers of those days, to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign, the office of licenser of the press was done away with, and literature received a more definite and decided protection; a limited term was granted to every author to reap the fruit of his labours; after which a man's right in his own work ceased altogether. This has been the case ever since; and with regard to any retrospective alteration in the laws, it is truly absurd.

I will now give the estimate of a modern and talented Bibliopole of the FATE OF BOOKS. "There were in 1822 one thousand books published in Great Britain, on six hundred of which there was a commercial loss,—on two hundred no gain, on one hundred a trifling gain, and only on one hundred any considerable profit: 750 are forgotten within the year, other one hundred in two years, other 150 in three years—not more than fifty survive seven years, and scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years. Of the fifty thousand books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in estimation, and of eighty thousand published in the eighteenth century, only three hundred are considered worth reprinting, and not more than five hundred sought after at the period this estimate was formed—Since the first writings, 1400 years before Christ, i. e. in 32 centuries, only about five hundred works of all writers, of all nations, have sustained themselves, against the devouring influence of time."

As I am determined to divest myself of partiality, and prejudice, I will from the same source from which the above was drawn, present you with the "False estimates of Publishers."—SIMMONS gave but five pounds to MILTON for his *Paradise Lost*. MILLAR would not give THOMSON one farthing for his *Winter*, which

THOMSON wrote in MILLAN's low house, (now a carpet warehouse,) opposite the ADMIRALTY. CAVE offered half the booksellers in LONDON half the property of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and as they all refused to engage in it, he was obliged to publish it himself. BURN visited every Publisher in LONDON, with the Manuscript of his *Justice*, for which he asked fifty pounds in vain. DR. BUCHAN offered his *Domestic Medicine*, to every principal bookseller in EDINBURGH and LONDON for one hundred pounds, without obtaining a purchaser: and after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty two shares, at fifty pounds each. COWPER, with difficulty, prevailed on JOHNSON to publish the first volume of his *Poems*, but obtained nothing for the copyright. BLOOMFIELD offered PHILLIPS the copyright of his *Farmer's Boy*, for the compliment of a dozen copies, which was rejected, and BERESFORD, the copyright of the *Miseries of Human Life* for twenty pounds, each of which supposed to have realised five thousand pounds. The Novel of *Waverley* was offered in vain to several LONDON booksellers for twenty-five or thirty pounds; and it has since realised ten thousand pounds!"

Permit me now to analyse this latter statement (the former estimate speaks for itself.) With regard to MILTON, he wrote his *Paradise Lost*, at the early dawn of literature, in the then novel style of blank verse, and the beauty of his fine poem was not appreciated at once,—his *Paradise Regained* was comparatively a failure. However, in justice, Milton's family and descendants ought to have been rewarded for the former, as it passed through succeeding editions, and doubtless would have been, in this more enlightened age.

With regard to THOMSON,—According to STEWART, THOMSON's *Winter*, lay like waste paper at the bookseller's till a gentleman of taste, MR. MITCHELL, promulgated its merit in the best circles, and then all was right. Thomson got from Andrew Millar, in 1729, one hundred and thirty seven pounds ten shillings for *Sophonisba*, a tragedy, and *Spring*, a poem. For the rest of the Seasons, and some other pieces, one hundred and five pounds of John Millar; which were again sold to Millar, nine years afterwards, for one hundred and five pounds. When Millar died, his executors sold the whole Copyright to the trade for five hundred and five pounds.

Cave, from being a Printer, and forming a literary connection with Dr. Johnson, judiciously retained the property of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and made a fortune. Had it gone into other hands a fortune might have been lost

by it. This was neither more nor less than a lottery or a mere speculation in trade. With regard to Burn he eventually received three hundred pounds from Andrew Millar, (six times as much as he at first asked) for the first edition of his *Justice of the Peace*, and he and his family continued to receive benefits from subsequent editions, as well as from his "*Ecclesiastical Law*" and from his "*History of Cumberland*." His son, Richard Burn, had all the advantages he required from his production of a Law Dictionary. With regard to Dr Buchan, whom I knew extremely well; he was most liberally and handsomely requited by the late Alderman Cadell, whom I am credibly informed paid him a considerable sum for the first edition, and continued to allow him one hundred pounds for correcting and making a trifling addition to each of the subsequent ones, which occurred almost annually, therefore there could be nothing to complain of in that case. With respect to Cowper's Poems, the first volume lay upon the shelf for some years before it was generally admired and noticed, and in fact not until the second volume was printed, from the good taste and judgment of Mr. Johnson, who no doubt handsomely rewarded Cowper, for whom he printed his blank verse translation of *Homer*, a book of dull and heavy sale\*. Of the *Farmer's Boy* when published, it was said to have gone under the alterations, pruning, and revision of the late Capel Lofft, Esq. who at first wrote it into notice. It became deservedly popular, and he received considerable sums for that and his subsequent productions. Beresford's *Miseries of Human Life*, was a whim, and a windfall, and no doubt but author and bookseller were mutually benefited. Wm. Millar, the liberal publisher, richly deserved it. *Waverley*, notwithstanding its being offered at so low a sum, eventually produced its celebrated and talented author a very considerable one, and was perhaps the cause of not only producing him 1000 or 10,000 but even 100,000£! If bookmakers did not some times obtain some prize in the lottery, our modern authors and booksellers would cut but a sorry figure.

So much for this long digression on Authors, Books, and Booksellers, which I have intro-

duced here as being more connected and associated with so eminent a publishing concern as Messrs Longman's has been for the last half century.

Ever my dear Son,  
Your affectionate Father,  
AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Lament for Murphy.—The Wassail Bowl.—The Mistletoe Song and Dance.—New Year's Gifts.—The Annuals.—Thomas à Beckett.—David, the Painter.—Mrs. Rowe.—Boërhaave, Robert Boyle, Flamsteed, and William Gifford.—Dryden and Varley.—St. Sylvester and the Miraculous Baptism of Constantine the Great.—Woodcock-shooting.—Commencement of the Year 1839.—William the Conqueror and Charles the Second.—Harold and "the Swan-necked Edith."—Superiority of the Saxon to the British Race.—Coronation of Charles the Second.—The Irish Union.—Discovery of the Planet Ceres.—Lorenzo de Medici.—Edmund Burke.—Wolfe, the Conqueror of Canada.—Roger Ascham.—Archbishop Usher.—Prayers for the Dead.

Poor, poor Murphy! The very elements combine against him! He threatened us with "rain," and "storm," on Christmas day; and, lo! we had a morning, and a day, clear and bright as in April, and a night in which the moon shone sweetly, and all the stars of Heaven seemed to vie with each other in splendour. Alas! alas! for Murphy and his predictions!

"There was an ancient custom," says Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "which is yet retained in many places, on New Year's Eve: young women went about with a Wassail bowl of spiced ale, with some sort of verses that were sung by them as they went from door to door. Wassail is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *væl hæl*, 'be in health.' 'The Wassail Bowl,' says Warton, 'is Shakspeare's gossip's bowl, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act. i. Scene 1. The composition was ale, sugar, nutmeg, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called "*Lamb's Wool*." On the vigil of the New Year, our hardy ancestors "never failed to assemble round the glowing hearth with their cheerful neighbours, and then, in the spicy Wassail bowl (which testified the goodness of their hearts) drowned every former animosity, an example worthy modern imitation."

However, there are few merrier or more innocent sports at Christmas and at the opening of the New Year, than the Mistletoe Dance—a dance which is evidently of very remote origin.

\* By the by, it has been asserted that POPE received six thousand pounds in the year that his translation of *Homer* was completed (a large sum for that period), notwithstanding the versification flowed in Pope's usual easy numbers; yet according to Dr. Johnson, although

"POPE translated *Homer*—yet they say, Broom went before, and gently swept the way."



Somebody tells us, that "as the Ivy is dedicated to Bacchus, so should the Mistletoe be to Love; not, however, to the chaste Eros, but to the sportive Cupid. The sacred regard given to it in Pagan and Druidical rites has long been terminated; but it is still beheld with emotions of pleasurable interest when hung up in our kitchens at Christmas." Illustrative of this, the following old song, though it may have been quoted a thousand times before, will not be unacceptable:—

"The Mistletoe hangs from an oaken beam,  
The Ivy creeps up the outer wall;  
The Bays our broken casements screen,  
The Holly-bush graces the hall.  
Then hey for our Christmas revelling,  
For all its pastimes pleasures bring.

The Mistletoe's berries are fair and white,  
The Ivy's of gloomy sable hue;  
Red as blood the Laurel's affect our sight,  
And the Holly's the same with prickles too.  
Then hey for our Christmas revelling,  
For all its pastimes pleasures bring.

Nor black nor consanguined red for me :—  
The Mistletoe only is my delight;  
For pure as love all its berries be,  
And to kissing my Fanny's sweet lips invite.  
Then hey for our Christmas revelling,  
For thus its symbols pleasures bring."

It is a sad thing that the ancients should have said and done all our fine sayings and doings before us! So, for want of something better, we must e'en quote, if it be only for its kindly feeling, what we have ourselves before written and quoted. "The pleasantest and the kindest of all customs at this joyous season, is that of New Year's Gifts—from the husband to the wife, from parents to their children, from masters to their servants, from the rich to the poor and needy. 'If I send a New Year's gift to my friend,' remarks old Browne, in his *Antiquitates Vulgares* 'it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor (which at this time must never be forgotten) it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts.' And this custom, too, is of very ancient derivation. In France it is kept up under the denomination of *les étrennes* with infinitely greater spirit and liberality than with us. A beautiful veil from her mother to her child—a guitar from a father to his daughter—a tea service *à l'Anglaise*, or a velvet mantelet and bonnet from the *magazin* of Simon, or of Herbault, are almost matters-of-course presents on the *Jour de l'An*." And why should we suffer the French to surpass us in any act of kindness, generosity, benevolence, or affection? Beautiful veils, and bonnets, and guitars are as plentiful in England

as they are in France; and, for the intellectual and educated, how far do not our *Annual* remembrancers—our *Forget-Me-Nots*, *Friendship's Offerings*, and many others of yet loftier aspect and pretension—excel every thing of the kind that our neighbours can produce.

But, let us not anticipate. We are not yet fairly out of the gloomy old year Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-eight.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;  
'Tis right to be honest and true;  
'Tis well to be off with the old love,  
Before we are on with the new."

The 29th of December is the anniversary of the murder of St. Thomas à Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury. This event, horrible in itself, though perhaps little to be regretted in its consequences, occurred in the year 1170, at the altar of the prelate's own cathedral. Two years afterwards, he was canonised; yet within half a century, a controversy was started amongst the doctors of the Sorbonne, whether the soul of the deceased had been saved or damned; and, in the reign of Henry VIII., he was cited to appear in court, and tried and condemned as a traitor! Beckett's "Life" was written in seven volumes, by Roger, Abbot of Crowland, who spent fifteen years in composing it. For our own part, we can perceive no impropriety in devoting *seven* volumes to the life of an eminent statesman and arch-bishop, whilst we are ourselves giving *four* to the life of an actor!

Another notorious man, of a different class—that fierce and sanguinary republican, Jacques Louis David, Buonaparte's favourite historical painter—reached his death thirteen years ago. Having narrowly escaped the guillotine, which he most richly deserved, David was permitted to die in his bed, at Brussels, on the 29th of December, 1825, at the age of 75. We wish for no greater triumph of the English over the French school of art, in historical painting, than that which was witnessed in London, a few years since, on a comparison of some of his chief productions (then exhibited in Leicester Square) with those of our own contemporary painters. In his more recent labours especially, hardness, artificialness, and an utter absence of all nature and true feeling, were most glaringly apparent.

Elizabeth Rowe, the author of "Friendship in Death," &c., died on the 29th of December, 1737, at the age of 63.

On the last day of 1838, Herman Boërhaave, one of the most celebrated physicians of modern times, and the friend of Peter the Great, will have been dead 170 years; Robert Boyle, a distinguished philosopher, worthy of being ranked with Bacon and Newton, 147 years;

John Flamsteed, Astronomer Royal, 119 years; and William Gifford, the poet and critic, 11 years.

The Hon. Robert Boyle, who was born in the same year that Lord Bacon died, (1626) particularly applied himself to chemistry, and made such discoveries in that science as could hardly be accredited upon less authority than his own. He founded the theological lecture which bears his name.

Flamsteed, who was born at Denby, in Derbyshire, in 1646, was the first Astronomer Royal; the Royal Observatory at Greenwich having been founded by King Charles the First, on the suggestion of Sir Jonas Moor, and under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, on the 10th of August, 1675. There is strong reason for suspecting, that Flamsteed, who prosecuted his studies with so much assiduity as to have been considered second only to Sir Isaac Newton, secretly studied judicial astrology as well as astronomy. "At the very minute when the foundation stone of the Observatory was laid, he constructed what is technically termed a Scheme of the Heavens. This exceedingly curious document is preserved in the Observatory in a folio vellum-bound MS. In the same volume is a ground plan of the Observatory, with different scientific entries. In another folio MS. in calf binding, is a series of autobiographical notices or memoranda, upon the dates in which the different lives which have been written of Flamsteed have been founded. However, if Flamsteed were an astrologer, he is not the only man of genius or of talent, either in past or in present times, who has been addicted to the study of the occult science. Dryden, it is well known, was an adept; and in our own day, amongst many others who might be mentioned, John Varley, one of our most original and most effective artists in water colours, stands conspicuous. Varley has astonished thousands; and, should he live, will astonish thousands more."

We are told—how pleasant it is that we are not obliged to *believe* every thing we are *told*—a strange story about St. Sylvester, a Romish priest of reputed learning and sanctity, whose festival falls on the last day of the year. On the death of Melchiades, in the fourth century, St. Sylvester succeeded to the papal chair; and it has been *said*, and *written*, that "he had the honour to baptize Constantine the Great; St. Peter and St. Paul having descended from Heaven to persuade the emperor to submit to a repetition of that rite; Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, who had already performed that sacred ceremony, 'having been an Arian, and, of course, a heretic.'"

Woodcocks are known to leave the north

with the first frost, and to travel slowly towards the south till they reach their accustomed winter quarters. The times of the appearance and disappearance of these birds in Sweden coincide exactly with those of their arrival in and return from Britain. On the Suffolk coast their autumnal and vernal appearances have been accurately noticed. They come over sparingly in the first week in October, the greater numbers not arriving till November and December, and always after sunset. Depending on the wind, so greatly has their strength been sometimes exhausted, that they have been taken by hand in the streets of Southwold. They do not come gregariously, but separate and dispersed. Woodcock-shooting commences with us at the close of the year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Well, then, the old year is gone and past—gone with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, and glorious anticipations. The sun of the first day has risen upon the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

The anniversary is a memorable one in England on many accounts, William the Conqueror was crowned on the 1st of January, 1067, 772 years ago; and, on the 1st of January, 1651, 188 years since, Charles II. was crowned. What an amusing affair might be a parallel between the two sovereigns! Three or four years since, in the grounds of Battle Abbey, Sussex, we stood upon the spot hallowed by tradition as that upon which the ill-fated Harold fell. And near that spot, in all probability traced by the sympathy and power of woman's love, were found the mutilated remains of the slain monarch by his adored mistress, "the Swan-necked Edith." With Harold, who was worthy the throne which he ascended on the death of Edward the Confessor, his brother-in-law, fell the liberties of England. It would be a curious and deeply interesting labour to trace the advantages and disadvantages which have accrued from the successful descent of the Norman host upon our island. And why, in the name of all that is ridiculous, are we proud of styling ourselves *Britons*? We are *not* Britons: we are *Saxons*, in every sense of the word—a greater, a nobler, a more heroic race than ever were the *Britons*. If any one question the superiority of the Saxons in arts or in arms—in physical prowess or in intellectual vigour and capacity—in all that adorns the mind, or exalts and ennobles the heart—let him examine, physiologically and phrenologically, the *crania* of the respective races. The *Britons* were conquered by the *Romans*: they not only succumbed to the conquerors of the world, but they shewed themselves inca-

pable of improvement by the lessons of adversity or the lessons of civilization, for which they were indebted to their masters. When left to themselves, with all the advantages which they *ought* to have derived from long association with the Romans, they were unable to protect themselves against a comparatively feeble enemy; they meanly called in the Saxons to their aid; in turn, they suffered themselves to be defeated, routed, and crushed by them as they had before suffered themselves to be defeated, routed, and crushed by the Romans; the Saxons chased them like affrighted deer into their woods, their strongholds, and their mountain fastnesses, and in *their* place assumed for ever the rule and sovereignty of the island. And still—notwithstanding the Norman descent—*still* we are *Saxons*. The Norman conquest was the conquest of the *country*, not of the *people*; and though, to the improvement of the race, great uniting with great, a portion of high Norman blood is infused amongst us *still* the *body* of the people is *Saxon*.

It was after the Scots had urged, or rather compelled Charles II. to take the Covenant oath, that they crowned him king at Scone, on the first of January, 1651. The horse on which the king rode at his coronation in England was bred and presented to him by Thomas Fairfax, the parliamentary general.

Since the Union of Ireland with England, thirty-eight years have elapsed. On the same day (January 1, 1801) Piazzi, an eminent Italian astronomer, discovered the planet Ceres Ferdinandea.

Lorenzo de Medici the Magnificent was born on New Year's Day, 1448. In wisdom and moderation, in magnanimity and splendour, he surpassed all preceeding members of his family; while in active zeal for the arts and sciences, he also greatly excelled them. "Nothing could exceed the exertions he made for the improvement of literature; and he died in the zenith of his renown, in 1492, honoured by all the princes of Europe, beloved by his fellow citizens, and almost worshipped by the votaries of learning and the arts at home and abroad." Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* is a lasting monument of his and of its author's fame.

Edmund Burke, another intellectual colossus, was born on New Year's Day, 1730. He died in 1797.

The heroic Wolfe, who achieved the conquest of Canada, and sealed it with his blood, on the 13th of September 1759, was born on the 1st of January, 1727.

Roger Ascham, Latin secretary to Edward the VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, died on the 2nd of January, 1568. Ascham

taught Elizabeth to write, and instructed her in the Greek and Latin languages. Queen Bessy did her writing master credit, for, as her autographs testify, she wrote a noble hand.

Archbishop Usher, an eminent antiquary, historian, and divine, was born on the 4th of January, 1580. He was much courted by Cromwell, who was proud of expressing his regard for so great and so good a man. He was buried with great pomp in Westminster, in 1656, Cromwell bearing half the expense of his funeral. As it has been recently decided, that "prayers for the dead are not a popish rite," we say—*Requiescat in pace*.

#### THE CLOSING YEAR.

TIME has issued his warrant, and soon will the year, Engulphed in the stream of the past, disappear; And oh! 'twill be ours to lament with its flight Those visions of hope, and those images bright, Whose glory by darkness is veiled in a cloud, Whose beauty is pale in the death-robing shroud: How many will sigh for the year that is gone— How many the new one find cheerless and lone!

Oh! that in the year which is passing away, We could look back with pleasure and peace on each day, And, with consciences free from reproach and from pain, Feel that mercy had not been extended in vain: No thoughts of regret would our bosoms invade, For the havoc which Time in his progress had made, Since the flowers which his scythe had cut down in their bloom, We should meet where triumphant no more is the tomb.

May the year that is coming bring grace on its wing, And around us its shadow may happiness fling; May the griefs we have known be dispersed like the night, And the hearts that we love still remain to delight; And should we be destined to number with those To whom the year opens, but never may close, May our lives have been such that nor tear-drop nor sigh Shall escape to proclaim it is painful to die.

WILLIAM GASPEY.

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

##### THE BRITISH NAVY, RUSSIA, &c.\*

WHEN we took up Mr. Stephens's volumes, indicated below, we naturally expected that they would put us in possession of some important information as to the actual state of the Russian navy; a navy by which that of Great Britain has lately been threatened to be swept from the

\* Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires. By J. L. Stephens, Esq. Author of Incidents of "Travel in the Holy Land." 2 vols. post 8vo. Bentley. 1839.



seas. We do not say that Russia herself has threatened this, ambitious and daring as she is known to be: no, the threat has emanated from some of our own degenerate fellow-countrymen—weak or mischievous alarmists, who seem to derive pleasure and enjoyment from aught that may tend to place their own government and nation in a degraded or humiliating point of view. France also, might, by her superior naval force, if she chose, assail, burn, and destroy the shipping in our harbours—ravage our coast towns—and even seize and carry off our gracious Queen from Brighton, or from any other watering place where she might happen to be inhaling the fresh breeze of the ocean. For our own part we have no fears.

On the point referred to, Mr. Stephens's book has disappointed us. However, as we feel the subject to be one of vital interest, we cannot refrain from availing ourselves of the opportunity which presents itself for shewing that the navy of Britain is by no means in that feeble or despicable state, either in itself or comparatively, that the alarmists have represented. For this gratifying opportunity we are indebted to *The Naval and Military Gazette*, one of the most impartial, best-informed, and best conducted journals of the metropolis. From a long and detailed statement we copy the following brief passages, which contain facts abundantly sufficient for our present purpose.

"Since 1836 the navy of England has been strengthened in the number and force of the ships in commission, and a large fleet has been brought forward and partially prepared for sea, as 'demonstration ships,' which might be fully equipped at a short notice in the event of emergency. The Whigs have also added 5,000 men to the navy, and introduced the extended system of apprenticeship, thus providing for the rearing of seamen attached to the service, and perfectly acquainted with their duty. By them also the seamen gunnery has been brought to a state of perfection, and the ordinary has been rendered efficient as a provision for manning sea-going ships; and whatever may be said as to the advantage or disadvantage, in a scientific point of view, of the system of ship-building introduced by the present surveyor of the navy, nobody can deny that he has constructed more formidable fighting ships, and rendered the same class of English vessels better able to cope with those of foreign powers."

Again:—

"Let us refer to the grossly exaggerated statements which have been put forth respecting the naval force of other powers, merely premising that we make no assertions that we are not prepared to prove by reference to public documents or other satisfactory evidence. First, then, we are told that the French navy exceeds our own in numbers and in strength. What is the fact? France has forty-nine sail-of-the-line, including all that are in commission, building, ordered to be built, or are mere hulks. England has eighty good

line-of-battle ships in a more or less serviceable state, besides hulks, receiving ships, coal depots, &c. Of these eighteen are first-rates, carrying from 104 to 120 guns; and twenty second-rates, of from 80 to 92 guns. Again, we find it stated that the French ships are nearly all new, when the fact is, that only four sail-of-the-line have been launched from the French arsenals since 1830, a period of eight years, while no less than thirty of our ships have never been to sea since they were launched. Further, instead of twenty two sail-of-line in commission, as stated by Mr. Urquhart, and re-echoed by the alarmists of the press, France has only eleven in commission. England has twenty-one. Nor has France increased her navy since the war, for in 1816 she had 72 sail-of-the-line, while at present she has only 49, 12 of which are building, and a great majority of the remainder would require repairs before going to sea. As to the United States, it is seriously affirmed in some of the journals that the American navy exceeds our own, though 12 sails-of-the-line are all they possess, including those building on the stocks, decayed hulks, and the federal government has only two sail-of-the-line in commission. With respect to Russia, her fleet in the Black Sea, which last year consisted of twelve sail-of-the-line, since reduced by the storms of last summer to nine, must be accounted as nothing while Turkey has the command of the Dardanelles, and continues her relations with England. Her Baltic fleet two years since mustered twenty eight sail-of-the-line: but it is well known that many of these are crazy ships, utterly unfit to leave the Baltic; and it may be safely said that fifteen-sail-of-the-line are as many as Russia could trust on a voyage into the Channel, for if ever so quixotic, she could not leave her own coast altogether unprotected. And is England, which the world could not bow, to be frightened at the idea of fifteen Russian line-of-battle ships making their appearance on our shores? our tars would soon give a good account of them."

We have said that Mr. Stephens's book has disappointed us on the score of information relative to the Russian navy. So also has it disappointed us respecting that of Turkey.

Mr. Stephens, however, (who is an American,) is a pleasant, gossiping, and amusing writer; and his volumes are well stocked with anecdotes, personal adventures, and miscellaneous notices by the thousand. If not very new in his statements, he is at least agreeable. Here is an account of a laughable rencontre in Poland, very similar to one which occurred to us a few years since in France.

"I was almost asleep, when I noticed a strapping big man, muffled up to the eyes, standing at my feet and looking in my face. I raised my head, and he walked round, keeping his eyes fixed upon me, and went away. Shortly after he returned, and again walking round, stopped and addressed me, 'Sprechen sie Deutsch?' I answered by asking him if he could speak French; and not being able, he went away. He returned again, and again walked round as before, looking steadily in my face; I rose on my elbow, and followed him with my eyes till I had turned completely round with him, when he stopped as if satisfied with his observations, and in his broad-

est vernacular opened bluntly, 'Had'n't we better speak English?' I need not say that I entirely agreed with him. I sprang up, and catching his hand, asked what possessed him to begin upon me in Dutch; he replied by asking why I had answered in French, adding that his stout English figure ought to have made me know better; and after mutual good-natured recriminations, we kicked my straw bed about the floor, and agreed to make a night of it. He was the proprietor of a large iron manufactory, distant about three days' journey, and was then on his way to Warsaw. He went out to his carriage, and one of his servants produced a stock of provisions like the larder of a well-furnished hotel; and as I had gone to bed supperless, he seemed a good, stout, broad-shouldered guardian angel sent to comfort me. We sat on the back seat of the carriage, making a table of the front; and when we had finished, and the fragments were cleared away, we stretched our legs on the table, lighted our pipes, and talked till we fell asleep on each other's shoulder. Notwithstanding our intimacy so far, we should not have known each other by daylight, and at break of day we went outside to examine each other. It may, however, perhaps hardly worth while to retain a recollection of features; for, unless by some such accident as that which brought us together, we never shall meet again. We wrote our names in each other's pocket-book as a memorial of our meeting, and at the same moment started on our opposite roads."

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Stephens's work is devoted to the state of Poland, historical and political; but it is too long for the purpose of extract. All that we can further find room for, and that with some difficulty, is the author's description of the salt mines of Cracow, into which he descended. Having reached the bottom—

"We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopled with upward of two thousand souls, and giving a complete idea of a subterranean world. These mines are known to have been worked upward of six hundred years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as twelve hundred and thirty-seven, under Boleslaus the Chaste, and then not as a new discovery, but how much earlier they had existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is, that a sister of St. Casimer, having lost a gold ring, prayed to St. Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream that, by digging in such a place, she would find a treasure far greater than that she had lost, and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of apartments; the whole length of the excavations is more than six thousand feet, or three quarters of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than two thousand feet; and there are so many turnings and windings that my guide told me, though I hardly think it possible, that the whole length of all the passages cut through this bed of salt amounts to more than three hundred miles. Many of the chambers are of immense size. Some are supported by timber. others

by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps eighty feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless subterranean cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering nearly the whole area. When the King of Saxony visited this place in eighteen hundred and ten, after taking possession of his moiety of the mines as Duke of Warsaw, this portion of them was brilliantly illuminated, and a band of music, floating on the lake, made the roof echo with patriotic airs. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by a rope, the dim light of torches, and the hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of a passage across the Styx: and we had a scene which might have entitled us to a welcome from the prince of the infernals, for our torch-bearers quarrelled, and in a scuffle that came near carrying us all with them, one was tumbled into the lake. Our Charon caught him, and, without stopping to take him in, hurried across, and as soon as we landed beat them both unmercifully.

From this we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatchets, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to suit the size of barrels. With their black faces begrimed with dust and smoke, they looked by the light of the scattered torches like the journeymen of Beelzebub, the prince of darkness, preparing for some great blow-up, or like the spirits of the damned condemned to toil without end. My guide called up a party, who disengaged with their pickaxes a large block of salt from its native bed, and in a few minutes cut and trimmed it to fit the barrels in which they are packed. All doubts as to their being creatures of our upper world were removed by the eagerness with which they accepted the money I gave them: and it will be satisfactory to the advocates of that currency to know that paper money passes readily in these lower regions.

We are under the necessity of abruptly breaking off, but shall finish this interesting extract next week.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of The Aldine Magazine.*

### THE GREENWICH RAILWAY.

SIR,—I was glad to see your notice of what you justly term "the crying and daily increasing nuisance of the Railroads." The imposition practised by the Directors of the Greenwich Railway, on its completion and opening, will I trust ere long cure itself. The fares are now advanced from 6d. to 8d. for the second class carriages, and to a 1s. for the first class. Tolerable, perhaps, for persons residing in the neighborhood of Gracechurch Street; but how are the west-end people to be advantaged by it? I live in the vicinity of Charing Cross; consequently, I can go to Greenwich in an omnibus for 9d., or in a coach for a 1s.; but, should the fancy take for a trip by the Railway in preference, I must "pay for my whistle," by a long and disagreeable walk, or by disbursing an extra sixpence, shilling, or eighteen pence, before I

can arrive at the starting place of the train, near the southern part of London bridge.

Such, upon a small scale, is the *economy* induced by Railway travelling. I am, &c.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

[Extract of a Letter from "AN OLD BOOKSELLER'S SON," at Rome.]

"Rome, —, 1838.

I HAVE just returned from the Corse (course) a street so called, as there are horse races there every day of the Carnival; and this was its eighth and last day, distinguished by one of the most curious customs I ever witnessed. This street, which runs in a straight line almost through Rome, and is one of the finest, has been, for the time mentioned, full of maskers, in carriages and on foot, pelting their acquaintances with sham and real sweetmeats, but principally the latter. The people in fact (although naturally rather grave, and in this respect unlike the rest of Italy) seem just now literally mad, and amusements of the most ludicrous nature are carried on. The Horse Races are pretty as they run this long line without riders, between a double row of spectators, on the foot path on each side. They carry their own spurs, which are little balls full of spikes, that slap against the horses' sides. But the scene I have just witnessed surpasses all description, and is the finest of the Carnival. It is the same custom as one I described at Pisa, yet there is hardly a comparison between the two. This immense street is filled, from one end to the other, with lights in the air (by means of long rods) in the windows, balconies, in carriages, and in the hands of foot-passengers masked. The windows and fronts of the houses, hung with rich tapestries; the costumes; the beauty of the women; the excitement of the maskers, combined to produce a scene I shall not forget. The object is to put out these lights, with long flags, handkerchiefs, feathers, &c. the whole of which is conducted with perfect good temper. Every group was a picture; their lovely Italian faces, rich costumes, animated expressions, by the light of their tapers, in a thousand ways bewildered me with pleasure and delight, and I intend to commence to-morrow some sketches of it. All is now silent, except a troop of maskers near me, who are dinning the ears of a woman with the rough music of kettles, &c. for having married a month after her first husband died. To night all Rome is surfeited with an excess of eating. To-morrow begins with fasting and praying. ADIEU.

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

Chatterton.

William Bradford Smith was Chatterton's bosom friend; in fact they were birds of a feather. He was the person to whom Chatterton addressed the letter commencing "Infallible Doctor." He was not a medical man, but, after various vicissitudes of fortune, went upon the stage, and wrote verses in torrents daily to within a few hours of his death, which happened only three years ago. He had once a quantity of the youth's autographs, but he gave them away or

lost them. To the last he never would believe that Chatterton was the author of "The Poems." "What sir," he would say, "he write *Rowley*! No, no, no! I knew him well; he was a clever fellow, but could not write *Rowley*. There was a mystery about 'The Poems' beyond me, but Tom no more wrote them than I did; he could not." Such was the undeviating opinion of Chatterton's every-day companion.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## Old Rules for Purchasing Land.

The following rules are copied from a work entitled "*A Book of the Arte and Manner how to plant and graffe all Sorts of Trees, &c.*" translated from the French by Leonard Mascall, dedicated to Sir John Paulet, Knt., Lord St. John, and printed by John Wyghte, or Wight, in 1586:—

"Who so will be wise in purchasing,  
Let him considere these points following.  
First see that the lande be cleare,  
In title of the sellar,  
And that it stand in danger,  
Of no woman's dowrie.  
See whether the tenure be bond or free,  
And release of euerie feoffee.  
See that the seller be of age,  
And that it lie not in mortgage.  
Whether a taile be thereout found,  
And whether it stand in statute bound.  
Consider what seruice longeth thereto,  
And what quitrent thereto must go.  
And if it be come of a wedded woman,  
Think thou then on couert baron.  
And if you may in any wise,  
Make thy charter with warrantise.  
To thee, thine heires, assignes also,  
Thus should a wise purchaser do."

## Poetical Catalogue.

The following poetical catalogue of the authors of the celebrated library of Egbert, Archbishop of York, is perhaps the oldest catalogue in all the regions of literature, certainly the oldest in England. It was written by Flaccus Alcuinus, the preceptor of Charlemagne, and librarian to Archbishop Egbert:—

"HERE, duly placed on consecrated ground,  
The studied works of many an age are found;  
The ancient FATHERS' reverend remains;  
The ROMAN LAWS, which freed a world from chains;  
Whate'er of lore passed from immortal Greece  
To Latian lands, and gained a rich encrease.  
All that blest Israel drank in showers from heaven,  
Or Afric sheds soft as the dew of even.  
Jerom the father, 'mong a thousand sons,  
And Hilary, whose sense profusely runs;  
Ambrose, who nobly guides both church and state;  
Augustin, good and eminently great;  
And holy Athanasius—sacred name!  
All that proclaims Orosius' learned fame.  
Whate'er the lofty Gregory hath taught,  
Or Leo pontiff—good without a fault,  
With all that shines illustrious in the page;  
Or Basil eloquent—Fulgentius sage;  
And Cassiodorus with a consul's power,  
Yet eager to improve the studious hour;  
And Chrysostom, whose fame immortal flies,  
Whose style, whose sentiment, demand the prize.

All that *Adhelmus* wrote, and all that flows  
 From *Beda's* fruitful mind in verse and prose.  
 Lo! *Victorinus*, and *Boetius*, hold  
 A place for sage philosophy of old.  
 Here sober *history* tells her ancient tale,  
*Pompey* to charm, and *Pliny* never fail;  
 The *Stagyrite* unfolds his searching page,  
 And *Tully* flames, the glory of his age.  
 Here you may listen to *Sedulian* strains,  
 And sweet *Juvencus*' lays delight the plains.  
*Alcuin*, *Paulinus*, *Prosperi*, sing or show  
 With *Clemens* and *Arator* all they know;  
 What *Fortunatus* and *Lactantius* wrote;  
 What *Virgil* pours in many a pleasing note;  
*Statius*, and *Lucan* and the polished sage;  
 Whose *Art of Grammar* guides a barbarous age.  
 In fine, whate'er the immortal masters taught,  
 In all their rich variety of thought.  
 And as the names sound from the roll of fame,  
*Donatus*, *Focas*, *Prician*, *Probas* claim  
 An honoured place—and *Servius* joins the band,  
 While also move, with mien formed to command,  
*Euticius*, *Pompey*, and *Commenius*, wise  
 In all the lore antiquity supplies.  
 Here the pleased reader cannot fail to find  
 Other famed masters of the arts refined,  
 Whose numerous works penned in a beauteous style,  
 Delight the student, and all care beguile;  
 Whose names, a lengthened and illustrious throng,  
 I waive at present, and conclude my song."

### NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*Heads of the People taken off by Quizfizzz.* No. II.  
 Tyas. 1838.

At the moment when we received No. II. of this amusing and exceedingly clever periodical, our time and space were sufficient only for the mention of its four "Heads."—The Lion, The Medical Student, The Maid of All Work, and The Fashionable Physician. We therefore need not apologise for reverting to it, for the purpose of giving one brief extract (we wish we could quote the whole) from Henry Brownrigg's description of "The 'Lion' of a Party."—incomparably the best illustration of the whole. Here is the introduction—a thing of life.

"A Subtle Italian, no less a man than the Count Pecchio, has called London 'the grave of great reputations.' In simple, prosaic phrase, this our glorious metropolis is—a vast cemetery for 'Lions!' They are whelped every season; and, frail and evanescent as buttercups, they every season die; that is, they do not die body and bones, but have a most fatal cutaneous and depilatory disorder—a mortality that goes skin-deep, and little more—a disease that strips them of their hide, and tail, and mane; yea, that makes the very 'Lions' that, but a few months since, shook whole coteries with the thunder of their voices, roar as 'gently as any sucking-doves.' The ferocious dignity of the 'Lion' in fine condition—the grimness of his smile—the lashing might of his muscular tail—all the grand and terrible attributes of the leonine nature, pass away with the season—he is no longer a thing of wonder, a marvellously-gifted creature, at which

"—the boldest hold their breath,  
 For a time."

but a mere biped—simply, a human animal—a man,

and nothing more! He walks and talks unwatched amid a crowd; and spinsters who, but a year before, would have scarcely suppressed 'a short, shrill shriek' at his approach, let him pass with an easy and familiar nod—it may be, even with a nod of patronage; or, if it happen that they remember his merits of the past season, they speak of them with the same philosophical coldness with which they would touch upon the tails and ears of a long-departed spaniel.

It is a sad thing for a 'Lion' to outlive his majesty; to survive his nobler attributes,—it may be, lost to him in the very prime of life, thus leaving him bereft of all life's graces. And yet, how many men—'Lions' once, with flowing manes, and tails of wondrous length and strength—have almost survived even the recollection of their leonine greatness, and, conforming to the meekness and sobriety of tame humanity, might pass for nobodies.

At page 34, we find a most pungent piece of satire—the *more pungent* because *literally true*—we can OURSELVES vouch for its truth—on the fierce rapacity of certain fashionable and ARISTOCRATIC contributors to certain fashionable annuals, which Mr. Brownrigg knows as well as we know, it would be no difficult task to name.

### THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

Either in this super-philosophical age, pantomime is going out of fashion, or our theatrical managers have lost the art of its manufacture. Harlequins and columbines, pantaloons and clowns, are not the same sort of things now that they were when Follet, with his hanging sleeves, used to swallow carrots by the bunch for the delectation of George III., or when Joe Grimaldi made faces and threw himself into every possible and impossible posture to excite the risible muscles of children of every age from a twelvemonth to three-fourths of a century. More recently we were accustomed for several seasons to gaze with delight upon the beautiful and instructive panoramas of Stanfield, the Grieves, &c., productions which, by their pictorial excellence, reflected credit upon the state of the fine arts in this country. Even these are now discontinued, and we have little to occupy their place but the most wretched mummery and contemptible burlesques of Fairy Tales.

Let us glance for a moment at the exhibitions of Monday evening. At Drury Lane, after the almost sacrilegious performance upon such an occasion of the two first acts of Bellini's *Sonnambula*, was given what was termed a new grand comic pantomime, under the title of *Harlequin and Jack Frost*, or *Old Goody Hearty*. The title in a great measure tells the story—at least, all of it that is necessary to be known. Wieland, as the Clown, was, as he always is excellent. Yates and the Bayaderes were miserably introduced, and though the burlesque Bayadere swallowed a red-hot poker, even that failed to please the enlightened galleries. A mock Van Amburgh Academy for Brute-taming followed, and, after that, the real Van Amburgh with his real Lions. Another attraction was attempted by the members of the Lehmann and Winther families, who performed some very clever tricks, but without much apparent effect upon the audience. Even the little boys and girls seemed too fastidious to be pleased without knowing why.

Covent Garden was not very elaborate in its attempt. There, after *Jane Shore*, was a tragi-comic pantomime, called *Harlequin and Fair Rosamond*. One of the pleasantest points was the "dagger dance" of the Bayaderes given in the scene of Hyde Park Fair, pantaloons beating time with broken crockery. Van Amburgh's menagerie was brought forward with laughable effect. The *Clown* stirs up the African lion with a red-hot poker, draws his teeth, and then (notwithstanding the beast wags his tail portentously) puts his head into his mouth, and finally creeps in on all fours. The cage is thrown open by accident, and all the beasts and beastesses charge the crowds in Hyde Park. Two leopards seize on the well-filled pockets of *Pantaloons* for "their fairing," and two bears fight for a big boy, whom they seize trundling a hoop.

The Haymarket, less ambitious than its neighbours, had no pantomime at all, nor was there any other novelty as a substitute; consequently it was less crowded. *The Youthful Queen*, and *O'Flannigan and the Fairies*, and *Tom Noddy's Secret*, were, however, performed with considerable spirit.

Yates, at the Adelphi, appears to have been more successful than most of his rivals. *Jim Crow* was jumped with unwearied and unwearied agility; *Nicholas Nickleby* had his due number of admirers; and the evening was wound up with *Harlequin and the Silver Dove*, or *the Fairy of the Golden Ladder*. It served as a vehicle for some very pretty scenery, and various pleasant tricks and transformations.

At the Olympic Mr. Charles Mathews made his first appearance since his return from America. It was in the second piece of the evening, *Patter versus Clatter*, that he came forward looking full of life and health, though almost as thin as his father was when Tate Wilkinson told him he was only fit to play the starved apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and would require stuffing for that. For several minutes the performance could not go on for the cheering from all parts of the house, and cries of "Welcome back to England!" The cordiality of this reception appeared in some degree to overset him. He soon recovered his self-possession, however, and rattled away with infinite volubility through his monologue and the interspersed songs. He announced his own re-appearance "every night," amid much applause, and was afterwards called before the curtain, in order no doubt, as the audience and probably he himself expected, to make a speech. But his heart was too much in his mouth to allow of success in this attempt. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "I really—I thank you, with all my heart. I—but I cannot answer kindness. Where I thought I was ill-used, the words flowed, and I spoke as if—Really, Ladies and Gentlemen, you imagine for me what I should say, for I cannot—cannot say it;" and with this, off he ran.

The Surrey treated its visitors with *Oliver Twist*, and after that with a pantomime, entitled *Harlequin and the Enchanted Figs*, or *the Little Yellow Man of the Golden Mountains*, founded on a well-known nursery tale. The scenery was well painted, and great praise is due to Mr. P. Phillip's *Pictorial Annual*, or *Grand Diorama*, which represents a tour on the Danube, commencing with a view of Belgrade, passing on to Buda and Brest, and then tracing in its course the valley and fortress of Bretko, the

castle and ramparts of Presburg, the market-place of Oedenburg, Vienna at Sunset, Schoenbrunn, Durenstein, and St. Michael Melk, and finally Ratisbon, with the French troops forcing the passage of the bridge against the Austrians, and Napoleon wounded.

The Victoria also had a harlequinade called *Harlequin and the Sprite of the Elfin Glen*; "romantic, germanic, legendary, serio and opertica."

The City of London Theatre had a new dramatic drama called *the Scarlet Mantle*; which was followed by Moncrieff's whimsical trifle *The Kingdom of Women*; to which was added, a pantomime bearing the title of *Jane Shore*; or, *Harlequin and the Baker of Shoreditch*.

If at any of the Houses a deficiency of quality have been detected, there certainly was none of quantity.

## NECROLOGY.

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, the 18th of December, at his residence, Brook Green, Hammersmith, died Mr. James Moyes, an eminent printer, of Castle Street, Leicester Square. As a personal friend, we had long nown and highly esteemed him, for he was worthy of all love. We first knew him, as reader, at Mr. Gold's office, in Shoe Lane, formerly the depository of Cox's celebrated Museum, and now, we believe, the printing office of the *Morning Herald* and of the *Whitehall Chronicle*.

Mr. Moyes was next in Greville Street, Hatton Garden, in business as a printer on his own account. There, if we mistake not, he sustained considerable loss by fire. Subsequently, he had a new and spacious office erected for him—one of the most compact and commodious in London—at the bottom of Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. There, from a variety of circumstances, over which he could have had no controul, the calamity of failure in business overtook him. This event preyed deeply on his health, and, for a time, his reason was dispaired of. Fortunately for himself, his family, and his friends, he recovered; and, from that time until his death, he carried on, in Castle Street, one of the most respectable and most flourishing businesses in London. Considering the extent of his connexion, it was singularly select, and of high character.

For many years, Mr. Moyes printed that most deservedly successful publication *The Literary Gazette*.

Mr. Moyes was a native of Scotland, and was, we believe, rather more than 60 years of age. He was twice married: his second wife was the daughter of Benjamin Oakley, Esq., formerly of Catherine Streets in the Strand. That lady, with a young family of a son and three daughters, survives him to lament her loss.

Mr. Moyes was a man of regular and active habit; of a mild, cheerful, and truly amiable disposition; and, with his intimates, kind, liberal, and somewhat facetious in manner. As a man of ability in his profession, no one ranked above him. All his transactions were characterised by the strictest integrity and honour. In all the social relations of life—as a friend, husband, and father—Moyes was, in the best and in every sense of the expression, a good man.

DR. POUQUEVILLE, an intelligent physician and traveller, who died at Paris on the 21st instant, was

a native of Normandy, and was born in the year 1770. In 1798, he accompanied the memorable French expedition to Egypt, in his professional capacity. After a residence of some months in that country, he embarked in a Leghorn tartan with the view of returning to Europe. On his way home he was captured by a Barbary corsair, stripped of all that he possessed, and put on shore, with some French invalid officers, on the coast of the Morea. Thence he was sent to Constantinople, and confined in the prison of the Seven Towers. On his return to France, in 1803, he resumed the study of medicine, and delivered publicly a thesis on the plague of the East. In 1805, he was appointed consul-general in Greece, an office which he held till 1818. He was long a resident at Janina, the capital of the celebrated Ali Pacha.

Dr. Pouqueville published "A Journey in the Morea, to Constantinople, in Albania, and in several other parts of the Ottoman Empire," in three volumes octavo; "A Journey in Continental Greece;" a "History of the Regeneration of Greece," and some other works.

Dr. Pouqueville was a member of the French Institute, and of several other learned and scientific societies.

## VARIETIES.

*Copy of a Letter written by a Poet to his Tailor.*—  
"Sir, as my coat is doomed to run through a third edition, I hope you will add a stripe to the skirts by way of appendix.

*Friendship.*—The flame of friendship shines but in the night of life; for the sun of prosperity overpowers its rays.

*The facetious surgeon E*—, speaking of a frisky matron of eighty, compared her to Mount Ætna, crowned with snow, and lined with fire.

*Blackfriars Bridge.*—When will this awfully dangerous entrance into the great city of London be completely finished, in its repairs, and at what cost? The expense of building it was 152,840*l.*, and as Westminster Bridge is not more than 400 feet longer than Blackfriars, it probably did not cost 70,000*l.* more.

A German writer observes, that in England there is such a *scarcity of thieves*, they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

*Printing and Binding.*—When the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, and a man of talent, as minister to the Congress. "Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll *print* the independence of America, and M. Girard will *bind* it."

*Copied from a Provincial Print.*—Wants a situation in an Academy, as Latin Assistant, a middle-aged man of good morals, who can eat anything, drink anything, and sleep on anything.

*Horne Tooke, and Wilkes.*—On one occasion, Horne Tooke wrote a challenge to John Wilkes, who was then one of the Sheriffs for the County of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalized himself in a most determined affair with Martin on account of the No. 45, in the North Briton; and he wrote to Horne the following laconic reply to the challenge. "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of any desperado that may be tired of his life, but as I am at present High

Sheriff for the City of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my *official capacity*, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavours to save you."

N.B. Horne was on the eve of trial for high treason, with several others.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE MARRIAGE SYSTEM," in our next, if possible.

We have not forgotten Θ.

## ERRATA.

At page 55 of our last, col. 2, lines 38 and 39 from the top for "Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was crowned on Christmas Day, 1642; 196 years ago"—read "Christmas Day, 496, 1342 years ago."

At page 56, col. 2, line 7 of the second stanza of MUSIC AT SEA, for—

"He's sitting near that fond true heart,"

read—

"He's nestling near, &c."

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

In demy quarto, embellished with copper-plates, containing many hundred drawings, explanatory of the letter-press, Part I. of "*The Workwoman's Guide*, containing instructions to the Inexperienced in Cutting out and Completing those Articles of Wearing Apparel which are usually made at Home; also, Explanations of Upholstery, House Linen, Straw Plaiting, Bonnet Making, and Knitting." By a Lady.

We are informed that a new Poem entitled "*The Ante-diluvian, or the World Destroyed*," is just ready, which is said to possess great interest.

Dr. Curie's "*Domestic Homæopathy*."

An *Exposition on the first Eleven Chapters of the Book of Genesis*, by the late P. Henry. 18mo.

## BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Journal and Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn, new edition, 12mo. abridged, 9s. cloth. Biddulph's Plain Sermons, third series, 12mo. 3s. cloth. East on Afflictions and Desertions, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth. Ferguson's Essays on the Diseases of Women, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards. The Widow of Barnaby, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s. boards. Churton's Portrait and Landscape Gallery, second series, 8vo. 21s. boards. Ancient Scottish Melodies, 4to. 42s. cloth. Coleridge's Church and State and Lay Sermons, fcap. 7s. 6d. cloth. Montague's Selections from Taylor, Latimer, Hall &c., fcap. 5s. cloth. Hexametrical Experiments, "four of Virgil's Pastorals," 4to. 12s. d. Illustrated Family Bible and Concordance, 52s. 6d., large paper 73s. 6d. cloth. Our Neighbourhood, by Mrs. Cameron, fcap. 5s. cloth. Grammar of Law, by a Barrister, 12mo. 5s. cloth. The Land of Promise, an important History of South Australia, 8s. cloth. Goldsmith's England Abridged, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound. Furlong's Hints towards the Improvement of Female Education, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth. Ferguson's Complete System of Arithmetic, 18mo. 1s. cloth. The Northumbrian Mirror, 12mo. 5s. cloth. Oxelen's Sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms, 12mo. 5s. cloth. Chalmers' (Rev. Dr.) Lectures on the Romans, vol. 2, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth. Doddsley and Rivington's Annual Register, 1837, 8vo. 16s. boards. Selma, a Tale of the Sixth Crusade, fcap. 7s. cloth. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, vol. 42, "Monkeys" &c. 4s. 6d. cloth. The Pictorial History of England, vol. 2, super royal 8vo. 94s. cloth. Wilson's Guide to the Paris Hospitals, 18mo. 3s. cloth. Key to a collection of Medical Formule, by Dr. Spillan, 48mo. 2s. cloth. The East India Register, 1839, 10s. swd. The Hand Book of Magic, 18mo. 1s. cloth.

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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

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## THE "SLANG" STYLE.

Is a father were desirous that his son should be imbued with the principles of true religion—that he should be bred in the observance and practice of the soundest morality—that he should acquire a nice and lofty sense of honour—that he should be devoted, life and soul, to all that is good, and great, and noble, and god-like in our nature—that he should aim at becoming the pattern, the model, the paragon, the glory of his race—what are the measures that he would pursue for the attainment of his purpose? Would he initiate him in the mysteries of vice—render him familiar with the lowest of the low, the most degraded of our species? Or, would he train him in the paths of virtue—introduce him to the temple of the goddess—and point his emulation to the learned, the wise, the heroic, the philosophical, of present and past ages?

If a mother were anxious—and what mother is not thus anxious—that her daughter, with all the loveliness should retain all the pristine innocence of her sex—that, as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a wife, a mother, she should be chaste, and virtuous in all her actions of life—what would be *her* conduct? Would she place before her child, as objects of study and imitation, the Rebeccas, the Portias, the Lucretias of ancient times? Or, would she paint, in bright and alluring colours, the deeds of a Helen, a Thais, an Aspasia, a Messalina, or a Catherine de Medici?

Surely these questions are self-answered.

It was a maxim of the ancient Romans, that no indecent word should greet the ear, no unseemly or immodest word the eye, of their youth. And are we, professors of the Christian faith, and living in a civilised and philosophical age, less correct in our morals, less tender in our sense of delicacy and propriety, than were the heathens of antiquity?

Few are the accidents of life that tend more to meliorate, to refine, to enlarge, and to elevate the mind than the study of high art, whether in painting or in sculpture—the works, for

instance, of Raffaele, Corregio, Michael Angelo, and others. It is hardly possible for us to contemplate and analyse a fine picture, or statue, or an exquisite group of sculpture, without becoming wiser and better, and more amiable, by the process. We depart from the scene with our intellectual sense expanded, with our feelings harmonised, with an increased and more intense love of our species, and with our souls attuned to the admiration and worship of the Creator of all good.

If such be the effect of studying and familiarising ourselves with the noblest productions of *art*, what may we not hope for from contemplating and emulating the beauties and excellences of *Nature*—not only of *human* but of the *divine* nature? Should man ever attain, or even reach a close approximation to, "perfectibility" upon *earth*, it must be by studying and emulating all that is great and good in *heaven*.

On the other hand, let us inquire what is to be gained by an observance of, and familiarisation with vulgarity and vice—with all that is low, and vicious, and criminal in our species? If we are disposed to become virtuous, estimable, and elevated in mind by studying the beautiful and graceful in art, and by the emulation of lofty moral excellence, are we not at least equally liable to become vile and debased by an association with the mean, the worthless, and the wicked? It was wisely said, that "evil communications corrupt good manners:" no man, or woman, ever falls into the utmost depths of wickedness at once; but, the first step taken, it is impossible to say where the terminus may be found. Let us guard, then, against the *first* step.

Much do we doubt whether any man ever were the *better*, whatever he might be the *wiser*, for studying the works of Hogarth. He may admire the skill of the artist, but he cannot—at least *ought* not—to sympathise with his subjects. There are cases in which "ignorance is bliss." And, were it possible, would it not be desirable to remain for ever ignorant of the existence of vice? And, without bringing it to our doors—without introducing it into our par-

lours, our drawing-rooms, our *boudoirs*—without placing it under the very noses of our wives and children—those whom we would willingly preserve without spot or stain or any such thing—are we not, in our daily walks, *compelled* to witness too much of it—to be too deeply initiated in its mysteries? We pause for a reply.

Some of our readers are perhaps inclined to inquire, by this time, what reference all this may bear to the words at the head of this brief paper—"THE SLANG STYLE?" We will tell them; premising, however, that what we have now said is to be regarded only as an *introduction* to what we shall hereafter have to say. It is our wish to root out a "plague spot" from the literature of the age; or, failing in our aim at its utter extermination, at least to deprive it of some of its venom. A class of writers has arisen amongst us, some of the leaders of whom, it is boasted of by their admirers—for even such writers have hosts of admirers, some of them, too, amongst the fair sex—have by their pens at once eclipsed both Fielding and Hogarth. We shall inquire into this.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER VI.

AUTHORS AND BOOKSELLERS.—THE FATE OF BOOKS.—NOTICES OF THE BALDWIN FAMILY.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Dec. 22, 1838.*

MY DEAR SON,

My last conveyed to you the relative position between Authors and Booksellers of the Old School; and although some of the observations may appear *trite* to the few remains of it, as well as to the *Young Fry* of the present day, I shall continue to address you in the same strain till I come down to the present hour; for, rely upon it, each Letter shall be faithful and impartial, so that eventually a lesson may be gathered from it.

The information conveyed by Ames, Herbert, Dibdin, Nichols, Watt, Clarke, Timperley, and others, of our own Country, independent of De Bure, Brunet, Monier, and other foreign Bibliographers, furnish me with so much information, that you know, deficient as I am, I am not inclined to "hide my light under a bushel." According to the information furnished by our predecessors, it appears that in 1738 a pamphlet was published entitled "*A Letter to*

*the Society of Booksellers on the Method of forming a true Judgement of the Manuscripts of Authors*," containing some curious literary intelligence, as follows,—“We have known books,” says the writer, “that in the manuscript have been damned, as well as others which seem to be so, since after their appearance in the world they often have lain by neglected.—Witness the *Paradise Lost*, (referred to in my last) of the famous Milton, and the *Optics* of Sir Isaac Newton, which last, it is said, had no character here, till noticed in France.”—Shuckford’s *Connexions* between the Old and New Testament was bandied about for two or three years among the booksellers, before it found a purchaser or a publisher “*Prideaux’ Connexions*,” on the same subject, experienced a similar fate, for two or three years ere they were ventured upon or experienced success. This is no criterion of the sordidness of booksellers, when even the learned world, and heads of the Church had not agreed upon the subject. “*Robinson Crusoe’s* manuscript also ran through the whole trade, nor would any one print it, though the writer, De Foe, was in good repute as an Author. One Bookseller at last, not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication.\* This bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it; and the booksellers are accumulating money every hour by this work in all shapes.

The undertaker of the translation of RAPIN, after a very considerable part of the work had been published, was not a little dubious of its success, and was strongly inclined to drop the design. This, the best history of England extant, and written by a Frenchman, proved at last to be a most profitable literary adventure.

I shall have some curious anecdotes to relate to you, of a family that resided in Newgate Street, who published an edition of RAPIN, with Tindal’s Continuation, about fifty-two years ago!

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation, says D’Israeli, “to describe the difficulties which some of our most favourite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press.”

“When Sterne had finished his two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, he offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds but was refused; he came to town with his manuscripts, and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner in which neither repented. The

\* Mr. Wm. Taylor, bookseller, at the Black Swan, Paternoster Row.



*Rejected*, with all its merit, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient and almost hopeless of success. There is no doing without a patron; for of this work, which had a great run afterwards, only ten copies were sold in the first five days, in four days more six copies were sold! but when Garrick found himself praised in it he set it afloat, and Churchill reaped a large harvest.

The foregoing are a few additional instances to those of my last, of Authors and their productions not being sufficiently appreciated in the first instance. This should not be ascribed to a want of liberality on the part of the booksellers, so much, in fact almost every thing, depending on the public taste. You will perceive that I have been travelling over much ground in a short time, and in almost as romantic a way as Robinson Crusoe himself. By the by, my man Friday is traversing Ireland, as eccentric and romantic as ever.

In reference to CHURCHILL, before mentioned, I shall refer to him again in the course of my "Reminiscences." I recollect his brother, who lodged with a Mr. Kerr, (A SCOTCHMAN,) Hair Dresser, who lived in Blackfriars' Road upwards of fifty years ago.

You are aware that the death of HOGARTH was attributed to the caustic satire of Churchill. I knew Mrs. Hogarth, and called upon her at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields, where I met the Rev. Dr. Trusler, Author of *Hogarth Moralized*, and of *Almanack, Book making, and Carving* notoriety.

I have concluded this account of Authors with Laurence Sterne, and I fear you will think me like him; or like Shandy driving along High Roads and Bye Roads, and even where no thoroughfare stares me in the face.

I now proceed to my

#### NOTICES OF THE BALDWIN FAMILY.

The name of Baldwin appears very early in the annals of Bookselling. So early as 1681 I find in an account of the public and weekly papers, the name of R. Baldwin prefixed to the debates of the House of Commons assembled at Oxford, March 21, 1680-1. He again appears on a paper printed on a folio sheet, entitled *An Account of the Proceedings of the Estates of Scotland, 1689-90*; and again to the besieging and taking of Carrickfergus by the Duke of Schomberg 1689; also to the *Scotch Mercury*, giving *A True Account of the Daily Proceedings and Most Remarkable Occurrences of Scotland*; No. 1, May 2 and 8, 1692, and to the proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland, 1693. This was only fifty years after the publication of the first newspaper printed in Scot-

land, which was called the 'Scotch Intelligencer or Weekly News from Scotland and the Court,' 1643, and little more than a century after the first English Mercury, of 1588.

I cannot here avoid quoting Dunton's quaint account of a RICHARD BALDWIN\* about the year 1699; of whom he says,

"He printed a great deal, but got as little by it as John Dunton. He bound for me and others when he lived in the Old Bailey; but, removing to Warwick lane, his fame for publishing spread so fast, he grew too big to handle his small tools. Mr. Baldwin having got acquaintance with Persons of Quality, he was now for taking a shop in Fleet-street; but Dick, soaring out of his element, had the honour of being a Bookseller but a few months. However to do Mr. Baldwin justice, his inclinations were to oblige all men, and only to neglect himself. He was a man of generous temper, and would take a cheering glass to oblige a Customer. His purse and his heart were open to all men that he thought were honest: and his conversation was very diverting. He was a true lover of King William; and after he came on the Livery, always voted on the right side. His Wife, Mrs. *A. Baldwin*, in a literal sense was an *help-meet*, and eased him of all his publishing work: and since she has been a Widow, might vie with all the women in Europe for accuracy and justice in keeping accounts: and the same I hear of her beautiful Daughter, Mrs. *Mary Baldwin*, of whom her father was very fond. He was, as it were flattered into his grave by a long consumption; and now lies buried in Wickam parish, his native place."

The name of Ann Baldwin, in Warwick Lane, appears prefixed to "*NOAH'S DOVE*," a sermon exhorting to peace, preached by Thomas Swift, M.A.† Bernard Lintot's name precedes that

\*As it does not appear that the above Richard Baldwin was connected with an eminent Bookseller of the same name in St. Paul's Church Yard, and his successors in Paternoster Row, I have not ventured to place the latter family first in chronological order, although perhaps he may be related to the Baldwins who were great Printers even before Dunton's time.

†First cousin to the Dean, and one year only senior to him. Mr. Thomas Swift was presented by Lord Somers, and probably at Sir William Temple's request, to a crown living, Pattenham near Guilford, in Surrey; which he held sixty years, and quitted but with life, in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age. Thomas preached a sermon in November 1710, (the same that is mentioned above,) but it is not specified where it was preached, which he printed and prefixed to it a dedication to Mr. Harley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Earl of Oxford. Mr. Dean Swift says—"Thomas Swift was a man of learning and abilities; but unfortunately bred up like his father and grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all the puritanical Sectaries," whence he seems to infer that he neither had, nor could well have, the least hope of rising in the Church. "This Parson cousin," as the Dean calls him in a letter to Ben Tooke, November 7, 1710, affected to be the Author of the Tale of a Tub; and when the Lord Treasurer of Oxford wished to play upon his friend

of Ann Baldwin: he then lived at the Cross Keys between the two Temple gates.

In 1699, we find Mrs. Ann Baldwin busily engaged in publishing "*The Dublin Scuffle*"; being a challenge sent by John Dunton, Citizen of London, to Patrick Campbell, Bookseller in Dublin, together with small skirmishes of Bills and Advertisements. To which is added, the *Billet Doux*, sent him by a Citizen's Wife in Dublin, with his answer to her. Also some account of his conversation in Ireland, intermixed with particular characters of the most eminent persons he conversed with in that Kingdom; but more especially in the City of Dublin, in several letters to the spectators of this Scuffle, with a poem on the whole encounter."

Mention is also made of Mrs. Baldwin, 1712, by Nichols in his account of the subscriptions for the celebrated Mr. Bowyer, Printer, who lost all his goods, founts of letter, presses, and other utensils, and his and family's clothes, by a sad and lamentable fire. Mrs. B. subscribed with the well known Guy, Tonson, Lintot, Curll, and others Bowyer's biographer further remarks, "To the honor of English humanity let it be known that the contributions received amounted to the sum of . 1162 5 10

His dividend 1377 9 4 on the brief

2539 15 2

granted by Government to Mr. Bowyer, and his fellow sufferers.

A similar misfortune occurred to Mr. Nichols himself about a century afterwards, when not only his printing office but valuable property was destroyed to an immense amount, including a vast number of valuable works, which no reasonable sum could replace. Many of his fellow citizens offered to come forward on the occasion, but the amiable Author of the *Literary Anecdotes*, (many copies of which, with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, were destroyed) gratefully returned thanks, but liberally refused to accept.

In taking a view of the name of Baldwin, as connected with the book trade from so early a period as 1681, I find that of Richard Baldwin, and of Ann, his wife and successor, frequently appear in Dunton and in Nichols, but it is doubtful whether they were a branch of the present respectable family of that name. Two

Jonathan, he would introduce him as Mr. Thomas Swift. And in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 7, 1711, in allusion to the above mentioned, Swift says; "a bookseller has reprinted or new titled, a Sermon of Tom Swift's, printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon." See *Swift's Works*, 1818, Vol. 15, page 774.

of the present family, of the name of Richard, are noticed at an early period, as living in St. Paul's Church-yard. The first Richard Baldwin, bookseller, of St. Paul's Church-yard, died at Birmingham, June 4th, 1777, aged 86: he had long retired from business, and although born in 1691, was not in business so early as the Rivingtons, in 1710, or probably not so early as Longman, in 1726, as I do not find his name mentioned to any book at so early a date as the above. His son, Richard Baldwin, jun., died before him, in January, 1770.\* The name of Baldwin, observes Nichols, has long been, and still continues to be, famous in the Annals of Bibliography. More than one printer of the name may be found in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*. Mr. Robert Baldwin, who died March 30, 1810, was a nephew of the elder Richard. He had been for many years an eminent bookseller in Paternoster-row, where his industry and integrity were almost proverbial; while his mild and conciliating manners secured him the sincere regard of all who knew him.

I was in the habit of going to Mr. Baldwin's establishment for books from the year 1785 to 1790, and was well acquainted with his habits and manners, which appeared morose and rough, probably arising from his having, it is said, been in early life a surgeon on board a man-of-war; and probably a slight deafness added to a hasty manner, created this feeling. He had, however, great good humour and amiability depicted in his countenance.

He was for many years the publisher of the *London Magazine*, which commenced in 1732, the year after the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which it appears to have been the only rival, till the commencement of the *Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, displaying twenty-one popular subjects in its engraved title page.

Mr. Baldwin also published in the Row the Parliamentary Debates, for Almon, Debrett, &c., and in his extensive country trade was for many years connected with Mr. Robert Goadby, an eminent printer and bookseller of Sherborn, author of "*Bampfylde Moore Carew*," and compiler of several useful publications. His "*Illustration of the Holy Scriptures*," in three large folio volumes, was then generally read and widely circulated. It was also published in weekly numbers by Mr. Baldwin, who then kept and sold all the popular periodicals to

\* I should imagine this was the Richard Baldwin to whom Henry Sampson Woodfall, the publisher of the Letters of Junius, served his time, and he who was succeeded by Robert Baldwin.

the trade. He frequently attended behind the counter for mere amusement, or whilst his active nephew Robert was engaged with their manager *Mr. Bell*, who, unfortunately for himself, was of an unhappy temper.

*Mr. Baldwin*, however, on retiring from business, and giving it up to his nephew Robert, did not forget to appreciate the attention and industry of *Mr. Bell*, and not only included him in a partnership with his nephew, but also (as I was credibly informed at the time) presented him with a check for 500*l.* for past services, to enable him to meet contingencies.

This firm continued a very short period indeed, for scarcely a week or two had elapsed, when I met *Bell* at a hair-dresser's on a Sunday morning (the fashion of the day) when I congratulated him. He exclaimed, that he should go into the country, count and purchase sheep, &c., talked incoherently, and could not bear his good fortune, for on the following morning he put a period to his existence.

*Mr. Baldwin*, the younger, did not survive long; the trade was, however, again carried on by the elder *Mr. Baldwin*, conducted principally by the late *Mr. L. B. Seeley*, who, with his family, have been extremely fortunate as booksellers and publishers of religious works of first-rate importance. The elder *Mr. Seeley* was son of *Mr. Seeley*, a long established and eminent printer at Buckingham.

*Mr. R. Baldwin*, the elder, was a good old sportsman. He kept an excellent hunter, rather privately, but frequently joined in the chase, in the true *Farmer George*, or *George the Third* style. His neat light scratch wig, plain brown suit, and top boots, gave him quite the air of a country gentleman. I must not, however, omit a town anecdote connected with him and his establishment.

On my first visit to Dublin, in the year 1794, my old friend *Lewis*, a respectable bookseller and book auctioneer in that city, informed me, that when a very young man his father and friends were anxious for his going to some eminent bookseller in LONDON for improvement: others proposed BATH, which fashionable city was famous for Irish fortune-hunters. *Lewis*, at that time, must have been a fine handsome fellow, although at a later date his nose and chin, somewhat like my own, nearly came in contact with each other. Be this as it may, *Lewis* set sail for Bristol, and became an assistant for some time in the most fashionable library in BATH. Still this was not LONDON. He, therefore, got a good recommendation and fresh credentials. Started for London—waited on the celebrated *George*

*Robinson*, sen., and was ushered into that room, where the first authors and wits of the day, viz., *Macklin*, *Tacitus Murphy*, *Drs. Glover*, *Gregory*, *Wallis*, as well as *Chalmers*, *De Lolme*, *Holcroft*, and a host of his countrymen, had spent many joyous hours, and where his fellow-citizens and traders, *Luke White*, *John Archer*, *Pat Byrne*, and others had (in the old style of Irish hospitality) been laid under the table, for it was said that *George* was a six-bottle man, and no flincher. He, however, knew the world well, and, as *Lewis* said, viewed him from head to foot, and then took a piercing survey, and exclaimed, "Why, young man, you'll not do for *Paternoster Row*—you must 'doff that gear first;' besides, I have not a vacancy for a person of your description: however, as your recommendation is good, I will give you a note to my opposite neighbour and friend, *BALDWIN*. I hesitated; however, I accepted it, and after retiring from No. 25, exchanging my fashionable cocked hat, pea-green coat, tamboured waistcoat, silk stockings, ruffled shirt, &c., for a more plain, yet fashionable suit. I repaired to No. 47—had an interview with *Mr. Baldwin*, who, in a coarse, hasty, rough voice, in his cynical way, that afterwards reminded me of my countryman *Dean Swift*, said, "Well, sir, can you rise at six o'clock in the morning?"—"Yes, sir." "Have you any objection to sit up two or three nights in the week, after shop is closed, to let me in?" This, to use a low expression, was a *poser*; I was *dumfounded*. My Irish pride was wounded—the high blood of the O.'s and the Mac.'s was up; however (as I suppose from my name I was of English or Welsh extraction), I suppressed my feelings on perceiving an arch good-natured smile beaming on his countenance. He then resumed—"Of course you have no objection to sleep in the shop under the counter, as is the custom of the house?" This shook my philosophy to the foundation; I had been indulged and kindly brought up at home, respectfully treated at Bath, and, although I knew something of English habits and manners, I hesitated, but rather than return or ask a favour, I surrendered at discretion, and was not called into requisition to the extent described, or to that of the London Apprentice, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, who waited upon his master and mistress at their Sunday's dinner. No, I soon returned to my fashionable costume, which I sported on Sundays in the public gardens around London, till I returned to my native city.

*Mr. Lewis*, lived to an advanced age, and had a numerous family: his beautiful and eldest daughter was married to an eminent English bookseller in Dublin.

The business of the late Senr. Mr. Baldwin next devolved on the present gentleman of the same name, and of the same high-minded principles that have been sustained by this family for so many years.

Mr. Baldwin was joined in business by Mr. Cradock, a highly respected and efficient gentleman, and by Mr. Joy. The latter gentleman paid some tardy attentions to a lady of my acquaintance, to whom "Hope told a flattering tale that Joy would soon return." He did not—and the lady adopted a remedy by marrying another.

In justice to this respected family, let me now turn to the late Mr. Henry Baldwin, an eminent printer, and brother of the before mentioned elder Robert Baldwin. He was a gentleman universally esteemed; and I recollect him so long back as the year 1785, when printing *Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides*, for his friend Mr. Charles Dilly; I never shall forget his cheerful and amiable manner.

His excellent and judicious biographer and friend, Mr. Nichols, says:—

"My old friend, Mr. Henry Baldwin, died at Richmond, Feb. 21, 1813. He was (except one) the oldest member of the Company of Stationers; of which he had been a Liveryman fifty-seven years, and was master in 1792. About three years ago he lost two brothers, one older, the other younger than himself, and an only sister, all at a good old age; but their losses had a very visible effect on his usually cheerful spirits. As a printer, he was of the old school; bred under Mr. Justice Ackers, of Clerkenwell, the original printer of the "*London Magazine*;" and he commenced business for himself under the most promising auspices, first in White Friars, then Fleet Street, and finally in Bridge Street, in a house built purposely for him. Connected with a phalanx of first rate wits, Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Garrick, Steevens, &c.; he set up with the success it so well deserved, a literary newspaper, '*The St. James's Chronicle*,' on the foundation of a very old paper of nearly the same title, and had the satisfaction of conducting it to a height of eminence unknown to any preceding journal, nor exceeded by any of its successors—with whom sheer wit is no longer a prominent feature. From early association with men of eminence, both in the literary and fashionable world, Mr. Baldwin had acquired elegant habits; and, without any profound stock of literature, had sufficiently cultivated a mind naturally strong, to render his company and conversation in the highest degree acceptable. But the firm rectitude of his mind, the real tenderness of his heart, and the sincerity of his attachments, were best known in his domestic circle, and by his choice friends, who regret in him the loss of one who in a rare and peculiar manner united the sometimes opposed virtues of justice and generosity. If he had a failing (and who is without?) it was a sort of affectation of being occasionally cynical and morose, qualities totally different from his natural disposition, which in reality overflowed with the milk of human kindness; nothing being so truly gratify-

ing to him as the conferring of a favour without appearing to do it, and this more particularly in transactions of a pecuniary nature. There are still living a few of his old and intimate friends, who, like the writer of this article, having passed many a happy day with him for more than half a century, can testify the truth of a character dictated by sincere regard, and written warm from the heart, at the moment of hearing of his death. Two sons and three daughters, survive to comfort a worthy and afflicted mother."

He was succeeded in his business by his son Charles, who, uniting to habits of business an unusual pleasantness of manners, has secured the esteem of all who knew him.

As a further proof, (if any were wanting), I cannot avoid the temptation of quoting an outline of his character faithfully drawn by his old grateful friend and companion, Mr. Benjamin Brasbridge,\* in his "*Fruits of Experience*," written in his 80th year; wherein he says:—

"My worthy friend Henry Baldwin, another of the members of this club, married Miss Graham, the sister of Mr. Curtis's wife, and was no less successful in business than his brother-in-law; though he did not leave so large a fortune behind him, preferring, as he expressed it, to sip of the stream himself as it flowed, and to disperse it to those around him in his life-time. He was indeed the very soul of benevolence and hospitality. He had a large family, all of whom he liberally educated and set up in the world, thinking very properly, that by so doing he acquitted himself more effectually of his duty towards them, than if he abridged them of comforts and respectability during his life, to leave them a profusion to waste after his death. To all around him in business he was liberal and just, to men of genius he was considerate and generous. Often at his hospitable board have I seen needy authors, and others connected with his employment, whose abilities, ill requited as they might have been by the world in general, were by him always appreciated and served. He was my bosom friend and constant companion, and the favours he has conferred on me are indelibly engraved upon my heart; not more for the essential service they rendered me in times of need, than for the delicacy and feeling with which they were always accompanied.

"The *St. James's Chronicle*, for many years deservedly popular, was founded on the soundest principles, and was the staunch supporter of government. My friend Harry was, however, ill requited for his loyalty and zeal; for the ministers, whom he laboured so faithfully to serve, were ungrateful enough to set up a paper in opposition to his, and even to withhold intelligence from him, in order that it might first appear in their own paper. The *St. James's Chronicle* is still conducted by my friend's worthy son Mr. Charles Baldwin, with increased repute, and with a circulation far beyond that of any other evening paper. I found great benefit to my business from advertising in this paper, wherein my friend used generally to

\* This gentleman was an eminent silversmith for many years in Fleet Street, I shall have much to say of him and his associates in the future pages of the *Aldine Magazine*.

assign me a conspicuous place near the Poet's Corner: and I was by this means introduced more especially to the notice of the clergy, who all read the St. James's Chronicle, from the humblest curate up to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and among whom I have ever had to rank a great number of my best customers.

"The latter days of my friend Mr. Baldwin were spent in comfortable retirement at Richmond. He died in his 79th year. His widow still survives him, and is at this time of the same age, in possession of all her faculties, and with a countenance which eloquently expresses the pleasure of looking back upon a long and well-spent life. None but the family were invited to the funeral of this worthy man; I, however, a mourner in heart, as much as any of them, went a silent spectator of the solemn scene, and when the attendants had all retired, I stepped up to the grave, and looking on the earth which now hid him from my sight, I fervently ejaculated, 'Blessed be the memory of the wise and good!' and blessed indeed it is for his image often steals upon my recollection, and cheers the twilight hour of my quiet, though not lonely, hearth.

"On my return home, Mrs. Brasbridge reminded me, that about seven years before Mr. Baldwin had left a packet to my care, with a direction on the envelope, that it was to be placed among my private papers, and opened by me in case of my surviving him; to this direction the following words were added: 'Of this, do not say a word to any body, but be assured, that in the enclosed there is nothing to give you any uneasiness;' so careful was this worthy man to spare me even a momentary anxiety, whilst I might be unfolding it. I now fulfilled his request by opening of it, and, to my great surprise, I found it to contain a bond of my own, with a few lines from him, begging me to accept it, and the interest up to that time, as a token of his regard. I mentioned it to his son Charles, who replied: 'In every thing that was my father's practice; whatever good action he did, he always wished it should be unknown.' \* \*

"In the year 1779 Mr. Slade and I dissolved partnership; and my friend Baldwin, perceiving that I looked somewhat grave upon the occasion, told me, he supposed I might not find myself just then possessed of money enough to settle our accounts comfortably; and that, if five hundred pounds would do me any good, I might have it from him. I replied, that I had always taken him to be a man of good sound sense, but that now I should give him credit for being a conjuror; for that he had precisely guessed the situation in which I was placed, and that five hundred pounds was exactly the sum that would enable me to fulfil my wishes. 'Will you then have it now,' he inquired, without the least parade of serving me; I replied not at that moment, but that in about ten days I would call upon him for it. 'Very well,' said he, 'it shall be ready for you; only do not make a talk about it.' When I went for the money I took him my bond, for which he scolded me, as putting myself to an unnecessary expence, when I ought to have known my note would have been enough to satisfy him. 'To be explicit,' said he, 'it is contrary to my plan to lend money for a permanency, therefore if you have any friend, who will let you have it for a length of time, bring me mine back again; but if such a one should not be to be found,

keep it as long as you live; I shall never ask you for it; I only tell you what I like the best of the two.' A short time afterwards I mentioned the matter to a female relative, Mrs. Lewis, who since married Dr. Halifax, as the most flattering circumstance of my life; she agreed with me that it was so; and, that a person capable of so generous an action might be secured from losing anything by it, she said she would come to town herself, the next day, to discharge the obligation. 'That, madam,' said I, 'you cannot do, either with respect to Mr. Baldwin or yourself; the obligation must ever remain with me to the latest moment of my existence.' The next day she came to town to sell out stock, to enable me to discharge the bond; I told my friend Harry, that I might as well have had a thousand pounds as five hundred, as I should never be asked for it again; he jokingly said, 'When will you do any thing like a man?' I replied, 'I never had, and was afraid I never should.' It would swell these pages far beyond my intention, were I to detail half the acts of kindness I have received from this worthy man; whenever I wanted money, to him I could always apply with confidence, and willingness to be under obligation to him. He never showed any further caution than saying sometimes, 'Do not take me in, my good fellow; let me have my money again.' I used only to assure him, I never would deceive him; and I am happy to think that never, in a single instance, did I betray the confidence he so kindly placed in me."

Mr. Robert Baldwin is the son of an elder brother of Mr. Henry Baldwin, with whose son, the present Mr. Charles Baldwin, was joined, until he (Mr. R. B.) took up the old and respectable book establishment in Paternoster Row, where he was joined by Messrs. Cradock and Joy, about twenty-five years ago, and they jointly purchased the wholesale connection of the late BENJAMIN CROSBY, of whom, and the ancient and respectable family of the CRADOCKS and of the SHELTONS, as connected with them; some biographical sketches and anecdotes will be given in the future pages of the ALDINE MAGAZINE.

Ever my dear Son,

Your affectionate Father,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

#### *Macklin's Man of the World.*

Three copies of the 'Man of the World,' were among Larpent's MS. Plays, and all of different degrees of objectionableness, (if there be such a word) for they were successively moderated by the Author. The first (and it is a curious circumstance, not noticed in the lives of Foote or Macklin) was sent by Foote from the Haymarket, in 1771; and his original letter indicates, that he was ready to perform it if it were licensed. It was refused; and the experiment was again tried from Covent Garden Theatre, in 1779, but still the offensive passages were not sufficiently erased or softened. A third and a successful attempt was made in 1781; and a letter in the hand-writing of Macklin to Lord Hertford, preserved by Larpent, with a copy of the Comedy, procured its allowance on the stage, and precisely in the form in which it is now acted.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Temperature of the Month.—Twelfth Day.—St. Distaff's Day.—Edward the Confessor.—Touching for the "Evil."—Catherine de Medici and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.—The late Duke of York.—His Royal Highness's Debts and Lord Melbourne's "Leisure Moments."—Joan of Arc.—Metastasio.—Richard II.—Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves.—Henry VIII. a Musician.—The Princess Charlotte.—The Author of *Telemaque*.—Allan Ramsay the Poet and his Son.—Crigin of the Kingdom of Prussia.—Galileo.—Fontenelle.—Anne of Brittany.—Archbishop Laud.—Sir Hans Sloane.—Roubilliac the Sculptor.—Linnæus the Naturalist.—F. Schlegel the Critic.—Hilary Term.

OUR Christmas gambols are nearly over, and we have entered upon the new year—the year 1839. We are in the month of January, the coldest month of all the twelve; though, as yet, we have had but little to complain of on that score. In January, however, there is less evaporation than in any other month, and its mean temperature generally varies from 39° 6 to 32° 6.

The last, or rather the last but one of our holidays, is the 6th of January—Twelfth Day, or old Christmas Day. Its name was acquired from its being the twelfth in number from that of the Nativity; and the whole twelve days were, by a law respecting holidays made in the time of Alfred the Great, ordered to be kept as festivals. This year Twelfth Day, happening to fall on a Sunday, cannot be celebrated with all its customary honours due. However, the difficulty is easily got over by deferring the cake and wine, and the drawing for king and queen, and the song and the dance till Monday evening.

Really the last of the holidays is St. Distaff's Day, the day after Twelfth Day, respecting which they say in the country—

"Partly worke and partly play  
You must on St. Distaff's Day;  
From the plough soon free your teame,  
Then come home and fother them.  
If the maides a spinning goe,  
Burne the flax, and fire the tow.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Bring in pails of water then,  
Let the maides bewash the men.  
Give St. Distaff all the right,  
Then bid Christmas sport good night;  
And next morrow every one  
To his own vocation."

This, the 5th day of January, is the anniversary of the death of Edward the Confessor, whose earthly career was terminated in 1066. Edward, who denied the rights of the marriage

bed to his amiable queen Editha, was extolled in the days of monkery as a pattern of heroic chastity; and thus he gained the title of Saint and Confessor. At all events he was more celebrated for what was then termed piety, justice, and humanity than for his capacity for government. It was Edward the Confessor who first touched for the king's evil. It is quite amusing to observe the foolery into which even intelligent and comparatively modern writers have fallen upon this subject. For instance, Whiston, in his autobiography, imputes the cure of the evil to the prayer which was used at the time of touching; and Carte, in his History of England, endeavours to prove the power of curing to be hereditary. The Jacobites, those special sticklers for the existence of the hereditary virtue and the divine right of kings, asserted that the power of curing scrofula by the royal touch ceased with the extinction of the Stuart dynasty, the last legitimate sovereigns of England. Edward the Confessor was canonised by Pope Alexander III., a year before his death. This weak monarch unfortunately consulted Duke William of Normandy respecting the choice of a successor, a consultation which furnished the latter prince with a pretence for invading the kingdom after the death of Edward.

The notorious Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry II., king of France, and the daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, duke of Urbino, died on the 5th of January, 1589, at the age of seventy. It was with this bold bad woman that the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew originated.

This day his Royal Highness the Duke of York, next brother to his Majesty George IV., will have been dead twelve years. It would be satisfactory to many persons to know why his Royal Highness's debts have not been paid: it has long since been ascertained that the funds available for this specific purpose are abundant. Some of Lord Melbourne's "leisure moments" at Windsor or Brighton might be successfully devoted to this subject as a simple act of justice.

Twelfth Day, the 6th of January, is the anniversary of the birth of the heroic Joan of Arc, 437 years ago. On the charge of sorcery she was ignorantly and cruelly condemned by the English to be burned alive, a fate which she sustained with dauntless courage at Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431, in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

Metastasio, the Italian poet and composer, was born on the 6th of January, 1698. Honoured and beloved by the great, he lived at Vienna to an extreme old age in the midst of dignified voluptuousness, with no other occa-

pation than that of expressing in beautiful verses, the fine sentiments by which he was animated. Dr. Burney, who saw him in his seventy-second year, thought him, even then, the gayest and handsomest man of his time. He always declined accepting titles and honours, and lived happy in retirement. Metastasio died in 1782, having been acquainted, in the course of his long career, with all the eminent musicians of the time.

The birth of Richard II., son of Edward Prince of Wales, generally known as the Black Prince, occurred on the 6th of January, 1366. In his minority Richard displayed remarkable promptitude in quelling the insurrection of Wat Tyler in Smithfield; yet he seems to have been a man of mean character and capacity, and was neither loved nor respected by his people. It was by his orders that his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, was assassinated; and he unjustly detained the estate of Henry, duke of Lancaster, afterwards king of England, by whose agents he was dethroned and murdered in Pontefract Castle. Some unsuccessful attempts have been made to show that he escaped and fled to Scotland, and lived there several years. Recent investigations, to a considerable extent, have tended only to confirm the received account.

Henry VIII. was married to the Princess Anne of Cleves, elegantly designated by him a Flanders mare, on the 6th of January, 1540, now 399 years ago. One of Henry's pretences for obtaining a divorce from this lady was that he had not *inwardly* given his consent when he espoused her.\* That Henry VIII. was an author is matter of historic notoriety; but that he was skilled in music, and even a composer, is less generally known. Erasmus, in his Epistles, states that he could not only justly sing his part, but that he composed a service of four, five, or six parts; and formerly, an anthem of his composition—what is called a full anthem, without any solo part—used to be occasionally sung at Christchurch.

The still lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, the only issue of his Majesty George IV. by his ill-fated marriage with the Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of Brunswick, was born on the 7th of January, 1796. Were she

living and reigning in the hearts of her subjects, she would now be forty-three years of age.

Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, the celebrated author of *Telemague*, died on the 7th of January, 1715, at the age of sixty-four. His death was accelerated by the overturning of his carriage, which brought on a fever.

Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, author of the *Gentle Shepherd* and other works, has been dead seventy-six years this day. He was first a wigmaker, then a bookseller, next a poet. His son Allan, who died in 1784, was an eminent portrait painter, and author of *The Investigator* and of *The Present State of the Arts in England*.

Prussia dates her origin as a kingdom from the 8th of January, 1701.

Galileo Galilei, the illustrious Florentine mathematician and astronomer, the confirmer, as he may be termed, of the truth of the Copernicum system, has now been dead 197 years. It was Galilei, who discovered that the moon, like the earth, has an uneven surface; and he taught his pupils to measure the height of its mountains by their shadow. His most remarkable discoveries, however, were Jupiter's satellites, Saturn's ring, the spots on the sun, and the starry nature of the milky way. Galilei was twice compelled to abjure the system of Copernicus; but it is said that, in the second instance, when he had signed the abjuration, he indignantly muttered as he was led away, "Yet it moves."

Bernard de Bovier de Fontenelle, a nephew of the great Corneille, and distinguished as the author of *Dialogues of the Dead*, and *Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds*, died on the ninth of January, 1757, shortly before the completion of his hundredth year.

Anne of Brittany, Queen of France, daughter and heiress of Francis II., Duke of Brittany—the princess who first instituted the order of maids of honour to the queen, who first had the prerogative of guards and gentlemen of her own, and who first gave audience to foreign ambassadors—died on the 9th of January, 1514, at the age of thirty-eight.

Archbishop Laud was beheaded on the 10th of January, 1645, now 194 years ago. Laud was a zealous advocate for the regal and ecclesiastical power; his industry was great, his learning extensive, and his piety not only sincere but ardent; and, if it be admitted that in politics as well as in religion his notions were of a somewhat ultra stamp, his feelings should be ascribed rather to an honest zeal than to a spirit of actual persecution. His book against Fisher,

\* Henry's conduct towards Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard was in perfect keeping with the earlier traits of his character; and history has handed down the strongest presumptive proofs that Catharine Parr would have added one to his list of human sacrifices had she not shown herself an adept in the art of managing a jealous, tyrannical, sanguinary husband.—HARRAL'S *Henry VIII. and George IV.*, or the Case fairly stated.



the Jesuit, is justly esteemed a master-piece of controversial divinity. He was unjustly and cruelly sacrificed by the Puritans of the time, and he met his fate with great fortitude in the seventy-second year of his age.

Sir Hans Sloane, who may justly be regarded as the founder of the British Museum, died on the 11th of January, 1752, at the age of ninety-two. He was a native of Ireland, a distinguished physician and naturalist, and was the first who in England introduced into general practice the use of bark, not only in fevers, but in various other complaints. George I. created him a baronet in 1716; and he was successively Secretary and President of the Royal Society.

That eminent sculptor Louis Francis Roubiliac died on the 11th of January, 1762, aged fifty-nine. Roubiliac was a native of Lyons, and came to England in the reign of George I. Various monuments by him in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere attest the greatness of his talents.

Linnæus, the naturalist, and the founder of the present botanic system, died on the 11th of January, 1778. He was a native of Rosshult, in Sweden, and was born in 1707.

Frederic Von Schlegel, a celebrated German critic and philologist, and younger brother of William Schlegel, the author of *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, has been dead ten years. He was born in the year 1772.

We have only to add that Hilary Term commences on Friday next, the 11th of January.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### MRS. TROLLOPE.\*

MRS. TROLLOPE immortalised herself by her work upon America. She has lived ever since upon the reputation acquired by this book. It was the production of a clever, shrewd, observant woman—of a woman eminently susceptible of the humorous, the ludicrous, and the ridiculous in national and in human character. What was still better, it had truth and justice for its basis. It was its truth and justice that gave such bitter and unforgiveable offence to brother Jonathan. Had it been otherwise, its representations might have been easily and successfully repelled. Coloured—coloured highly, perhaps—it might be; but, that it was substantively faithful in its statements, is abundantly confirmed by the writings of Captain Basil Hall, and various others, and by the

unbought testimony of every candid and impartial individual we ever met with, who had visited the country of the United States, either for business or pleasure. And it is not incurious to remark, that in his last and recently published work, *Eve Effingham*, that fierce and egotistical nationalist, Cooper, has placed his countrymen and countrywomen in lights yet more ludicrous and ridiculous than those in which they were shown by Mrs. Trollope. That lady may in future cite Mr. Cooper as an unsuspicious evidence in her favour in any court in Christendom. This is the more amusing, when it is considered that, in all his former works of a national or miscellaneous character, Mr. Cooper, to the coarse depreciation of every country in Europe, was accustomed to hold up the natives of the United States as paragons of all that was correct, polite, and elegant in manners—of all that was high and honourable, and noble in principle.

We have said that Mrs. Trollope immortalised herself by her work upon America. By this it was not meant to insinuate, that none of her other works were entitled to praise. Her "*Holland, Belgium, and Germany*," or whatever might be the exact title of the book, had much in it that was moderately fair and good, if not much that was absolutely new or striking. Her volumes relating to France were, if our memory be faithful, distinguished by a superabundant portion of adulation of Louis Philippe and the existing order of things. In her more recent performance concerning *Austria*, we have reason to know that she gave great and serious offence to the aristocracy of that empire; less, indeed, by undue censure than by indiscriminate and ill-judged praise and flattery. Flattery is a delightful incense when judiciously offered; but, otherwise, its odour is fulsome and disgusting. This is a lesson which we have no doubt Mrs. Trollope has heard before: whether she may profit by it, is another point.

But, whatever may be this lady's merit in other walks of literature, we have never been able to admire her as a writer of fiction. Her *Abbess* was gross, exaggerated, and in passages, indelicate—one of the worst specimens of a bad school. There were scenes in that romance which we take leave to say, few men would have written.

Then there was another, whose title we forget, in which a modern Lady Macbeth sort of a character figured away as the heroine. It was not one of those "*faultless monsters* which the world ne'er saw," but "*wiccy warcey*," as Liston would say.

Next came *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, which, in point of delicacy, and even of decency, was still

\* The Widow Barnaby, by Mrs. Trollope, author of the "*Vicar of Wrexhill*," &c. &c. 3 vols. Bentley, 1839.

more objectionable than *The Abbess*; the stage-coach exhibition to wit. This production was the more offensive to all right-thinking minds, of whatever sect or creed, as it constituted a violent and overstrained attack upon what are termed evangelical clergymen. If Mrs. Trollope thought that, by such a proceeding, she served the cause of the church, or gratified its ministers or members, she laboured under a most egregious error. We dare say she has not forgotten the well-merited castigation this work received in the *Times* newspaper.

As for *The Widow Barnaby*, now before us, allowing for its coarseness, vulgarity, and exaggeration, and the multitudinous faults of a by-gone school, it is not without merit, and for a time will hold its place on the shelf of the circulating library. Its scenes are chiefly laid at Cheltenham, Clifton, &c., and with the allowance above-named, may be said to afford a fair portion of amusement.

With the plots of novels we seldom trouble ourselves: to those who do not mean to read the work, the detail is useless: to those who do, it is worse. The present is unfavourable for the selection of detached passages; yet we shall venture to make one extract, which has more nature and feeling in it than most of its author's novel compositions. It relates to the death-bed remorse of a weak-minded clergyman, attended by his maiden sister.

"Mr. Barnaby had left the room as soon as he had placed Miss Compton in a chair by the sick man's bed, and none but an old woman who acted as his nurse remained in it. 'You may go, nurse, if you please for a little while; I will watch by my brother,' said Miss Compton. The woman obeyed, and they were left alone. The old man followed the nurse with his eyes as she retreated, and when she closed the door said—I am glad we are alone once more, dear sister, for you are the only one I could open my heart to. I don't believe I have been a very wicked man, sister Betsy, though I am afraid I never did much good to anybody, nor to myself neither; but the one thing that lies heavy at my heart, is having sold away my poor father's patrimony. I can't help thinking, Betsy, that I see him every now and then at the bottom of my bed, with his old hat, his spud, and his brown gaiters—and—I never told anybody; but he seems always just going to repeat the last words he ever said to me, which were spoken just like as I am now speaking to you, Betsy, with his last breath; and he said, 'Josiah, my son, I could not die with a safe conscience if I left my poor weakly Betsy without sufficient to keep her in the same quiet and comfort as she had been used to. But it would grieve me, Josiah.'—Oh! how plain I hear his voice at this minute!—'It would grieve me, Josiah,' he said, 'if I thought the acres would be parted for ever: they have been above four hundred years belonging to us from father to son; and once Compton Bassett was a name that stood for a thousand acres instead of three hundred;—and then—don't

be angry, sister Betsy,' said the sick man, pressing her hand which he held, 'but he said, I don't think Betsy very likely to marry; and if she don't, Josiah, why then all that is left of Compton Bassett will be joined together again for your descendants; and yet, after this, I sold my portion, Betsy, and I do fear his poor spirit is troubled for it—I do, indeed—and it is that which hangs so heavy upon my mind.' 'And if that be all, Josiah, you may close your eyes, and go to join our dear father in peace. He struggled with and conquered his strongest feeling, his just and honourable pride, for my sake; and for his, as well as for the same feeling, which is very strong within my own breast also, I have lived poorly, though not hardly, Josiah, and have added penny to penny till I was able to make Compton Bassett as respectable a patrimony as he left it. It was not farmer Wright who bought the land, brother—it was I.' The old man's emotion at hearing this was stronger than any he had shewn for many years. He raised his sister's hand to his lips, and kissed it fervently. 'Bless you, Betsy!—bless you, my own dear sister!—he said in a voice that trembled as much from feeling as from weakness, and for several minutes afterwards he lay perfectly silent and motionless. Miss Compton watched him with an anxious eye, and not without a flutter at her heart lest she should suddenly find this stillness to be that of death. But it was not so: on the contrary, his voice appeared considerably stronger than it had done since their interview began, when he again spoke and said—'I see him now, sister Betsy, as plainly as I see the two posts at the bottom of my bed, and he stands exactly in the middle between them; he has got no hat on, but his smooth white hair is round his face just as it used to be, and he looks so smiling and so happy. Do not think I am frightened at seeing him, Betsy; quite the contrary. I feel so peaceful, so very peaceful.' 'Then try to sleep, dear brother!' said Miss Compton, who felt that his pulse fluttered, and aware that his senses were wandering, feared that the energy with which he spoke might hasten the last hour, and so rob his grandchild of his blessing. 'I will sleep,' he replied, more composedly, 'as soon as you have told me one thing: Who will have the Compton Bassett estate, Betsy, when you are dead?' 'Agnes Wyloughby,' replied the spinster, solemnly. 'That is right. Now go away, Betsy—it is quite right: go away now, and let me sleep.'

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

### Area of Europe.

The surface of the different European States, in geographic square miles, is as follows:—Russia, 375,174; Austria, 12,153½; France, 10,086; Great Britain, 5,335; Prussia, 5,040; the Netherlands, (Belgium) 1,196; Sweden, 7,935½; Norway, 5,798; Denmark, 1,019½; Poland, 2,293; Spain, 8,446; Portugal, 1,722; Two Sicilies, 1,987; Sardinia, 1,363; The Pope's Territory, 811; Tuscany, 295-9.25ths; Switzerland, 696½; European Turkey, 10,000; Bavaria, 1,383; Saxony, 348; Hanover, 695; Wurtemberg, 359; Baden, 276; Hesse Darmstadt, 185; Hesse Cassel, 208.

### *The Dukedom of Clarence.*

It is singular, as Captain Trant remarks in his Narrative of a Journey through Greece, in 1830, that a wretched village in that country should have bestowed its name upon a British monarch. On reaching the Grecian coast, the Captain observes, one of the most prominent objects was Castel Fornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chinrenga or Clarentia, which by strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our royal family. It would appear, that at the time when the Latin Conquerors of Constantinople divided the western empire, amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentia, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom, to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward the third, became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence, and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title which has since remained in our royal family.

### *Utility of Singing.*

Dr. Rush, an American Physician, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints:—"Vocal music" says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of the public worship which consists in Psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life, and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact, which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength, which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons, who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

### *Longevity of Artists.*

Nearly all the Italian painters lived to an advanced age. Spinello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani, 91; Michael Angelo, 90; Leonardo da Vinci, 75; Calabresi, 86; Claude Lorraine, 82; Carlo Maratti, 88; Tintoretto, 82; Sebastian Ricci, 78; Francesco Albano, 88; Guido, 68; Guercino, 76; John Baptist Crespi, 76; Guiseppe Crespi, 82; Carlo Dolce, 70; Andrew Sacchi, 74; Zuccharelli, 86; Vernet, 77; Schidoni, 76.

### *Wardrobe of George IV.*

At the first sale of the Wardrobe of His Majesty George IV. there were fifteen pairs of Jack (military) boots; ordinary boots, and shoes, innumerable; whips, eighty, including every variety of four-in-hand, car-

riage, single, hunting, and French postilion; sticks' ninety-four, holly, thorn, and crab.

Black and white silk stockings, chiefly marked with the initials G. R. one hundred and sixty-seven pairs.

Coats, fifteen of the Windsor uniform undress, the same uniform dress, four; military coats four, dress, ten or a dozen, besides body coats, great coats, &c.,

Lot. 233.—A superb and costly robe of rose colour satin, with the star, &c. worn at the coronation by the chief object of the pageant. Price £7 5 0

234. Three crimson velvet waistcoats, worn at the same time, fourteen guineas.

236. A blue cloth hussar jacket embroidered, &c., eight guineas.

238. A dress coat of the Windsor uniform. The collar and cuffs embroidered in gold. £4 16 0

244. A gold pencil and pen, by Doughty, for which there was great competition, six guineas and a half.

248. A medal commemorative of the visit to Ireland, in 1821, (according to the auctioneer, the only one struck). £3 15 0

258. Four cambric pocket handkerchiefs, marked G. R. £2 0 0

260. Four Indian silk pocket handkerchiefs. £2 17 5

### *Increase of the Numbers of Mankind.*

On the supposition that the human race has a power to double its numbers four times in a century, or once in each succeeding period of twenty-five years as some philosophers have computed, and that nothing prevented the exercise of this power of increase, the descendants of Noah and his family would have now increased to the following number:—1,496,577, 676,626,844,588,240,573,268,701,473,812,127,674, 924,007,424.

The surface of the earth contains, of square miles . . . . . 196,663,355

Mercury and all the other Planets, contain about . . . . . 46,790,511,000

The Sun contains . . . . . 2,442,900,000,000

Hence, upon the supposition of such a rate of increase of mankind as has been assumed, the number of human beings now living would be equal to the following number for each square mile upon the earth, the sun, and all the planets, 61,062,000,000, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; or, to the following number for each square inch, 149,720, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. This last number alone is infinite with relation to human conception. Merely to count it would require an incredible period. Supposing the whole inhabitants now upon the surface of the globe to be one thousand millions, which is believed somewhat to exceed the actual number, and supposing that this multitude, infants and adults, were to be employed in nothing else but counting, that each were to work 365 days in the year, and ten hours in the day, and to count one hundred per minute, it would require, in order to count the number in question, 6,536, 500 millions of years.

### *The First Balloon.*

There is an anecdote of Black, which was told by the late Mr. Benjamin Bell, of Edinburgh, author of a well-known system of Surgery, and he assured me that he had it from the late Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, who was a witness of the circumstance, related. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Cavendish's

Paper on hydrogen gas, in which he made an approximation to the specific gravity of that body, shewing that it was at least ten times lighter than the common air. Dr. Black invited a party of his friends to supper, informing them that he had a curiosity to show them. Dr. Hutton, Mr. Clarke of Eden, and Sir George Clarke, of Pennicuik, were of the number. When the company invited had assembled he took them into a room. He had the allentois of a calf filled with hydrogen gas, and upon setting it at liberty, it immediately ascended, and adhered to the ceiling. The phenomenon was easily accounted for: it was taken for granted that a small black thread had been attached to the allentois, that this thread passed through the ceiling, and that some one in the apartment above, by pulling the thread, elevated it to the ceiling, and kept it in that position. This explanation was so probable, that it was acceded to by the whole company; though, like many other plausible theories, it turned out to be wholly unfounded; for, when the allentois was brought down, no thread whatever was found attached to it. Dr. Black explained the cause of the ascent to his admiring friends: but such was his carelessness of his own reputation, and of the information of the public, that he never gave the least account of this previous experiment even to his class, and more than twelve years elapsed before this obvious property of hydrogen gas was applied to the elevation of air balloons, by M. Charles in Paris. *Thompson's History of Chemistry.*

#### Pronunciation of Polish Names.

All vowels are sounded as in French and Italian; and there are no diphthongs, every vowel being pronounced distinctly. The consonants are the same as in English, except these.—*W*, which is sounded like a *v* at the beginning of a word; thus, Warsaw, *Var-sa-fa*; in the middle or at the end of a word, it has the sound of *f*, as in the instance already cited, and *Narew*, *Naref*. *C* like *tz*, and never *k*; thus *Pac* is sounded *Patz*. *G* like *g* in *Gibbon*; thus, *Oginski*; *Ch*, like the Greek *χ*; thus, *Lech*, *Lek*. *Cz*, like the English *tch* in pitch; thus, *Czartoryski*, pronounced *Tchartoriski*. *Sz*, like *sh* in shape, thus *Staszyc*, like *Stashytz*; *Szca*, like *Shtch*; thus, *Szczerbiec*, like *Shtcherbietz*. *Rz*, like *j* in *je*, with a slight sound of *r*; thus *Rzewuski*, like *Rjevuski*.—*Fletcher's Poland.*

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires.* By J. L. Stephens, Esq. Author of "Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land." 2 vols. post 8vo. Bentley. 1839.

WE resume, from page 76, the extract from Mr. Stephens's work, relating to the Salt Mines of Cracow:—

"There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the rock-salt. Most of the principal chambers had some name printed over them, as the 'Archduke,' 'Carolina,' &c. Whenever it was necessary, my guides went a-head, and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place,

lighting up the dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, and, after allowing me a sufficient time, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and floated around and filled the chamber. In one place, at the end of a long, dark passage, a door was thrown open, and I was ushered suddenly into a spacious ball-room lighted with torches; and directly in front, at the head of the room, was a transparency with coloured lights, in the centre of which were the words 'Excelso hospiti,' 'To the Illustrious guest,' which I took to myself, though I believe the greeting was intended for the same royal person for whom the lake chamber was illuminated. Lights were ingeniously arranged around the room, and at the foot, about twenty feet above my head, was a large orchestra. On the occasion referred to a splendid ball was given in this room; the roof echoed with the sound of music; and nobles and princely ladies flirted and coquetted the same as above ground; and it is said that the splendid dresses of a numerous company, and the blaze of light from the chandeliers reflected upon the surface of the rock-salt, produced an effect of inconceivable brilliancy. My chandeliers were worse than Allan M'Aulay's strapping Highlanders, with their pine torches, being dirty, ragged, smutty-faced rascals, who threw the light in streaks across the hall. I am always willing to believe fanciful stories; and if my guide had thrown in a handsome young princess as part of the welcome to the 'Excelso hospiti,' I would have subscribed to anything he said; but in the absence of a consideration, I refused to tax my imagination up to the point he wished. Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all is the chapel dedicated to that Saint Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mines. It is supposed to be more than four hundred years old. The columns, with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock salt; and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in the chapel once every year.

\* \* \* Here I was far deeper under the earth than I had ever been above it, and at the greatest depth from which the human voice ever rose, I sat down on a lump of salt and soliloquized,

"Through what varieties of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!"

"I have since stood upon the top of the pyramids, and admired the daring genius and the industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains, the sandy desert, the rich valley of the Nile and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great Architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around and below, to an unknown extent, was of salt: a wonderful phenomenon in the natural history of the globe. All the different strata have been carefully examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing petrifications of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone; and from these

circumstances it has been conjectured that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt is a gradual deposit formed by the evaporation of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the particulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagination. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendour of the passages and chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark gray colour, almost black, and although sometimes glittering when the light was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported that these mines contained several villages, inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below. There are, however, two horses which were foaled in the mines, and have never been on the surface of the earth. I looked at these horses with great interest. They were growing old before their time; other horses had perhaps gone down and told them stories of a world above which they would never know."

*Letter to the Queen on the State of the Monarchy.*  
By a Friend of the Monarchy. Fourth Edition.  
Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1883.

By common report, this Letter, which has "made some noise in the world," is from the pen of Lord Brougham. We can only say that, if it be, it is widely different in style and manner from any other composition that we have seen of his Lordship's. In all the writings that we have ever perused of Lord Brougham's, the construction of the sentences is marked by great and striking peculiarity. One of the distinguishing features of his Lordship's style is the great length of his sentences—with an extraordinary, and wonderful, an unceasing and most felicitous flow of ideas as well as of words. In writing, as in speaking, Lord Brougham is accustomed to start from a given point: for a certain length, he proceeds in a straight line; then he flies off at a tangent—tangent after tangent—traverses half the globe in a single sentence; but, to whatever distance he may advance, he, without once losing sight of his object, invariably winds round, and lucidly comes back to his starting point. There is a rare quality in either oral or written composition. But such is not at all the case in the pamphlet before us; the mere style of which is marked by little if any peculiarity. Generally speaking, its sentences are concise, terse, and Junius-like, consisting, frequently, of simple propositions, rather than long, voluble, and voluminous. The only characteristic that would for a moment induce us to suspect the composition to be Lord Brougham's, is that of the unlooked-for, sly, epigrammatic, and bitterly sarcastic strokes which are now and then dealt with unerring and deadly aim. However, we do not mean to say, that if his Lordship had any adequate purpose in view, he could not disguise, vary, or depart from his usual style. *Ergo*, the "Letter" may be Lord Brougham's.

We have little to do, and wish to have little to do, with politics; consequently, we shall not attempt to enter into the party or political merits of this pamphlet. Suffice it to say, that the writer, whoever he may

be, employs the keen and powerful weapons of literary gladiator, and makes tremendously hard hits. In the language of "the fancy," he is an "ugly customer:" we should not relish him as an opponent.

A single excerpt may suffice to shew the animus of the production:

"It is not very safe for a whig ministry to turn their backs upon the country, and seek only the favour of the court. It is somewhat new and strange for a popular party to be in opposition to the people, and to hang, for their whole support, by the frail thread of royal favour. That the doom of such a government is sealed, no one can doubt; that it can only be averted by a speedy, a sudden, an entire repentance and amendment of life, is absolutely certain. But *you*, Madam, are any thing rather than a mere spectator of all this unprecedented scene. There is one act for which you and all sovereigns are answerable: of choosing the Ministers, the sole and undivided responsibility rests upon the Sovereign. In that act there can be no adviser responsible in any sense that is intelligible to plain understandings. Lawyers may quibble; the metaphysicians of politics may subtilize; the transcendental doctors of our constitution may refine, and try to persuade us of what they themselves cannot comprehend,—that the man who takes the office which his sovereign tenders him is the responsible adviser of the offer thus made. No person of ordinary straight-forward understanding ever will bring his faculties to put any reliance upon such fiction. Its want of all foundation in fact is obvious to the meanest capacity. So far it resembles the fictions in which the law delights. But it is not only unfounded in truth; it is contrary to the plain truth, nay, to the possibility of truth; and he who can believe or imagine that any person is answerable for another's resolving to send for him and employ him, may next understand how Baron Trenck could fall into a pit, and then run home for a ladder to clamber out of it. Believe me, whatever these subtle doctors may say, the bulk of mankind look to the SOVEREIGN, and to the SOVEREIGN alone, as the party responsible for the choice of the minister."

*Heads of the People taken off by Quixfixx.* No. 3.  
Tyas. 1839.

MR. TYAS'S "*Heads*" become more and more capital every month. Good as were Meadows's designs in Nos. I. and II., they are vastly superior in No. III. "*The Spoiled Child*" is indeed "a child more easily conceived than described:" the picture is a thousand times preferable to the reality.

"The Old Lord" is highly aristocratic, and though less intellectual, bearing no slight resemblance to Sir Francis Burdett. His literary illustration is very neatly and quietly written under the signature of "*Eckion*;" though we have yet to learn why the accident of a man's being a peer should be deemed good and sufficient reason for holding him up to derision and contempt.

That heartless burly old brute, "*The Beadle of the Parish*," is so like, that it must be from the life.

For "*The Linen Draper's Assistant*," the artist and the scribe (Henry Brownrigg, Esq., otherwise Doug'as Jerrold) may contest the palm of superiority: they are both so admirable that we know not how to decide; but, if we must pronounce an opinion,

there is a shade of excellence in favour of the writer. Most readily, were it possible, should we transfer both engraving and writing to our page *en masse*; but, as such things cannot be, we must perforce content ourselves with a little bit of "flannel."

"There are bright minutes in the long day of the linen-draper's assistant; minutes of half-confidence with shopping beauty, coveted in vain by other dealers; and the address, the delicacy displayed by him on these occasions, test him as the master of his craft. There are certain questions which he hazards with a self-depreciating look, as though he were 'dallying with an interdicted subject.' It is, as we have observed, the linen-draper's province to suggest the want of things, the very existence of which is not to be merely doubted, but to be utterly unknown to mankind at large. It is his business to harp continually, by inference, upon the result of the 'fall,' and to impress upon the minds of Eve's daughters the consequence of their first mother's transgression. And this the linen-draper does in so bland, so smiling a manner—in the generosity of his nature is so utterly forgetful of the share his own sex bears in the general calamity, that it should be no wonder when we see ladies as generously forgive the insinuation, and as largely buy.

"Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, in allusion to the fruitless condition of our original father, says, 'It irks me to think of poor Adam laying out his halfpenny for apples in Mesopotamia!' This regret of the philosopher presents to our mind Eve at the linen-draper's. We see the shopman bow and smile, and roll out, and roll out, and roll out! The lady purchases; and, it may be, the necessity of the purchase—the evil that makes it indispensable—is, for a time, wholly forgotten in the loveliness of the article bought. 'Nothing else?' asks the shopman: and other trifles are rolled out—measured—cut. At length the assistant assumes his delicate privilege, and having suggested all the known and palpable common-places of dress, stops, smiles, and, with his palms upon the counter, and his eyes half-abashed, half-closed, lets two words escape flutteringly—'Any flannel?'

"And yet these are the men who wish their condition ameliorated! Men, licensed to put queries such as these to the best beauty of the earth—the aforesaid beauty taking the interrogative with the warmest possible grace, and thus granting indulgence for new inquiries! 'Any flannel?' But we cannot—we may not pause to philosophise on the question: we leave it in its suggestive simplicity to the imagination of our readers."

*The Handbook of Magic; and Endless Source of Amusement for the Fire-side. containing Philosophical Amusements, Simple Deceptions, Tricks with Cards and Money, Sleight of Hand: clearly explained by the Sieur Blismon de Bartoli. Illustrated with Engravings. Second edition. Tyas. 1839.*

We have not the honour of the Sieur Blismon de Bartoli's acquaintance, nor dowe profess to be either magicians or conjurors, but we venture to say that this is the most simple and lucid little book of its class we have met with. By consulting its pages, "persons of even the meanest capacity" may speedily learn to "astonish the natives."

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

THE pantomimes, indifferent as they are, continuing to run at all the houses, the chief and only important theatrical novelty of the week has been the joyous return of Madame Vestris (Mrs. Mathews) to the Olympic. This event occurred on Wednesday evening, an "entirely new, grand, musical, comi-tragical, melo-dramatic, burlesque burletta," entitled *Bluebeard*, the joint production of Planché and Charles Dance, having been got up for the occasion. Madame's reception must have realised the most sanguine expectations: the cheering lasted for "seven minutes and a half," (by a stop watch,) amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the flinging of flowers, one nosegay of which she picked up and pressed and kissed, as if she really felt not only the home-greeting that was bestowed upon her, but its contrast with her reception abroad. She appeared in tolerable health, and excellent spirits, but certainly not looking the better for her transatlantic voyage. The new piece was received with enthusiastic applause by a house crowded from the pit to the ceiling.

However, the *greatest*, or *largest*, novelty of the week is Monsieur Bihin, a French giant, said to be eight feet two inches in height, brought forward by Yates at the Adelphi on Monday evening. He was introduced in a "serio-comic burletta spectacle," entitled *The Giant of Palestine*, and founded on the story of Armida, the enchantress, in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Both giant and piece went off with considerable *éclat*.

On the same evening another new piece was produced at the Adelphi, *Jim Crow in his New Place*, in which Rice personated a negro footman with his usual success.

The *Promenade Concerts à la Musard*, at the English Opera House, have proved more attractive than we were led to expect. They are performed every evening with much variety and effect.

## NECROLOGY.

MRS. MACLEAN, LATE "L. E. L."

WITH the deepest regret, as deploring the sudden and premature loss of a personal friend, we record the death of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of George Maclean, Esq., Governor of Cape Coast Castle. This lamented lady, better known as L. E. L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon), died suddenly on the 15th of October last, soon after her arrival on that fatal shore, which has been the grave of many valuable lives. Amongst those, the thousands, who have known her, few will be the eyes unmoistened by a tear on hearing the sad intelligence. It is only a few months since that Miss Landon was married to Governor Maclean, with whom she left her native land, full of health and spirits.

In the world of poetry—the loveliest of all sub-lunary worlds, and partaking more of heaven than of earth—L. E. L., whilst yet a mere girl, commenced her proud and brilliant career in the *Literary Gazette*. Since that period, her *Improvisatrice*, her *Troubadour*, her *Golden Violet*, innumerable miscellaneous poems, to say nothing of two or three eminently successful novels, and an infinite variety of contributions to the periodical press, have acquired for her a bright and imperishable fame. But, observes a friend of hers, and of ours—one who knew

her well—"The qualities which gave to 'L. E. L.' so proud and prominent a claim upon public attention were not those which constituted the chief charm of her character in the estimation of her more intimate and deeply attached friends. Brilliant as her genius was, her heart was after all the noblest and truest gift that nature in its lavishness had bestowed upon her—upon her, who paid back the debt which she owed for these glorious endowments of heart and mind, by an indefatigable exercise of her powers for the delight of the public, and by sympathies the most generous and sincere with human virtue and human suffering. More perfect kindness and exquisite susceptibility than hers was, never supplied a graceful and fitting accompaniment to genius, or elevated the character of woman. We cannot, however, write a eulogy now—we can only lament her loss, and treasure the recollection which a long and faithful friendship renders sacred."

The writer from whom we have just been quoting thus expresses himself in *The Courier* newspaper, on the evening of New Year's Day. "The feeling with which we record this mournful intelligence at the commencement of a new year, will be respected, when we state that only yesterday morning we received from Mrs. Maclean a most interesting and affecting letter, which sets forth at once with the animating assertion, 'I am very well, and very happy.' 'The only regret,' she proceeds to say, 'the only regret (the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate) is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured.' She says, that her residence at the castle of Cape Coast is 'like living in the Arabian Nights—looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees.' And she then enters into a light-hearted and pleasant review of her housekeeping troubles, touching yams and plantains—and a not less interesting account of her literary labours and prospects—intimating that the ship which brought the letter we quote, brought also the first volume of a novel, and the manuscript of another work to be published periodically. To the last her friendly gossip is full of life, cheerfulness, and hope. The next ship that sailed—how very—very soon afterwards—brought to us the tidings of the sudden sacrifice of that life, the memory of which should be dear to all who can appreciate poetry, and wit, and generosity, the refinements of taste, and the kindly impulses of the heart, that make human nature—and woman's nature especially—most worthy to be regarded with admiration and affection."

The last time that we saw Miss Landon was at a *conversazione* in Portland Place. It was the second party, of which she had been the life and soul that evening; and, as we were handing her to her carriage, she remarked to me that she must visit one, if not two more, before she sought her pillow. Such are the sacrifices offered at the shrine of popularity.

Mrs. Maclean was the sister of the Rev. ——— Landon, the present meritorious secretary of that admirable institution *The Literary Fund*, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It was only two or three evenings before we heard of her death that we were looking over that new "*curiosity in literature*," SCHLOSS'S *English Bijou Almanack* for 1839, the writing and embellishments of which can be fairly seen only by the aid of a magnify-

ing glass. The little work was edited by Mrs. Maclean. From the poetical gems contributed by her pen we transcribe the following

#### FAREWELL.

My little fairy chronicle,  
The prettiest of my tasks, farewell!  
Ere other eyes shall meet this line,  
Far other records will be mine;  
How many miles of trackless sea  
Will roll between my land and me!  
I said thine elfin almanack  
Should call all pleasant hours back;  
Amidst those pleasant hours will none  
Think kindly on what I have done?  
Then, fairy page, I leave with thee  
Some memory of my songs and me.

[Mrs. Maclean, as appears from the Coroner's Inquest held upon her remains, owed her death to an over-dose of Prussic acid, taken under a violent spasmodic attack.]

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

"*The Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-Asia, Africa, and Europe*," comprising the area, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, finances, military defence, cultivated and waste lands, rates of wages, prices of provisions, banks, coins, staple products, population, education, religion, crime, &c. &c. of each colony, from the official records of the colonial office, by permission of the secretary of state, with maps, plans, charters of justice and government, &c. In one volume royal 8vo., by Montgomery Martin, author of the "*History of the British Colonies*," &c.

Mr. Thomas is about to publish a new volume of "*The Child's Library*," consisting of "*Fairy Tales in Verse*," by the author of "*Old Friends in a New Dress*," illustrated in the style of "*The Family Library*." The third part of Forster's "*Arabian Nights*" will be published on the 1st of February.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Francis's Little English Flora, 12mo. 6s. 6d... Brookes on the Office of Notary, 8vo. 21s. . Haye's Introduction to Conveyancing, fourth edition, royal 8vo. 30s. . Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. 110, fcp. 6s. . Bingley's Tales of Shipwrecks, square 16mo. 4s. . Reid's Elements of the Practice of Medicine, 8vo. 15s. . Last of the Plantagenets, third edition, fcp. 7s. 6d. . Colburn's Modern Novelists' Florence Macarthy, fcp. 6s. . Stokes' Complete Cabinet Maker, 18mo. 3s. 6d. . Church Calendar, post 8vo. 4s. . Gleig's Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. . Henry's (P.) Exposition and Practical Observation on First Eleven Chapters of Genesis, 18mo. 4s. . Discovery of the Vital Principle or Physiology of Man, 8vo. 14s. . Haas' Gleanings from Germany, royal 12mo. 9s. . Miller's Church History, continued by Stebbing, Vol. 1, 8vo. 12s. . Rob of the Bowl, by Kennedy, 3 vols. post 8vo. 34s. . Sinclair's Holiday Home, fcp. 5s. 6d. . Ribban's Moral Contrast, third edition, fcp. 1s. 6d. . Fowler's Tables for Poor Law Unions, 8vo. 10s. . Logan's Scottish Banker, 18mo. 2s. 6d. . Smith's Pilgrim's Staff, 12mo. 5s. 6d. . Krummacher's St. John, 12mo. 3s. . Sacred Poetry, second series, 32mo. 3s. . Memoirs of Dr. Wagh, by Hay and Belfrage, royal 12mo. 7s. . Buchanan's Comfort in Affliction, fifth edition, fcp. 2s. 6d. . MacDonald's Christian Doctrine and Duty, 18mo. 2s. 6d. . Rawling's Sermons, 8vo. 6s. . Hayward's Faust, third edition, fcp. 8s. . Sharpe's History of the Ptolemies, 4to. 8s. 6d. . Willis's Illustrations of Cutaneous Diseases, folio, No. 1, 5s.

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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

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## HOME MANUFACTURES *versus* FOREIGN MANUFACTURES. — AGRICULTURE. — THE BRITISH MARINE, &c.

TIME was when England was a great wheat-exporting country; and nothing but the pressure of heavy rents and heavy taxation could prevent her from becoming so again, were such a consummation to be found desirable, or in any respect advantageous. It is desirable that England should, by her arable produce, be able to sustain her own population; but, under existing circumstances, it is not desirable that she should again become a wheat-exporting country. For the support of the manufacturing and commercial interests, at least as much as for those of landowners and their farming tenants, it is important—it is essential—that agriculture should be protected; as it is only by the protection and encouragement of agriculture that the community, collectively and individually, can be secured against the exorbitant and crushing demands of foreign corn-growers. We do not say that we might not, *just now*, obtain wheat from abroad at a far lower price than we are obliged to pay for it at home; but how long would that advantage last? Common sense tells us that, by large and continued importations of foreign corn, the English market would be depressed—the English farmer would be ruined—his land would be thrown out of cultivation—and, for the very staff of life, the nation must be cast prostrate at the feet of the foreigner. As a matter of course, the foreigner would take advantage of our situation: finding that we were no longer in a position to grow corn for ourselves, he would compel us to take *his* corn, and at *his* price: the only alternative—starvation! This would be sufficiently dreadful in the “*piping times of peace*,” but it would be incomparably worse in the event of a war. Let us not then by casting away our *independence* forfeit our *existence*.

Were it not for the ignorant, the weak, and the wicked—for a combination of the three, unintentional on the part of the first and second—the insane cry of “*Cheap Bread!*”

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would long since have ceased in our streets. However, the labouring classes are beginning to perceive, and to comprehend, that when *BREAD* is *very cheap*, *WAGES* are necessarily *very low*; and that it is infinitely preferable to possess eighteenpence, with which to purchase a quarter loaf that costs a shilling, than to have only sixpence with which to pay for the same description of loaf when it costs ninepence.

With reference to manufactures and trade—to domestic as well as to foreign produce—the farmer is at once the most liberal and the most extensive *home* consumer. Destroy the farmer, and you inflict a deadly stab, not only upon the manufacturing, commercial, and trading interests, but upon those of the community at large. Support the farmer—make him prosper and flourish—and you give a new impetus and an increased remuneration to every industrious hand throughout the empire. In fact, the interests of the agriculturist and of the manufacturer are so closely interwoven—so absolutely amalgamated—that they must stand or fall together. “*UNITY*” should be their joint motto; and, above all, “*INDEPENDENCE*.”

By *independence* let us not [be thought to mean an affected independence of foreign commerce on the part of this country. No; “*Ships, Colonies, and Commerce*”—and, consequently, *Manufactures and Agriculture*—are essential not only to the well-being, but to the very existence of England as a nation. To preserve, intact, our ships, colonies, and commerce—our manufactures and agriculture—our greatness and power as a state—we must maintain our *independence*: that is, to the extent of our ability we must hold ourselves in such a position that, come war come peace, we may be enabled to exist, and triumph, and flourish as a great people without the slightest *necessary* reliance upon foreign aid.

We will further illustrate the meaning and object of these remarks by referring to a case to which our attention has lately been called—a case which, in its different bearings, seems

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likely to prove important in an agricultural, a manufacturing, and even a national point of view. Our allusion is to a company which has recently been formed, under the denomination of "The Staffordshire Hemp and Flax Company, established at Rugeley, 1838, for rendering British and Colonial Hemp and Flax applicable to all the Purposes for which Russian Hemp and Flax have hitherto been used."

Perfectly aware of the trickery and manoeuvring that are too frequently resorted to in the "getting up" of joint-stock companies, &c., the Staffordshire concern might have gone on for a century without attracting our notice, without inducing us to bestow a thought upon the subject, had it not been for the unimpeachable respectability of many of the patrons and directors of the undertaking, and from certain local knowledge which we happen to possess respecting it. For these reasons we shall, as briefly as possible, state the chief points of the scheme.

Under the express patronage of the Lord Lieutenant and many of the leading nobility and gentry of the county of Stafford, the company has been formed, according to the terms of its prospectus, "for the manufacture of sail-cloth, canvas, ropes, and cordage of unequalled strength, soundness, and durability, perfectly free from rot, mildew, or premature decay; and also for the manufacture of waterproof cloths, of various descriptions, perfectly flexible, and unaffected by the extremes of heat and cold, resisting alike the action of boiling water and of the most intense frost." The invention (originating with a Mr. Donlan) is further described as consisting "of three distinct parts, comprehending most important improvements in the first principles of manufacturing hemp and flax, whether the material be designed for linen fabrics or cordage, viz. :—

- "1.—A new and improved machinery, applicable only to this method of manufacturing, whereby a larger quantity of fibre, without injuring the staple, can be obtained from the raw material, than by modes hitherto adopted, and the fibre rendered available in a *green state*, and without the injurious process of *steeping*, hitherto employed.
- "2.—The preservation of the fibre by a peculiar chemical compound, rendering the fabric free from mildew or premature decay.
- "3.—The hitherto unattained process of rendering cloths waterproof, the fabrics remaining uninjured, flexible, and unaffected by any variation of heat or cold to which they can, by any possibility, be exposed in service."

Presuming these representations to be correct—and, as we have intimated, we hold faith in the integrity and honour of the parties concerned—important advantages are offered, in a

national point of view, and altogether independent of mere *personal* considerations. These advantages are at least four-fold, and, at a glance, may be seen to branch off and extend in numerous ramifications. 1. By opening a new and highly profitable source of agricultural growth, in the *home* produce of hemp and flax, for which, hitherto, we have been indebted chiefly to the *foreign* cultivator. 2. By this *home* growth of hemp and flax, insuring an actual pecuniary saving to the *home* manufacturer, and, *consequently*, to the *nation*. 3. The furnishing of an increased quantity of employment for the labouring poor in *agriculture*, and also in *manufacture*, and *consequently*, an additional relief to the *state* by a *diminution of the poor's rate*. 4. And, what is of still greater importance, in a *national* light, the *INDEPENDENCE* which, in the equipment of our *commercial* as well as of our *royal marine*, we shall achieve over Russia and the other Northern powers. These *direct* advantages cannot fail, as we have observed, to branch off into and create innumerable *indirect* and minor ones of a nature more or less important.

With reference to agriculture in particular, we have yet another remark to offer. Flax, of the first quality, has already been grown in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rugeley manufactory; many parts of the kingdom are especially well adapted for the growth of hemp and flax; the flax and hemp for the purposes here required must be cut in a *green* state, before the arrival of the plants at maturity; consequently, their growth will not deteriorate the quality of the land more than any other description of produce; and, as the farmer should be paid for his crop immediately on its having been cut and delivered, he will be enabled to purchase his manure for all purposes with ready money, and upon advantageous terms.

We have not room for entering further into the subject: let us, therefore, conclude with repeating, that the interests of the agriculturist, of the manufacturer, and of the nation at large, are so closely interwoven—so absolutely amalgamated—that they must stand or fall together. "UNITY" must be their joint motto; and, above all, "INDEPENDENCE."

#### Music and Cookery.

The most singular spit in the world, is that of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent Lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton perfectly *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; a fowl *à la Flamande* will be juicy at the eighteenth and so on.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

## LETTER VII.

NOTICE OF THE REV. SAMUEL AYS-  
CROUGH.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Jan. 5, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

By way of *addendum* to my third letter, let me observe that, in prosecuting my account of booksellers and their establishments, I shall, agreeably to my original design, include notices of the most remarkable personages connected with them, especially of those who, from their own merit, have risen from obscurity to eminence. Among this number the world are perhaps indebted to the Messrs. Rivington for the valuable and useful labours of that extraordinary individual, Samuel Ayscough, Clerk, F.S.A., &c., of whom his only faithful biographer says—

"This very useful contributor to the literary history of his country was the son of George Ayscough, of Nottingham, a respectable tradesman, who unfortunately launched into speculations which impaired his fortune. His son Samuel, after a school education, assisted his father in the business of a farm for some time, and afterwards was reduced to work as a labouring miller for the maintenance of his father and sister. While at this humble occupation, which did not procure the very moderate advantage he expected, Mr. Eamer, an old schoolfellow and friend, (afterwards Sir John Eamer, an alderman and lord mayor of London,) hearing of his distress about 1770, invited him to the metropolis, and obtained for him at first the office of an overlooker of some pavours in the street. Soon after, however, he assisted in the shop of Mr. Rivington, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and then obtained an employment in the British Museum, at a small weekly stipend. Here he discovered a degree of knowledge, which if not profound was highly useful, in arranging and cataloguing books and MSS., and his services soon recommended him to an increase of salary, and to some extra employment in regulating the libraries of private gentlemen, the profits of which he shared with his father, whom he sent for to town, and maintained comfortably till his death, Nov. 18, 1783. About 1785 he was appointed assistant librarian to the British Museum on the establishment; and soon after, entering into holy orders, was ordained to the curacy of Normanton upon Soar, in Nottinghamshire. He was also appointed assistant curate at St. Giles's in the Fields, and in all those situations conducted himself in such a manner as to gain the friendship of many distinguished characters. In 1790 he was appointed to preach the Fairchild Lecture, on Whit Tuesday, at Shoreditch church, before the Royal Society, which he continued to do till 1804, when he completed the series of discourses in fifteen sermons. His labours in literature were of the most useful cast, and manifested a patience and assiduity seldom to be met with. And his laborious exertions in the vast and invaluable

library of the British Museum form a striking instance of his zeal and indefatigable attention.

He soon acquired that slight degree of knowledge in several languages, and that technical knowledge of old books and their authors, and particularly that skill in deciphering difficult writing, which amply answered the most useful purposes of the librarian as well as the visiting scholar. He assisted also in the adjustment of the records in the Tower, and in the formation of many useful indexes and catalogues, some of which will be noticed hereafter. By these means his situation became very comfortable; and about a year before his death it was rendered yet more so, by his being presented with the small vicarage of Cudham, in Kent, by Lord Chancellor Eldon. He wrote a very accurate account of that parish for the *Gentleman's Magazine* a few weeks before he died; and, by an affecting coincidence, it appeared in that excellent repository the same month in which his death was announced. This event happened Oct. 30, 1804, at his apartments in the British Museum, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Mr. Ayscough was a man of a benevolent and charitable disposition, and frequently consulted how he might exercise these virtues, without reflecting that his means were circumscribed. Having experienced much distress himself from pecuniary matters, he was ever ready to alleviate it in others, and became a patron almost before he ceased to be a dependant. In his office in the Museum he will long be remembered for the pleasure he seemed to take in assisting the researches of the curious, and imparting the knowledge he had acquired of the vast resources in that national repository. With somewhat of roughness or bluntness in his manner, he delighted in volunteering his services in all cases where the visitors wished for information; and there was a preciseness and regularity in all the arrangements he had made, which enabled him to do this with a facility which often cannot be acquired by veteran bibliographers.\*

In 1783 Mr. Ayscough published a small political pamphlet—"Remarks on the Letters of an American Farmer; or, a Detection of the Errors of Mr. J. Hector St. John; pointing out the pernicious Tendency of those Letters to Great Britain." But among his more useful labours must be particularly distinguished his "Catalogue of the Manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, hitherto undescribed, consisting of Five Thousand Volumes, including the Collections of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., and the Rev. Thomas Birch, D.D., and about Five Hundred Volumes bequeathed, presented, or purchased at various times—1782, 2 vols. 4to." This elaborate catalogue is on a new plan, for the excellence of which an appeal may safely be made to every visitor to the Museum since the date of its publication. Mr. Ayscough assisted afterwards in the catalogue of printed books, 2 vols. folio, 1787, of which about two-thirds were compiled by Dr. Maty and Mr. Harper, and

\* At the present day, the intelligence which is evinced in the assistant librarians, and even in the porters of those assistants, at the British Museum—and at the same time the sedulous and obliging attention which is paid by them to the reading visitors of the library—cannot be known or imagined but by those who frequent the noble and recently enlarged reading rooms at this great national establishment.

the remainder by Mr. Ayscough. He was also at the time of his death employed in preparing a new catalogue of the printed books; and had completed a catalogue of the ancient charters of the Museum, amounting to about 16,000.†

"As an index maker his talents are well known by the indexes he made to the *Monthly Review*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *British Critic*, &c., (for which he had strictly to search almost every line of nearly two hundred volumes!) and especially a verbal index to Shakespear, a work of prodigious labour. It remains to be added that his knowledge of topographical antiquities was very considerable, and that perhaps no man, in so short a space of time, emerging too from personal difficulties, and contending with many disadvantages, ever acquired so much general knowledge, or knew how to apply it to more useful purposes. The leading facts in this sketch (which has had the benefit, and revisal and correction from Mr. Alexander Chalmers) were thrown out with affection by the venerable and worthy Mr. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1804. To that miscellany he was a frequent contributor; and what he wrote was in a style which would not have discredited talents of which the world has a higher opinion."

When I view the advantages to be derived from Ayscough's index to the *Monthly Review*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (and the work's review in them,) together with WATT's *Biographia Bibliotheca*, that great index to all works in various languages from the earliest printers in the fifteenth to the latest in the eighteenth century, I consider them a key to literature for upwards of 350 years. Of the latter book Mr. Dibdin observes—"That wonderful work of the late Mr. Watt—such a compendium of labour was hardly ever beheld: its uses and advantages are manifold and indispensable; and it should never fail to be a 'library companion' in all collections of extent or importance."

Ever my dear Son,  
Your affectionate Father,  
AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

#### THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE.\*

WE have brought down our rapid and sketchy memoir of Aldus Manutius Romanus to the period of that distinguished printer's death, in

† There is still greatly wanted, however, a *Classed Catalogue* of the books in the British Museum. Thus, if a person wish to consult the work or works of any particular author, he has only to refer to the author's name in the regular alphabetic catalogue; but if desirous of learning what works have been written, and by whom, upon any specific subject—Pharmacy, or Meteorology, for instance—there is no channel open through which he can obtain the required information. Without a recollection of the *names* of the authors, nothing can be done.

\* *Vide* pages 2 and 52.

1515; but we have additional matter to offer before we can proceed with our proposed notice of his successors. "The name of Aldus," remarks the editor of *The Bibliographical and Retrospective Miscellany*, published a few years since, "will live in the memory of man as long as there survives in the world the love of literature, of which he has shewn himself so deserving by his honourable labours. Whether Aldus was descended from a noble family or not is of little consequence; if he were really the son of a converted Jew, the greater honour doth it confer on him, who, in that case, was the founder and architect of his own fame: and the remark made by Lipsius of the two Scaligers, will apply with equal truth to the Alduses—that if they were not princes they deserved to be, on account of their extraordinary genius and wonderful erudition. For every man of superior talent and learning we must expect to find an envious Scoppius; yet were all that Ciofani has urged on this point against Aldus Manutius, strictly correct, how entirely is this pardonable vanity eclipsed by his patient and unwearied assiduity in rescuing the literature of Greece and Rome from the dark oblivion of the middle ages; devoting the best years of his life, and the whole of his fortune to the accomplishment of this grand object. Let any person who entertains for one moment the aspersions of a writer but little known, compare the undoubted compositions of the Venetian printer,—both the friend and companion of the great and the learned,—with the charge of ignorance and plagiarism, contained in the letters of Ciofani, and we feel assured that the suspicion against Aldus will immediately vanish. Mr. Hartshorne\* declares these letters to be genuine:—we have examined their authority, and are convinced that they are atrocious libels, unworthy of the slightest credit."

It was chiefly through the example of Aldus Manutius, that the art of Greek Printing became familiar to many of the Cisalpine cities and universities early in the sixteenth century; it was through his labour and enterprise that Greek impressions, which had been antecedently very rare, were brought into comparatively general usage. A further illustration of this interesting subject will be found in the subjoined cursory view of the origin and progress of Greek typography in Italy, condensed by Timperley, from GRESWELL's *Early Parisian Greek Press*.

"It is agreed that the oldest specimens of Greek printing consist of detached passages and citations,

\* Book of Rarities of the University of Cambridge.

found in a very few of the first printed copies of Latin authors, such as *Lactantius, in Monast. Sublacensi, anni 1465*; the *Aulus Gellius* and *Apuleius* of Sweynheim and Pannartz of 1469; and some works of Bessarion, *Romæ, sine anno*. In all these, it is remarkable that the Greek typography is legibly and creditably executed, whereas the Greek introduced into the *Officia* and *Paradoxa* of Cicero, *Mediolani, per Ani. Zarotum, anni 1474*, is so deformed as to be scarcely legible. The first printed entirely Greek book is *Luscarsis Grammatica Gr. Mediolani, ex recognitione Demetrii Cretensis, per Dionysium Paravisinum, 4to*. The character of this rare volume is elegant and of a moderate size; resembling that in which the same *Grammar* again appeared *anno 1499*. The same work, or a portion of it, was repeated *Græce, et cum Latina interpretatione, at Milan, anno 1480, 4to*; and the next year, *viz. anno 1481*, from the same place and press issued *Psalterium Græcum cum Latina recognitione, both these, under the revision of Joannes Crestoni, a monk of Placentia*. Mattaire believes the printer of these several impressions of Milan to have been the same Dionysius Paravisinus.

"Venice, which had hitherto vied with other cities both in the number and skill of its Latin typographers, had indeed sufficient cause of jealousy on observing the palm of earliest Greek printing thus borne away by Milan; yet she suffered ten years to elapse before the commencement of an actual rivalry in the same department. In 1486, that city produced in sacred literature a *Psalterium Græcum*, in profane, *Homeri Batrachomyomachia*. The first was executed by Alexander, and the latter by Leonicius, both Cretans. Mattaire describes the character of the Psalter as exhibiting a very antique and singular appearance. The *Batrachomyomachia*, nothing more legible than the former, is, however, furnished with accents and breathings. It also exhibits certain Greek scholia found in no early edition besides; and what is more singular, they are arranged between the lines of the poem, *ut singulis carminibus interlineare superstet scholium*. Both these scholia and the title page are printed *en rouge*. Such an intermixture of red and black in every page Mattaire thinks not unpleasing. Of this rare volume he procured in his own time a kind of fac-simile impression, which is known to collectors.

"Milan and Venice, then, produced the earliest impressions; but whilst they were satisfied with such as were of a minor description, Florence contemplated a gigantic project, which was to throw all past efforts into the shade. It was nothing less than that noble edition of the whole works of Homer, *Homeri Opera Omnia, Græce*, which was finished *anno 1488*, in two fine volumes, folio, by the skill and industry of the same Demetrius of Crete, (who appears now to have transferred his residence from Milan to Florence,) under the special revision of Demetrius Chalcondyles, and at the expense of two patriotic Florentine citizens. Here then was an instance of art, starting as it were from its first rudiments into sudden and absolute perfection. Whether, says Mattaire, one regards the texture and colour of the paper, the agreeable form of the characters, the regular intervals of the lines, the fine proportion of the margins, or the *tout ensemble*, the combined execution and effect of the whole, even in later times nothing more elegant and finished has appeared.

"Thus Greek typography seemed already to have attained in a measure its *ακμή* maturity; as was evinced by the specimens we have enumerated. It had already forced its way through the difficulties of so novel and extraordinary an undertaking. Nothing now remained but to secure and amplify the glory which had been acquired: and this object was effected by a new series of adventurers, who soon began to display an honourable emulation in the same career."

The remainder of this abstract will be given in our next portion of *The Aldine Triumvirate*.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

A Little Great Man.—Lavater.—Physiognomy.—Charles Fox.—Suppression of Monasteries in France.—Halley the Astronomer.—The Virgin Queen's Learning and Taste in the Fine Arts.—The Fate of Molière.—Dr. Aikin, the "Monthly Magazine," and the "Athenæum."—Sir John Moore, Lord Rodney, Gibbon the Historian, and Spenser the Poet.—Glories of the Emerald Isle.—Alfieri and the Pretender.—Dr. Franklin and his Printing Press.—Ray the Naturalist.—The Baron Montesquieu and Dr. Garth.—Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.

THE Emperor Maximilian I., grandfather to Charles V., has been dead 320 years this day, Saturday, January 12th, 1839. This little great man, as he has been justly designated, had many curious points in his nature. He said of himself, "that whereas other princes were *reges hominum*, he was truly *rex regum*, because his subjects would do only what they listed." To flatter the vanity of Henry VIII. of England, he served under him as a common soldier for a hundred crowns *per diem* at the siege of Terouenne. Maximilian was an author as well as a prince; but he was a much better silversmith than either. At the Escorial is an embossed pot for holy water, and a crucifix, of his manufacture. He was installed Knight of the Garter by the Marquis of Brandenburg, his proxy, in the reign of Henry VII. He married Mary, daughter and heir of Charles the Bold, by which marriage, and that of his son Philip with Joan, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the immense dominions of Spain and Burgundy devolved on his grandson Charles, and the house of Austria began to threaten the liberties of Europe.

John Gaspar Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist, has now been dead thirty-eight years. He died in consequence of a wound, received when the French troops under Massena took Zurich, his native town, by storm. Lavater was born in 1741. There is much in first impressions; indeed, in our humble opinion, they

are nearly, if not altogether infallible ; but they are the result of intuition less than of study ; and, as we conceive, physiognomy can never be reduced to a science. Phrenology stands on a very different foundation : in that everything is determined by rule and system. Lavater, however, was an amiable enthusiast ; and with him "the human countenance divine" had been long an object of intense and anxious study.

To-morrow is the anniversary of the birth of that great Whig statesman, Charles James Fox, the second son of Henry, first Lord Holland. Fox was born in 1749, and died on the 13th of September, 1806, the same year in which the ashes of his great rival William Pitt were consigned to the tomb. In the introduction to one of Sir Walter Scott's poems are some exquisite lines relating to these eminently distinguished men.

To-morrow also forty-nine years will have elapsed since the passing of the decree for the suppression of monasteries in France.

Edmund Halley, a name ever dear to astronomical science, will have been dead ninety-seven years on Monday ; and on the same day George Berkeley, the learned and metaphysical Bishop of Cloyne, will have been dead eighty-six. Berkeley's writings made much noise in their day, and are yet studied by many.

Of the virgin Queen Elizabeth, who was crowned on the 15th of January, 1559, two hundred and eighty years ago, it was written—

"Shee was, shee is, what can there more be said,  
In earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

This of Queen Elizabeth, the murderess of Mary Queen of Scots, and the perpetrator of a thousand other atrocities ! Elizabeth understood six languages. Her translation of the "Meditations of the Queen of Navarre" was printed at London in 1548 : her translation of "Zenophon's Dialogue between Hiero and Simonides" was first printed in 1743, in No. 2 of the "Miscellaneous Correspondence." With her fine learning, Elizabeth was a most acute and profound critic on subjects of art, and we doubt not would have written upon them as well as many of the critics of our own day ; in presumptive proof of which it is only necessary to mention her persuasion that shadows were unnatural in painting ; and she accordingly ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any !

Molière, the father of French comedy, and one of the first comic authors that ever wrote, was born on the 15th of January, 1622. His father was *valet de chambre* and upholsterer to the king. For twenty years Molière wrote for the stage ; and during the whole of that period he was also an actor. His *Tartuffe* and *Le Malade Imaginaire* are immortal. In the latter

he himself acted the imaginary sick man ; but labouring at the time under a pulmonary complaint, and exerting himself with more than usual spirit, he ruptured a blood vessel, and was suffocated, in 1673, on the fourth performance of the piece.

Dr. John Aikin, to whom English periodical and general literature is greatly indebted, was born at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, on the 15th of January, 1747. His original destination was medicine ; and he graduated as physician at Leyden, about the year 1784. In 1796, the period we believe of its commencement, he became the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, which he superintended till 1806. He afterwards conducted the *Athenæum*, a magazine published by Messrs. Longman and Co., but which, although it was supported in its literature by many of the first writers of the age, and contained numerous articles of sterling merit, failed to establish itself in the favour of the public, and was consequently, after a year or two's trial, discontinued. Dr. Aikin died at Stoke Newington, in the winter of 1822.

On Wednesday next it will be thirty years ago since Sir John Moore fell at the battle of Corunna ; fifty-nine years since Rodney's victory over Langara's fleet off Cape St. Vincent ; forty-five years since the death of Gibbon, the historian ; and 257 years since the death of Edmund Spenser, the illustrious author of the "Faery Queene." Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," written in the days of Elizabeth, is almost equally applicable in its truth of description to that wretchedly ill-governed country at the present hour. Then, as now, blood, murder, and burning were the order of the day. In Tyrone's rebellion poor Spenser was compelled to flee with such precipitancy as to be under the necessity of leaving behind him his infant, whom the merciless cruelty of the insurgents burnt with his house. Such instances speak volumes for the humanity, the honour, the glory of the men of O'Connell's Emerald Isle—that mill-stone for centuries put on the neck of Britain.

Victor Alfieri, the great Italian poet, who figures in the memoirs of Prince Charles the Pretender, was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749. He died at Florence in the year 1803.

Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher, printer, statesman, and what not, regarded by some as everything that was great and wonderful, was born on the 17th of January, 1706, 133 years ago. Notwithstanding the parade which has been made about his character, we think lightly of him both morally and politically. His neglect of the woman to

whom he was affianced, and who, if we mistake not, was fool enough after his return from England to marry him, was worthy only of that prince of scoundrels, Rousseau, and himself. At the office of Messrs. Cox and Son, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, we have frequently seen the press at which Franklin worked, as a journeyman pressman, when in England. It was very recently, and probably may be to the present hour, in use as what is termed a proof-press.

John Ray, F.R.S., a celebrated English naturalist, will have been dead 134 years on Thursday nex. He died at the age of seventy-seven.

Friday is the anniversary of the birth of that great and popular French writer Montesquieu, in 1689, and of the death of Dr. Sir Samuel Garth, an English poet, standing well in his day, in 1719.

Friday is also the anniversary of the marriage of Henry VII. of the race of Tudor, or Theodore, with Elizabeth of York, by which the two houses of York and Lancaster were united.

#### DEATH'S GREETING.

I come—I come!—Thou loving one,  
Not for thee is the bridal wreath;  
The priest may wait, and the bridegroom sigh,  
In vain—for the mate of DEATH.

I come—I come!—Thou trusting one,  
Whose heart's best gem was given  
To him, who flung the gift away,  
Like chaff to the winds of heaven!

I come—I come!—More peace with me  
Than in that sunlight which falsely shone:  
Sleep thou the sleep of o'erwrought nature—  
Thy weary day of life is done!

I come—I come!—Thou mother fond,  
With babe at the doating breast;  
Though soft that pillow, I will give  
The nursing a sounder rest.

I come—I come!—Ay! build your halls,  
And heap up treasure, sons of earth;  
To-morrow the owl shall feed her brood  
Where to-day is heard the shout of mirth!

I come—I come!—Ye guilty tribe,  
Who snatch from the poor the bread of life;  
Ye hungry horde of locusts vile,  
With which the vexed land is rife—

I come—I come!—Your harvest hour  
Was bright, and jocund, and fat withal:  
Tis MY turn now! and my scythe of might  
Shall merrily ply, and mow down all!

L. S. S.

#### THE MARRIAGE SYSTEM.

"Too oft by parents join'd, unknowing, innocent,  
Artless and young, the tender virgin takes  
A master, not a lover, to her arms;  
The momentary transports soon decay;  
A dull and sullen servitude soon succeeds—  
For life succeeds; honour forbids divorce,  
And every creature hopes for liberty,  
But the poor captive of the marriage-bed."

CHARLES JOHNSON.

SOCIAL errors are far more dangerous to the peace and well-being of a community than the misgovernment of politicians. These social errors are so common in practice, and so certain in effect, that without any great stretch of the use of language, they may be termed "*systems*." One of these systems has been made matter of comment in these pages,\* and its errors were shewn to be detrimental in a serious degree in operation; and I am about to expose another that shakes morality to its foundation, as well as lowers the character of the community at large: I allude to the *system* of marriage, and often properly characterized as the *trade* of marriage!

None but a madman or a fool can look with indifference on the hundred, ay, thousand times-told tale of the abuse of marriage, with the frightful vices which the forced, the convenient, and the fashionable marriage entail on their victims, as daily reported in the public papers. Even now, in the face of evidence, which no art can render less strong—depositions of unerring witnesses, and the recorded decrees of judges which severally have pointed out the entailed miseries of forced marriages—even now too oft

"the tender virgin takes

A master, not a lover, to her arms."

"What an eligible match this would be for my daughter, Harriet;" is often the exclamation of a mother; and the daughter forthwith has to *play* the part of unbounded affection to my Lord *Noodle*, who, with an awfully receding forehead and very long hair, takes the pretty maiden coolly by the hand, and makes her

"Brutus' mistress, not his wife!"

although the marriage ceremony has been gone through.

She is destined to live in "the suburbs of his breast," and her office is but to "keep him warm," and "feed him with nourishing dishes," until, perhaps, the arrival of a favourite "*danseuse*," or Prima Donna, withdraws his *appearances* of affection, for they were never more, and having satiated his passion he leaves his

\* Vide "THE CREDIT SYSTEM."



wife, whom he had sworn at the altar to cherish and protect, to pine whole days and nights away in the full consciousness that some other of her sex receives those attentions to which she only had a right. The wife, become now the victim of grief, may, if she be truly attached to her worthless husband, sink within herself and die at the bare thought of his neglect; or, having been mixed up in the giddy throng of fashion, which but imperfectly knows right from wrong, may o'erstep the path of moral rectitude, and become the mistress of another. I leave the reader to follow in imagination, the life of this man and woman. Death, even if it be violent, is the least evil that can befall them; the misery they entail upon any offspring of their marriage is boundless in extent; the stigma of parental vices remains on their foreheads for ever; society suffers, in the end, by the exposure of its weakness, and morality is taught to blush at the little regard mankind bear it.

Even should the evils not exist to this extent, still the home of matrimony is not the house of peace; and children who should look up to their parents as patterns of what *they* should be, are taught, by the constant bickerings they witness, to become dissatisfied with their state, and ignorant of the governing principles of human happiness.

In the fashionable "match" love exists on neither side: the parties conceive that it is the accomplishment of a portion of the duty fashion calls on them to perform: the preliminary dance at Almack's, or the Marchioness of Salisbury's, the *outré* drive in the park, the private *tête-à-tête* in the box of the Opera, the insinuations of future prospects, the absolute proposal, the excitement of being the talk of the world, (i.e. the fashionable circle) the numerous paragraphs in the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal*, and their proper series of contradictions, which although they cost money, are worth double the price; the official announcement about the "hymeneal altar;" the lucky lord, or the fortunate marquis, or it may be the deserving duke, the talk at Tattersal's and the clubs; the wedding clothes, the wedding ring—and the joy of affection for the handsome presents—with the *stir* of kind friends who are in truth but acquaintances, the marriage in the house, or at least, at St. George's Hanover Square, and the knowledge of the breakfast, the rush into the country, with the *idea* that you *must* be happy, are the only *realities* of the fashionable marriage. Following opposite pursuits—the one the fox chase, while the other may live in the very vortex of scandal, and truly become the object for "scorn to point his slow unmov-

ing finger at;" the husband and wife may meet seldom: there is no unity of sentiment, no common feeling: and they who would be the most fashionable should know nothing about one another. The wife's heart is corrupted by what her ear hears and her eye sees; she has no thought beyond present enjoyment: she listens to the soft words of love from one who is not her husband, and partly through affection wrongly directed, and partly through the certainty that she will become the talk of the town, (how lost are they who esteem it!) she elopes with an unprincipled man, who seeing the weakest side has taken advantage, and after having ruined his victim, he'll

"Whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune."

If a man will assert that either the "eligible" or the "fashionable" marriage carries out the true principles of matrimony, I will say no more; but he who reflects on what even a mutual coldness does towards making vice triumphant, cannot but shrink back at the sheer idea of this desecration of what was instituted by God for man's happiness, and condemn the traffic or convenience of matrimony as certain to entail on the social community a misery that no law can prevent, and no medicine can remove. Do men seriously think, that the "putting away" their wives can be easily accomplished, or, if it can be easily accomplished, that it is justifiable?

Do mothers give one thought how much they tempt Heaven when they force their daughters to marriage?—that in many cases they prompt or induce crimes that their pure minds otherwise would have shrunk from, or, *at the least*, give rise to misery which terminates alone in death?

These observations are made with all seriousness, and with the hope that they may save at least one wretch hastening on to destruction: the system of match-making is gaining ground: we know it from the reports of proceedings in the courts of Doctors' Commons; and many are the cases where the moral guilt of a wife or a husband has been caused by injudicious interference. Divorces and actions to the man of refinement are little satisfaction; being loosened from your matrimonial ties, or receiving a thousand pounds as the price of your wife's honesty, can be little satisfaction to the man who has *loved* the woman: but these are grasped at by thousands, and in the vanity of their minds they think that their vengeance is complete, and that their offended *honour* (?) has received its full compensation. Let such fools be contented;—it is they that have made wives frail. "Look before you leap," is an

old saying, and it applies most aptly to matrimony, and do not by "persuasion," or through "convenience," run your head into the marriage noose, and find yourself in the end either the neglected wife, or the careless husband, without any pleasurable hope, but the expectation of a divorce or an action.

J. H. P. P.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### SOCIETY, MORALS, AND RELIGION OF GERMANY, &c.\*

THAT a man, possessing the correct feelings, the sound principles, the enlarged views upon all points of religion, morals, polity, and literature by which Mr. Gleig has been many years distinguished, should write a worthless or even a mediocre book, we knew to be an impossibility: it was therefore with the liveliest interest that we took up his just published three-volume account of his visit to Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, in the year 1837. Withdrawing for a season from the further prosecution of labours under which his constitution had greatly suffered, he, by the advice of his medical attendants, proceeded to the Continent in the spring of 1837. We are gratified in the opportunity of stating that, in the course of his travels, he found that health of which he had set forth in quest.

Mr. Gleig's great object appears to have been to inquire into the state of society, with reference to morals and religion in the different countries through which he journeyed; and we much regret to learn that his investigation was attended by unfavourable results. In his prefatory "advertisement" our author observes as follows:—

"The truth, however, is—and the theological treatises which issue daily from the German press, may satisfy the most incredulous on that head—that a sober and enlightened piety, a firm and conscientious and humble belief in the religion of the Gospel, as it was once delivered to the saints, is scarcely professed by any influential portion of the German community. In the Catholic countries, you find, indeed, some show of respect for the forms of the Church; while Catholic divines are, for obvious reasons, less prone to theorize on points of doctrine than Protestants. But even in Catholic countries, the cloven-foot of scepticism is for ever thrusting itself from beneath the priest's robe; while among the Protestants, to believe God's word as it is written, forms the exception to the general rule which Rationalism has established."

\* Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 3 vols. Parker. 1839.

To enter at any length upon such a subject as this would lead us into an extent of discussion which is totally precluded by our scanty limits; and we are quite certain that a few miscellaneous passages transcribed from Mr. Gleig's work will be infinitely more acceptable to the readers of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE than aught that we could possibly offer from our own pen. Here is an amusing dinner scene:—

"There is no country in the world in which the business of dining is more gravely dealt with than in Germany. There is no city in Germany where men dine with greater zeal than in Hamburgh. The affair is, indeed, a momentous one to all concerned; and the deliberation and seriousness with which its details go forward are truly edifying. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a long table, spread in the centre of an uncarpeted room, with covers for some thirty or five-and-thirty guests, each of whom has a station assigned to him, more or less removed from the chair, according as his sojourn in the hotel may have been more or less protracted. As the clock strikes four, mine host—in this instance a grave portly personage—seats himself at the head of the board; his wife, for such I presume the lady to have been, taking her place at his right hand. A tureen of soup is then planted before him, from which he proceeds to administer to his guests their respective portions, with all the dignity, and not a little of the patronizing air which marks the bearing of a noble towards his country visitors. The soup is eaten leisurely, and with great relish; the operation being enlivened with much talk concerning money, and the occasional sipping of wine or beer, of which liquors you may or may not partake, without exciting the surprise of any human being, not even of a waiter. This done, and the tureen being removed, there are carried round two dishes of bouille, that is to say, of beef entirely innocent of fat, and boiled to tatters; of which, with the addition of some sour sauce and putrefied cucumbers, the Germans eat greedily, while you, if your gorge revolt from it, must exercise your patience; for it comes alone in its glory. But all things that had a beginning, must likewise have an end. The bouille disappears at last; and there succeeds it a solitary dish of fish, which, after it has stood perhaps a second or two in front of mine host, goes, like its predecessor, the round of the table. It is not despised by any one, though I do not recollect that either here or at any other table d'hôte, was the same dish eaten of twice, at least by a German. Next comes roast beef, first presented entire, then removed to the side-board, cut into slices, and handed round. Then follows a plum pudding, and last of all, a haunch of roasted venison, with stewed prunes. Now when it is borne in mind that these various dishes all made their appearance one after the other;—that no vegetables, except cucumbers and sour crout, bore them company; that the guests lingered over their several morsels, as if to enjoy them had been the point towards which, from early dawn, their fondest wishes were turned; that the head-waiter, after seeing that the strangers were helped, sat down at the bottom of the table and helped himself; the beef was succeeded by fish, and plum pudding by venison, and that to get through the whole occupied a space of not less than two hours and

a half, it is scarcely to be wondered at, if, in the eyes of such as had never witnessed the like before, a table d'hôte dinner at the Hotel de Russie in Hamburg should have appeared pre-eminently absurd.

At Berlin—

"The new Museum, built after a design by Schinkel, and completed so recently as the year 1830, deserves especially to be noticed. It is a very beautiful structure, resting, like our own Custom-House, upon piles, and judiciously arranged for the reception, in its three compartments, of three different collections. On the ground floor, are vases and bronzes, some of them of rare value, and the former at least well classified, and arranged on mirror tables. On the second floor, is the sculpture gallery, which you approach through a circular hall, the admirable proportions and highly ornamented ceiling of which are exceedingly striking; and finally, the gallery of paintings, occupying the third, or loftiest story of all, is not more remarkable for the worth of the treasures which it contains, than for the admirable order in which they are arranged, and the facilities afforded for studying them. I have neither the ability nor the inclination to play the connoisseur, even so far as to specify the pieces which pleased me most; and if I had, my readers would not, I suspect, thank me for indulging it; but thus much I must be permitted to say:—Thanks to the excellent arrangements of M. Waagen, who has distributed the different paintings into the schools to which they severally belong, and compiled a catalogue which enables you to trace the progress of each, from its first beginnings to its maturity, and so back to the period of its decline,—my recollection of the gallery at Berlin, which I visited only once, is a thousand times more vivid and more regular than that which I retain of the collections either at Dresden or Munich. I believe, indeed, that the gallery at Berlin contains fewer gems by the great masters than either of its rivals on the north of the Alps; but as a whole I question whether it be not at least as inviting; for if master-pieces be more rare, mere daubs are more rare also; and the attention paid to the framing and adjustment of the pictures is in Berlin more conspicuous than I have observed anywhere else, Munich itself not excepted."

Mr. Gleig's remarks upon the advantages of an established religion and an established clergy are particularly deserving of notice:—

"It belongs to the civil government of every country which acknowledges the necessity of a religious training among the people, to provide for their instruction an efficient clergy, either by allotting a competent maintenance to each minister out of the public funds, or by securing to them severally the quiet possession of such endowments as private benevolence may have set apart for them. In seeking to render a clergy efficient, however, the two extremes of wealth and poverty will be avoided. A very wealthy clergy,—a clergy universally rich,—are almost sure to become universally indolent; a pauper clergy,—a clergy universally poor,—can neither afford to devote their energies to the high work of their calling, nor, in the present state of society, will they command anywhere such a degree of respect as shall render their exertions acceptable to those among whom they are placed. In like manner the prudent statesman, whose object it is to govern by the help of religion, will take care

so to organize his clergy, that they shall not appear to belong to any one order of the people exclusively. I do not here wish to enter into the question as to whether one form of ecclesiastical polity be or be not conformable to primitive usage. I am treating the matter as one of human policy alone,—and I repeat, that he must be a short-sighted statesman who cannot perceive how superior is the efficiency of a church, whose clergy pass to and fro on an easy footing through the several gradations of society, over that which restricts its ministers to a companionship with one class only, whether it be the highest or the lowest, or some class intermediate between the highest and the lowest.

"Again, I do not see how any statesman, unless he have adopted the principal of voluntarism to its fullest extent, can hesitate to admit that it is the duty of a government to enter into an alliance with some one church or sect in particular; and having done so, to treat that church or sect with a degree of deference which he does not exhibit towards its rivals. Let it be borne in mind that the civil government supports a church, not as a means of securing the eternal salvation of the subject,—for with that consideration the civil government has no concern,—but as an instrument by which the subject may be moulded to obedience, and industry, and good citizenship. But the church can aid in accomplishing the object only if it be seen to have the support and countenance of the government. Let the government slight or oppress the church, or appear indifferent as to the prevalence of her doctrines, and she will very soon cease to be an efficient engine in its hands. Am I then arguing in favour of persecution? Or, failing that, do I wish to recommend, as becoming in any government, a spirit of proselytism, with which the civil government ought to have nothing to do? Surely not. Toleration cannot be too ample or too complete. By whatever forms, or under whatever denomination, men choose to worship the Creator, they have a right to be protected in their worship, so long as they do not outrage the feelings of those around them: but the government which goes farther than this commits an error, of which the consequences are much more serious than may at first sight appear."

The worthy priest of the parish Hernskirichen, a small community amongst the mountains of Bohemia, is thus mentioned:—

"I found him, not in his house, nor yet abroad for amusement; but seated on a chair in the village school, busily and kindly engaged in conveying instruction to the children. He rose on my entrance, and after a cordial grasp of the hand, laid aside his book, and conducted me home. What a contrast that home presented to the interior even of the poorest of our English vicarages. There was no modest but lady-like person to bid her husband's visitor welcome.—no cheerful-sound of young voices issuing from the garden or the nursery,—but a housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, very little indebted to nature, and less to art, ushered us into an apartment which served the three-fold purposes of kitchen, bed-room, and eating hall. Carpets are rarely to be seen even in the palaces of the German nobility. You find, on the contrary, bare boarded floors, with a high polish, doubtless, and here and there tastefully inlaid; but after all, boards, and boards only. The priest's

partment could not boast even of this degree of elegance,—for the flooring was of mud, with a tile hearth near the stove. Its furniture, again, consisted of two deal tables, a few chairs, a bench or two, a porcelain stove, and a bed, such as Captain Hall has so eloquently denounced, in the far corner. A few books, some of them torn, occupied a hanging shelf near the window; and some coarse paper, with an ink-stand and a pen, lay on the ledge beneath them. The kind priest, however, seemed anxious to convince us that, humble as his condition might be, he could still exercise the rites of hospitality. A brown loaf, some excellent butter, and a bottle of good Rhenish wine, were produced, on which my fellow-traveller and I made a sumptuous luncheon."

From Mr. Gleig's account of Töplitz, one of the most fashionable and best-ordered watering places in Germany, and the favourite resort of the King of Prussia, we must take one or two short excerpts.

"Of Töplitz itself I may truly say, that I have never seen a watering-place more perfectly attractive in every sense of the word. The town is not large; its population falls short, I believe, of three thousand, and the houses are in proportion; but there is about it an air of cleanliness and civility which is peculiarly gratifying, especially in Germany, where, sooth to say, the latter quality is not always prominently conspicuous. Approaching it as we did, from the side of Dresden, you drive through a species of suburb,—that is, along a road lined on either side by neat mansions, slightly detached from one another, and are carried first into a street, wide, and clean, and spacious, and then into the Platz, or square, which forms a constituent and important part of every German town, be its dimensions what they may. From the square again, which has a considerable declination towards the north, you pass into another street, where all the principal hotels are congregated, and at the extremity of which is the chief attraction of the place, Prince Clari's palace, with its noble and delicious gardens."

"In addition to the public establishments, where the humbler classes take the waters gratuitously, there are somewhere about ninety private bathing-houses in the place, the demand for which, during the height of the season, is such that you must bespeak your turn at least a day or two beforehand, and adhere to the appointed minute religiously. For nobody is allowed to remain in the bathing-room more than three-quarters of an hour at a time, one quarter out of the four being claimed as necessary to clean out and prepare the apartment for the next visitor. The waters, I need scarcely add, belong to the class of alkalo-saline, and take their rise among the Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, hard by. They are extremely hot, and are regarded as especially useful in all cases of rheumatic or gouty affections. It is worthy of remark, that the Austrian medical officers send the valetudinary among the soldiers to these baths from a very great distance. When I was there, I saw detachments belonging to almost all the regiments which occupy quarters in Bohemia; and I was given to understand that they had come thither as invalids, and would, when cured, return to their respective stations.

"The Germans, though not famous for their hos-

pitality, are proverbially a gregarious people; and at Töplitz, and indeed at all the watering-places, they appear to live in public. There are tables-d'hôte at all the principal hotels, where, both at dinner and supper, the company meet on terms of the most easy familiarity. To enhance the pleasure of the feast, moreover, Bohemia minstrels,—not unfrequently women,—come and sit down in the Saal while you are eating, and sing and play with equal taste and harmony. While this is going on within, dense crowds collect about the doors and windows in the street, with whose proximity,—as the genuine love of music attracts them, and they are as orderly and well-behaved as the most fastidious could desire,—no human being is, or can be, annoyed. By-and-by, the meal comes to a close, and then the guests either sally forth to enjoy the fresh air in the Prince of Clari's garden, or sit down on benches along the trottoir, and smoke their pipes as contentedly and joyously as if they were a thousand miles removed from an Englishman's horror—the public eye."

We take the following scene from Mr. Gleig's description of Tepla, a fashionable watering place in Hungary:—

"The Speisen Saal, or banquetting apartment, attached to the New Hotel in Tepla, forms a distinct building by itself. It is erected in rear of the house, and standing in a garden amid a grove of trees, presented to our eyes at that moment a very attractive object. From the branches of these trees, a profusion of lamps hung down, the rays emitted by which guided us to the door, and a band of music, placed somewhere in the shade, cheered us with sweet sounds as we moved forward. And a very lively and interesting spectacle it was, which greeted us when we passed beneath the portal. The hall was large,—it could not measure less than sixty feet in length, by twenty or thirty in width,—yet was it filled, at all its innumerable tables, by ladies and gentlemen. Scores of lamps suspended from the ceiling, with a rich glass chandelier in the midst, shed a volume of light over the company, the whole of whom were engaged in eating, drinking, talking, laughing, and giving other evidence of a state both of body and mind altogether at ease. Then, again, the dresses of all were handsome,—of some even brilliant. The ladies wore such robes as we see in London, in Vienna, and in Paris; but of the men, many were arrayed in the picturesque costume of their country, having their moustaches well curled, their vests richly embroidered, their short cloaks made of velvet, and their swords handsomely mounted and furnished. Officers, too, were there, in their plain white uniforms,—gentlemanly looking persons, and, as it seemed to me, in high favour with the fair sex, whether because their manners were more gentle, or their faces smoother than those of the lay nobles, I cannot pretend to say. On the whole, the spectacle was as striking as any thing of the sort to which I recollect at any other time to have become a witness; and we were not sorry that the accustomed tardiness of the Hungarian grooms gave us ample time and leisure to enjoy it."

We have just sufficient room left for the subjoined amusing account of a curious custom prevalent in Bohemia of feeding the cattle, &c. of a whole village in common:—

"We were sitting beside the open window, the sun having gone down about an hour, when all at once there came pouring along the street a whole mob of pigs, cows, and geese, grunting, lowing, cackling, and careering full tilt, to the palpable discomfort of every biped whom they encountered. It was curious to observe the sagacity with which the creatures, one after another, broke off from the throng, and made each for its own domicile. Here an enormous sow went splashing through the mud down some filthy lane, till she reached her sty; there a couple or two of geese, with wings distended, skimmed over the earth's surface, towards their roost. On the whole, the movements of the cows were the most decorous, though they, like their companions, travelled entirely free of control. We remembered, as we watched the antics of these animals, what had been told us of the custom, in reference to such matters, in Bohemia; and we came to the conclusion that here also the cattle belonging to each village were fed in common. We were not mistaken in drawing this inference; and we had the good fortune,—for so, amid much laughing, we accounted it,—to witness next morning the process of muster as it went on. The first streaks of dawn were just coming in, when a long, and loud, and peculiar blast of a horn awoke me. I jumped up, and saw, standing beneath my window, a peasant, with a sort of trumpet at his mouth, made, as it seemed, of the bark of a tree, and not less, at a moderate estimate, than five feet long. With this he blew a flourish at intervals, passing on after each, about thirty or forty yards; and he was answered by the outpouring of cattle, geese, and pigs; each coming, as it had gone on the previous evening, entirely unattended, and all joining in a concert more audible than harmonious. I defy the gravest of mortal men, when beholding that spectacle for the first time, to suppress his laughter. Yet the scene, though ludicrous to us, was regarded by the principal actors in it as an affair of great moment. The peasant continued to wind his horn till all the beasts of the village were assembled; and then, being joined by two or three others of his own class, the whole assemblage went on their way, amid the crackling of whips, the hallooing of men, and the not less musical combination of sounds which the four-footed actors in the drama emitted."

From the passages we have given from the volumes before us, it must be sufficiently apparent that they abound in interesting matter. We have no doubt, however, that we shall, ere long, again meet Mr. Gleig under circumstances at least equally gratifying.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

[Copy of a Letter from "AN OLD BOOKSELLER'S SON," at Florence.]

"Florence, —, 1838.

FLORENCE! lovely Florence! I delight in thee more and more every day. A stranger first coming to Italy, has been so long used to dreams of poetry and romance, that he expects to see little short of enchantment, plain reality therefore at first disappoints him; but when he begins to think naturally and to know the

value of all around him, he, by degrees, comes to be fascinated by its beauties, and the longer he stays, the longer he wishes to remain. So it is with me. Now I really feel that I am in Italy, and enjoy every thing doubly as I know its history. I see from my window at this moment the church of St. Maria del Fiore, the Cathedral of Florence, an immense building of rich architecture, in black and white marble; next to it is the bell tower, in Italy always a separate building from the cathedral. This is also in black and white marble and porphyry, in gothic architecture, so rich and delicate, that Charles V. said it ought to have a glass case to protect it. I never can pass it, without stopping to admire it. One of the early Italian painters was its architect. In my morning's walk, I pass the house of Michael Angelo, where his working implements and other curiosities are yet shewn; and I pass the church where he lies buried, not without sometimes taking a look at his tomb. Some of his works stand in the street, as does also the *Perseus* of Benvenuto Cellini, in bronze, the casting of which I read a full account of in his life that you bought for me at counsellor Connell's. I see and study from the works that Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, with a host of others studied from, and this you will say ought to inspire me. In truth there is so much facility and so many means of study in Florence, that one does not know where to begin. There are five public libraries, all gratuitously open to the public; two picture galleries, the finest in the world; a collection of about 70,000 drawings by the old masters; about 100,000 prints; an academy for every branch of the fine arts, with numberless other objects in churches, convents, &c., to all of which reasonable access is given to artists. But I have been obliged to devote most of my time to the galleries; more would I devote myself did my strength permit; but there is much to do in taking views, studying frescoes &c. in the churches.

You ask if I am painting for sale, or on speculation. I answer neither. You are aware that is a plan I never admired, and one which I am sure you would not advise, except in the case of some choice subject on the spot. In fact, Sir Joshua Reynolds advises a man while here, never to lose the smallest advantage which Italy affords, as there is no opportunity of regaining it in after life. I paint to the extent of my strength, but am an idler compared with many who study twelve and fourteen hours a day; however, I have a most excellent friend and adviser, in an eminent Scotch artist a Mr. W——, who is the intimate friend and correspondent of W——e. He is most kind to me on all occasions in the arts; and there is not a day passes but I make some acquaintance entirely without seeking on my part: to day, a German; this evening, an American, with whom, together with a West Indian and a Scotchman I have just been walking. In fact, from all parts of the world come travellers to Italy; and I do believe that I have a greater number of acquaintance here than I had in C——. You would laugh to hear some of my Italian friends' opinion of England, for, as they are in a primitive state of innocence with respect to geography, they think we are close neighbours with our friend the *North Pole*, and that we suffer accordingly. Yesterday a respectable artist asked me what sort of a sun we had in England. I gave him to understand that it was precisely their

MOON! But then the Moon? Oh, the Moon, the same as your Stars, signor. And the Stars? Oh, the Stars are seldom seen. But then how did Herschell discover his planet? By means of immense telescopes, only known in England! This was the precise conversation, and was implicitly believed! The fact is, they read the flag end of accounts of London fogs, and think that all England light candles at mid-day. As to the ladies, they seemed to be tolerably innocent of every thing except flirtation and love-making. Still the Florentines are courteous and gentle in their manners, and from the better classes I have experienced every civility; among the lower classes so much of the aforesaid "primitive innocence" remains, that some worthy members of various trades think proper to adorn themselves this warm weather much after the fashion of the negroes, namely, with a very small garment round the hips only. It is, however, *picturesque*, and nobody seems to mind it.

The weather is now intensely hot, so much so, that I can hardly bear it. To stand in the sun is impossible, and the large stones that Florence is paved with, reflect a heat so intense that it prevents one from breathing. Yet my health has improved and the climate has served me much. The finest fruits are to be had for a mere trifle. Melons are wheeled about in barrows, and form a great part of the food of the common people. Peaches are also in abundance. The vines are bending under immense clusters of grapes, which hang over the road within reach. The Arno, however, which in winter is a large rapid river, is almost dried up, and can be waded across by a child in many parts.

The comparatively rich and happy peasant of Tuscany often makes me draw a sad comparison with Ireland. All here seems prosperity.—ADIEU.

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

### *Change of Colour in the Plumage of Birds from Fear.*

The following are related as facts by Mr. Young, in the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*. A black-bird had been surprised in a cage by a cat. When it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with perspiration. Its feathers fell off, and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white. —A grey linnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk: the wretch instantly bore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor bird survived the outrage, and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white.

### *The Arms of France.*

The fleurs-de-lys, properly speaking, are not the Bourbon arms. The original shield of the family was—or, a lion rampant, *sable*, within an orle of eight scolloped shells, *azure*. Archambaud IX., Sire de Bourbon, bore no other. His grand-daughter, named Beatrix, sole daughter and heir of Jean de Bourgoigne, Seigneur de Charolois, by Agnes de Bourbon, daughter and co-heir of the said Archambaud, (which Lady Beatrix died in 1310), having espoused Robert of France, Comte de Clermont Beauvoisis, sixth son of St. Louis (IX.), she con-

veyed to her husband the lordship of Bourbonnais. Louis I., Comte de Clermont, son and heir of Robert and Beatrix, in 1327 was created Duke of Bourbon by his kinsman, Charles le Bel, and is the immediate progenitor of Henry IV. and of Charles X., as well as of his present Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French. In truth, the fleur-de-lys—that is to say, *azure, semée de fleur-de-lys d'or*—is the earliest national standard since the introduction of Christianity, and boasts a duration of upwards of 1300 years. It may, therefore, be considered the most venerable national symbol of any European people.

### *Royal Robes, &c.*

At the second sale of a portion of the wardrobe of his Majesty George IV.,\* on the 9th of June, 1831, the following curious articles brought the prices marked: they will become historical curiosities.—An elegant yellow and silver sash of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, 3*l.* 8*s.*; a pair of fine white kid trowsers, lined with white satin, *twelve shillings*; the coronation ruff, of Mechlin lace, 2*l.*; the Highland costume, worn at Dalkeith Palace in the summer of 1822, 40*l.*; the crimson velvet coronation mantle, embroidered with gold, forty-seven guineas; a crimson coat, to match with the robe, 14*l.*; a magnificent gold body-dress and trowsers, twenty-six guineas; a large white aigrette plume, presented by Lord Fife, 15*l.*; a richly embroidered silver tissue coronation waistcoat and trunk hose, 13*l.*; the splendid purple velvet coronation mantle, embroidered with 200 ounces of gold, 55*l.*; an elegant and costly green velvet mantle, lined with ermine of the finest quality, presented by the Emperor Alexander, and cost upwards of 1000 guineas, 125*l.* There was very slight competition for any of the articles.

### *The Original Macheath*

Tom Walker, as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original *Macheath* in the Beggars' Opera) was well known to Macklin, both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the mediocre parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in *Macheath*. Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sang well enough to give a carnival song in company, which at that time was almost an indispensable claim on every performer; and on this account did not much relish the business: the high reputation of Gay however, and the critical junta who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of his part, and exclaimed, "Ay, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

### *Esprit de la Politesse.*

The following compliment was lately paid by a Parisian dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last he must give it up, he apologised by saying, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

\* Vide page 29.

*Lambe's Epitaph.*

In 1567, William Lambe, cloth-worker, gave to the Stationers' Company an annuity of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the perpetual relief of the poor in the parish of St. Faith. Out of the annuity the Company undertook to pay 6*s.* 8*d.* for a sermon at St. Faith's (under St. Paul's Cathedral) on the 6th of May; and also to give weekly to twelve poor men and women of that parish, one penny in money, and one penny in bread; leaving to the Company 1*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* towards a dinner. Mr. Lambe died in 1580: was buried in the church of St. Faith; and near his grave a brass plate on a pillar was thus inscribed:

As I was, so are ye;  
As I am, you shall be;  
That I had, that I gave  
That I gave, that I have;  
Thus I end all my cost:  
That I left, that I lost.

William Lambe, so sometime was my name,

Whiles alive dyd run my mortal race,  
Serving a prince of most immortal fame  
Henry the Eight, who, of his princely grace,  
In his chapell allowed me a place.

By whose favour, from gentleman to esquire

I was preferred, with worship for my hire.

With wives three I joynd wedlock band,

Which (all alive) true lovers were to me,

Joane, Alice, and Joane; for so they came to hand,

What needeth praise, regarding their degree,

In wifely truth none stedfast more could be,

Who though in earth Death's force did once dissever,  
Heaven yet, I trust, shall joyn us altogether.

O Lambe of God, which sinne didst take away;

And as a lambe was offered up for sinne,

Where I (poor Lambe) went from thy flock astray,

Yetthou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne

Home to thy folde, and holde thy Lambe therein,

That at the day, when Lambes and Goats shall sever,  
Of thy choice lambes, Lambe may be one for ever.

I pray you all that receive bread and pence,  
To say the Lord's Prayer before ye go hence.

*Price of a Portrait.*

Sir Thomas Lawrence's price, up to the year 1802, had been, for a three quarters, thirty guineas; for a half length, sixty guineas; and for a whole length, 120 guineas. In 1802, he raised the charge for the smallest size, to thirty-five guineas, quadrupling it for the whole length. At these rates he continued to paint till 1806 when he raised his charge for the smallest size to fifty guineas, and so on in proportion. In 1808 he raised his prices to eighty guineas for the smallest size, and 320 for the whole length; and in 1810, advanced them to 100 guineas for small heads, and 400 for full lengths. At these latter prices he continued to paint ten years; and in 1820, made one more advance, which he never exceeded.

*Artificial Wine.*

The Russians imitate Port wine thus: Cider, three quarts; French brandy, one quart; gum Kino, one drachm. And the French restaurateurs imitate suc-

cessfully old hock by the following mixture: Cider three quarts; French brandy, one quart; alcoholized nitric ether, one drachm.

*Sir George Rodney.*

Captain Rodney, having compelled the French ship, with which he had been chiefly engaged, to surrender, instantly boarded her, and made his way to the French Captain, who, having given up his sword, remarked, with the characteristic *badinage* of a Frenchman, even under the severest misfortunes, "that he would rather have met the eagle in the shape of a dove, with the olive-branch of peace." To which Rodney instantly replied, in the words of his motto "Eagles do not beget doves;" and in 1780, when he was advanced to the dignity of a Knight of the Bath, the above circumstances were made the insignia of his arms; viz. Or, three eagles displayed proper answering to the three victories, he had gained over the French and Spaniards. *Mundy's life of the Admiral.*

*Early Punctuation.*

The following amusing extract containing the ancient method of punctuation, is from a work entitled *Ascensius declynsons with the Plain Expositor*. Without date, place, or printer's name, 4to. This work is ascribed to Wynkyn de Worde from a peculiar type which is found in the *Ortus Vocabulorum*, by the same printer.

"Of the craft of Poynting.—"Ther be five maner pontys, and diuisions most vside with cunnyng men, the which, if they be wel vsid, make the sentens ver light, and esy to vnderstand both to the reder, & the herer, & they be these: *virgil*, come parentheses, playnt poynt, and interrogatif. A *virgil* is a sclendryke: lenyng fyrwarde thiswyse, be tokynnyng lytyl, short rest without any perfetnes yet of sentens as betwene the five poyntis a fore rehersed. A come is with tway titlis thiswyse: betokynnyng a longe rest: and the sentens yet ether is vnperfet: or els, it be perfet: ther cummith more after, longyng to it the which more comynly can not be perfect by it self without at the lest summat of it: that gothe a fore. A parentheses is with tway crokyd virgils: as an old mone, & a neu bely to bely: the whiche be set theton afore the begynnyng, and thetother after the latyr ende of a clause: comyng within an other clause: that may be perfect: thof the clause, so comynly betwene: wer away and thereof it is sowndyd comynly a note lower, than the vtter clause. yf the sentens cannot be perfet without the ynnere clause, then stede of the first crokyde virgil a streghth virgil wol do very wel: and sede of the later must nedis be a come. A playne point is with won titll thiswyse. & it cumeth after the ende of al the whole sentens betokynnyng a longe rest. An interrogatif is with tway titlis; rhe vpper rysyng this wyse? & it cumeth after the ende of a whole reason: wheryn ther is sum question axside. the whiche ende of the reson, tryng as it were for an answere; risyth vpwarde, we haue made these rulis in englishe: by cause they be as profitable, and necessary to be kepte in eury mother tunge, as in latin. Sethyn we (as we wolde be god: eury precher, wolde do) haue kept owre rulis bothe in owre englishe, and latyn: what nede we, sethyn owre own be sufficient vnowh: to put any other examplis."



## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &amp;c.

*Parley's Magazine for Boys and Girls.* No. I. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

YES, as Peter Parley himself says, we all have heard of him; he is a great traveller, and has been all over the world in search of knowledge; and, in this very pretty magazine, he has determined to tell a great many extraordinary stories to his young friends—that is, to all the boys and girls in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Peter is amusing as well as instructive to a considerable extent, both in prose and verse, and he illustrates his lessons and stories by a variety of neat wood cuts. His "Teachings from Nature" are very pleasing—his "Calendar of Science" &c., is full of information; and "Disobedient Charles, a True Story," related by Aunt Parley, is excellent in its way, and impresses an important moral.

By way of specimen we extract, as most in accordance with the spirit of our own work, the following account of *Paper made by Wasps*.

"You see this book is printed upon paper, and very good paper it is; this was made by men and machinery, of which I shall tell you by and by. But long before men found out a method of manufacturing paper, the art had been practised by wasps ever since wasps themselves were made, for the purpose of forming a covering for their nest or hive.

"They do not use for their paper any of the substances employed in paper manufactories, but the fibres of wood, which they gnaw from posts, rails, window-frames, &c., and when they have collected a great number of these fibres, they moisten it with their mouths, and knead it into a sort of paste or *papier mâché* (I will tell you about this some day), and fly off with it to their nests. When they get to their nests, they spread this into leaves of proper thinness, and attach it to the building at which they are at work, and put one piece of this substance upon the other, 'in a good and workman-like manner,' as the bricklayers say, till a proper number of layers to compose the roof is finished.

"The wasps' paper is about the thinness of thin paper, and their nests consist of about fifteen or sixteen sheets of this paper; which, placed only a little distance apart, make nearly two inches thickness. Hornets also make paper in the same way, but it is coarser and thicker than that made by wasps."

*Truth and Falsehood; or, the Two Cousins.* A Tale for Youth. By M. A. K. Kendrick.

THIS prettily conceived little story inculcates the important moral, "of never deviating, either in thought or deed, as well as in word, from the dictates of truth, as that is the foundation of all good, as is falsehood of all evil."

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &amp;c.

FOR the past week, the office of Theatrical Critic has been a perfect *sinécure*. Not the slightest feature of novelty has presented itself at either of the houses, major or minor. The Pantomimes and the Lions; Madame Vestris and the French giant continue in their most "high and palmy state."

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At the ordinary meeting on Saturday last, Professor Wilson, the director, in the chair, two very interesting communications were read from the director and Lieutenant Willsted on the two principal dialects of the Arabian language. In the illustrations of the subject, copious references were made to the inscriptions found on the rocks of Yemen, and analogous with those also met with in different parts of the world, particularly South America. Lieutenant Willsted, at the conclusion of the meeting, expressed his surprise that in the taste for African discovery no traveller should direct his attention to explore the southern parts of Arabia, which were very easy of access from Bombay. He apprehended that little difficulty would be felt by any individual travelling in a pacific capacity, and he had no doubt but that many officers in the Indian navy would be found with spirit enough to undertake it.

## ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

The ordinary meeting was held on Monday evening, Mr. Barry, V. P., the architect for the New Houses of Parliament, in the chair. The secretary announced the balance in the hands of the banker as 67*l.* 4*s.* Amongst the correspondence read was a letter of Signor Nicolini, of Naples, accompanying an Italian translation of the several publications of the Institute, published by the Royal Neapolitan Academy of Fine Arts. These consisted of the constitution and bye-laws of the Institute, the proceedings of the opening meeting in 1836, and the series of questions drawn up for the information of members, and which, being thus circulated, it was anticipated would lead to eliciting valuable information on architectural subjects from the Two Sicilies and the whole of Italy. Mr. Richardson exhibited drawings of the Old and New Bethlehem; and there were also some interesting drawings of the architectural remains of the period of Elizabeth and James from a collection in the museum of the late Sir John Soane. Donations were also announced from M. Valdermini, who has been employed in the reconstruction of the imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, which was recently burnt down; and from Mr. J. Wells, of drawings of the doorway of the famous Baptistery at Florence. Mr. Donaldson, the secretary, announced that thirteen new members were elected; and Mr. Fowler read a paper by Mr. Pocock on the bond of brickwork, which occupied the remainder of the meeting.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Tuesday evening the ordinary monthly lecture was delivered by the Secretary, A. Aitken, Esq., F.L.S., on the uses and application of Bone to the Arts. The attendance was numerous, comprising a number of ladies and visitors. The bones of fish and insects were elaborately considered; and the solubility of bone by depriving it of its earthy matter, forming one of the most interesting facts in animal physiology, was illustrated by macerating specimens in muriatic acid, which, extracting the earthy portions, left the gelatine in an uncombined state. A collection of the warlike instruments of different nations, into the manufacture of which bone largely entered, was presented to the Society, and attracted much attention.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF HORTICULTURE AND AGRICULTURE.

The meetings for the season were resumed on Tuesday evening. Mr. Glenny, F.H.S., in the chair. Professor Johnson described several interesting varieties of cacti and euphorbias, which were on the table, and gave a lecture on these very remarkable plants which are now so much admired as objects of cultivation.

## METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Dr. McIntyre, V.P. in the Chair. A communication was read from Mr. J. H. Maverley, of the Royal Academy of Gosport, on the weather of December last, which he describes as alternately wet and fine, with a pretty high atmospheric pressure, the mean temperature of the month being but little short of the mean temperature of December for several years. The thunder storm on the 2nd was one of rain, hail, wind, thunder, and lightning, and came on suddenly from the south-west, at fifteen minutes past 10, P.M. The hailstones were not coated with snow, but were solid pieces of ice, in a great variety of forms, from five to seven being joined firmly together in solid masses of transparent ice. In twenty minutes no less than three quarters of an inch of rain and dissolved ice fell. The meteors seen previously to the commencement of the storm, between seven and ten, P.M., were ninety-seven, of which fifty-six were east, and forty-one west, of the meridian. Seven of these had long sparkling trains, and passed through spaces of 20° to 30°. The author of this paper conjectures that these meteors were generated by means of a gaseous fluid mixing with the lower medium of the atmosphere, which he considered to be highly electric, as it had rained all day, with a rising barometer. The Secretary next read a letter from Mr. J. G. Tatem, on the excess of rain at Wendover over that which falls at High Wycombe, although these places are but nine miles apart, and which in 1838 was not less than 4½ inches. He attributed this to a local cause in the deviation of height in the hills that were in proximity, and an accompanying register showed that the mean temperature of Wendover was 47.35; the quantity of rain fallen, 29,245 inches; and the number of days of rain, 161.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The ordinary Meetings were resumed on Wednesday evening, the Rev. Professor Whewell, F.R.S., in the Chair. The Members elected were the Rev. S. Wilberforce, the Rev. J. Binton, and Dr. Griffiths; and among the presents announced were a series of maps representing the coal fields of Wales, from Sir R. J. Murchison, and Mr. Darwin's illustrations of the geology of South America. Dr. Harland, Professor of Zoology in Pennsylvania, whence he has just arrived, addressed the Meeting on Fossil Bones of North America, taking a rapid and cursory review of the various geological discoveries that have been made in that country, and illustrating the same by an extensive collection of specimens. The most recent and interesting consisted of the teeth and ribs of an animal which would appear to have been of gigantic size, but respecting which only conjectures could be formed; one of the ribs alone measured from two hundred to three hundred feet in length, whilst the jaws and teeth were of proportionate dimensions. It was considered by the Lecturer to be allied to the manatou, or sea-cow, and named by him *Basilosaurus*. Another extraordinary specimen was the lower jaw of a species of saurian, about ten feet long, which was discovered within the past year in Alabama, imbedded in hard blue limestone rock. Mr. Owen, of the Royal College of Surgeons, next read a paper on the *Basilosaurus* of Dr. Harland, with the view to prove, from his recent examination of its remains, that it was the link which connected the mammiferous animals with the cetacea.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

We understood that, amongst the forthcoming new works is a *Life of the Duke of Wellington, with Portraits, Battle Scenes, &c.* in twelve parts, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq., Author of the "Stories of Waterloo," and other well-known productions.

A translation of the "Songs of Beranger," with the French music, and accompaniments for the piano-forte.

In Parts, a *Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical Work on Greece*; by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Head Master of Harrow School.

A *Conchological Manual*, or Illustrated Dictionary; by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, Jun.

*The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant*; with explanations of the process of printing, calculation of manuscripts, choice of paper, type, binding, &c.

A *History of Dramatic Literature*; by George Stephens.

*How do you like our Country? or, an Autumn in America*; by Charles Mathews, Esq.

*Goethe's Theory of Colours*; from the German, by C. L. Eastlake, Esq., R.A.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents generally are requested to observe, that all favours intended for consideration in the current week must be received by the editor not later than Tuesday morning.

"*The Suicide System*," by "J. H. P. P.," at the earliest practicable season.

## BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Todd's Student's Manual, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Francis's Little English Flora, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
Burdham's Works, edited by Dr. Bowring, royal 8vo. Pt. 7. 9s. cl.  
Crombie's Gymnasium Symbolica Abridged, second edition, 12mo. 6s. cl.  
A Voice from the Alps, edited by Rev. E. Bick-  
erstedt, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Robert Cathcart, Esq. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
The Art of Deer Stalking, by W. Scorpe, royal 8vo. illustrated, 22s. cl.  
Herschel's Astronomy, 8vo. 8s. bds.  
Philips' (Rev. Robert) Life and Times of John Bunyan, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
The Betrayal; a Sacred Poem, by Rev. S. Bellamy, crown 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Solomon as opposed to the Unity of the Church, post 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.  
The History of the Dissenters from 1808 to 1858, by the Rev. Dr. Bennett, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
The Book of Tables, square, 1s. 6d. cl.  
Life of Thos. Reynolds, by his Son, 2 vols. 8vo. 38s. cl.  
Thistlethwaite's Sermons for Charity Schools, 12mo. 16s. cl.  
Parochial Ministrations, by the Hon. and Rev. S. Best, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Scottish Christian Herald, Vol. 3, imp. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Occasional Works, fcp. 7s. cl.  
Gladstone's Church and State, second edition, 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.  
Edinburgh Cabinet Novels, Vol. 2, Pt. 1, 2s. sewed.  
Rome's Remarks on Copyhold Enfranchisement, 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Recollections of Ireland, 18mo. 3s. cl.  
Carleton's Father Butler, fcp. new edition, 3s. 6d. cl.  
Stephens' Travels in Greece, Russia, &c. fcp. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Hemans's Hymns for Childhood, new edition, 24mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Visit to my Birthplace, new edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Hemans's Lyrics, third edition, royal 32mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Schultz's Key to Noehden's Exercises, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.  
Young's Night Thoughts, Walker's Classics, 24mo. new edition, 2s. 6d. cl.  
The Union and Parish Officers' Year Book, 1839, 3s. 6d. cl.  
The Antediluvians, a Poem, by Jas. MacHenry, fcp. 8s. cl.  
Hoffman's Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie, 2 vols. post. 8vo. 16s. bds.  
Bubbles of Canada, by the author of the Clockmaker, 8vo. 12s. bds.  
Moseley's Mechanics applied to the Arts, second edition, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
Bartlett's Memoirs of Bishop Butler, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
Anthony's Cicero's Orations, by Boyd, 12mo. new edition, 6s. cl.  
Parkinson's Manual of Prayer for Young Persons, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Hand Book of Cribbage, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Love's Exchange, a Tale, by the Hon. C. J. Boyle, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.  
Howitt's Country Boys' Book, fcp. 8s. cl.  
Taylor's Rational Solitude, new edition, 3s. 6d. cl.  
The Pilgrim's Staff and Christian's Daily Walk, by Henry Smith, Sec. King's College, London, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
The Sabbath Book, by Charles Woodfall, 6s. cl.  
Report of Proceedings of the Guildford Protestant Association, 1s. 6d. cl.

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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF  
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## AGRICULTURE AND STEAM.

SINCE the appearance of our brief articles on Railroads and Steam Carriages,\* we have received numerous communications on the subject, but, with one or two exceptions, on certain points, nothing to induce a change in our general opinions. One of our most intelligent correspondents, a man of judgment and experience, who has travelled much, not only by coaches but by railways, thus expresses himself respecting the latter:—"Early in the history of their practical development I confess I was enamoured with the rapidity of the travelling and the consequent facility it gave for visiting distant places, but latterly, in consequence I suppose of the novelty having worn off, and in connexion with the disagreeable peculiar to the mode of transit, I have imbibed a distaste for them. In the way of comparison, it may be mentioned that the diversity of a journey by coach—the inhalation of the fresh air—the seeing men and manners—the raking up of old associations—the opportunity of conversation and enlightenment, are all matters not to be thought of in railway travelling. *You are taken into custody,*" continues our Correspondent, "at the station, and so kept until you arrive at your point of destination; having seen on the journey the tops of trees and the roofs of houses—having heard only the rattle of the train—and having smelt nothing but the ashes of the locomotive. The Railway is certainly not the medium for pleasure; but for the man of business—the merchant—and as tending to civilize the world, its benefits are incalculable."

So far, granted; but it has been already shewn—taking the London and Birmingham Railway as a point in proof—that the aggregate distance of 100 or 112 miles is not performed at a rate of speed averaging more than from fifteen to seventeen or eighteen miles an hour. Moreover, that a capital of 2000*l.* sunk for two steam carriages, on Sir James Anderson's principle, "will enable sixty passengers to be taken on any road in the kingdom, at fifteen

miles an hour; while it requires two engines to convey the same number on the Manchester line, at from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, which line of road is said to have cost three millions of money in its formation." Where, then, so far as speed alone may be concerned, is the vast advantage of the railroad train over the steam-carriage? And, by a reference to the *Times* newspaper of about the 2nd or 3rd of the present month, it will be seen that the Birmingham nuisance continues to exist in all its plenitude, both as concerns delay and the improper treatment of the passengers. It is notorious, too, that, throughout the kingdom, wherever the mails are conveyed by railway, very serious delays and inconveniences have been experienced.

Again, at a general meeting of the proprietors, directors, &c. of the Great Western Railway, held since the commencement of the year, the profound ignorance of certain influential parties, on what may be termed the elementary principles of railways, was exhibited in a most extraordinary style. "It requires long practical experience," as the correspondent from whom we have already quoted, observes, "and good management, to fully develop new principles. In many cases the directors are a set of *noodles*, thrown into their situation by chance and influence, without regard to talents or the business to be performed." Jobbery more scandalous, or ignorance more glaring, than the management of some of the railway companies exhibits, perhaps never existed. However, at the Great Western Meeting, through the presence of Mr. Babbage and a few other common sense as well as scientific men, some important resolutions were passed; resolutions which, if fairly and fully carried into effect, cannot fail of proving beneficial to the concern, and also to the public.

It was calculated some six or eight months ago, that, in fixed machines only, "the steam engine had displaced the employment of 300,000 horses, which is equivalent to the manual force of two millions of labourers. And when it is considered that steam engines re-

\* *Vide* pages 49 and 65.

quire no relaxation from their labour during the twenty-four hours of the day, and that horses must rest sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, it becomes evident that the steam engines afford a power equal to 900,000 horses, which is equivalent to the muscular force of about six millions of men; an amount far exceeding the manual labour of the *whole* of Great Britain!" This calculation, as it has been intimated, applies to *fixed* engines only; how vast must be the addition to be made for the *locomotive* engines on railroads, and the accession of steam power on canals, rivers, and even the ocean!

Certainly we were impressed with the idea that, in consequence of the railways having driven a large number of coaches off different roads, the horses belonging to those coaches must have been sold at a heavy loss, and dispersed over the kingdom. We considered too that, as a natural consequence of this change, the breeding of horses in this country would, in future, be on a much reduced scale. It has however "been ascertained, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, that since the establishment of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, as many additional horses are employed in the conveyance of passengers and goods from places on both sides of the line to the railway, as were before used upon the road from Liverpool to Manchester. This being the case, similar effects must have been produced by similar causes on the Birmingham line. In the metropolis, too, such is the new demand for road cattle to convey passengers to the railroad stations, that their value has increased. Look also at the increase of omnibus, cabriolet, and coach work in the streets of London now, compared with what it was only twelve or eighteen months ago. Amongst the new sources of employment for draught cattle, observe particularly the PARCELS' DELIVERY COMPANY, one of the most important establishments for the advantage of the community that has been introduced for the last century. Facts, they say, are stubborn things. And we learn that the directors of that company, which is daily increasing its facilities to an astonishing extent, bought fifty horses of Chaplin, the great coach proprietor, the day before he took 800 off the Birmingham line between Denbigh Hall and Rugby, and paid for them on an average 23*l.* each. Twelve months previously a similar lot of cattle would not have produced more than 16*l.* each.

Thus, without entering into calculations on the growth and consumption of grain, we are perfectly satisfied that the agricultural interest will be amongst the foremost to benefit by the introduction of steam conveyance, whether by railways or common roads.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER VIII.

STATE OF LITERATURE.—MRS. MACLEAN.  
—AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS, BOOK-SELLERS, &c.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Jan. 12, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

You ask me the state of literature in London. It has just lost one of its brightest ornaments—one of our dearest favourites—by the death of L. E. L., (Letitia Elizabeth Landon,) who was recently united to George Maclean, Esq., Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and of whose lamented demise you will find a brief account in the *Aldine Magazine*, under the head "Necrology."\* You will also perceive a long

\* *Vide* page 95.—It was stated by Emily Bailey in the coroner's inquest held upon the body of Mrs. Maclean, that on the morning of that lady's death, (Oct. 15th,) between the hours of eight and nine, having received a note, addressed to Mrs. Maclean, from Mr. Swanzy, she went to her room for the purpose of delivering the same to her, and found some difficulty in opening the door, in consequence of Mrs. Maclean having fallen against it. That deponent, on entering the room, discovered Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor with an empty bottle in her hand—(which bottle being produced was labelled, "Acid hydrocyanicum delatum, pharm. Lond., 1836; medium dose five minims," being about one-third the strength of that in former use prepared by Scheel's proof), and quite senseless. [It may not be improper to remark, that hydrocyanic or prussic acid, though an invaluable medicine in many cases, is never, from its deadly power, sold to individuals in a concentrated form, but always greatly diluted. However, the strength above described is greater than that of the hydrocyanic acid, usually found in chemists' shops.] Mr. Maclean, the husband of the deceased, deposed that she was very subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and had been in the custom of using the medicine contained in the small bottle produced, as a remedy or prevention, which she had told him had been prescribed for her by her medical attendant in London (Dr. Thomson); that on seeing her use it, deponent had threatened to throw it away, and had at one time told her that he had actually done so, when she appeared so much alarmed, and said it was so necessary for the preservation of her life, that deponent was prevented from afterwards taking it away. Now, it is very remarkable that the Dr. Thomson alluded to above has published a letter in the newspapers, stating, on the part of himself and his druggist, that there was no hydrocyanic (prussic) acid in the medicine chest which they had mutually stored for the use of the lamented lady, and at the same time communicating the subjoined as the contents of the chest furnished under his direction to Mrs. Maclean previously to her departure for Cape Coast:—"Tinct. of opium, 1½ oz.; tinct. of benzene, 1½ oz.; tinct. of squills,

list of new books, just published; and as a similar one appears *periodically*, it will convey to you an idea of the extraordinary extent to which literary productions have, on a standard library scale, arrived. Among them you will find announced the 110th volume of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. However, were I to attempt a description, or to furnish you with the titles of the thousand and one ephemerals amongst the *Brougham* cheap literature, you would wish that many of them were swept out of the calendar. Still there are vast numbers of useful cheap publications brought forward, and taken in, with the newspapers, at all the coffee shops in which the middle and even the lower classes of the people sip their "mocha" and their "bohea," and read at an economical rate, instead of wasting their time and money in public houses. This is evidently a great improvement in society. It is, however, deeply to be regretted that many of these cheap publications indulge in scurrility, in the most infamous attacks on personal character, and in the grossest abuse of the freedom of the press; to say nothing at present of the "slang style" which they adopt, and which can tend only to vitiate the morals and taste, instead of improving the minds of the people. Even some of our monthly periodicals are far from presenting that purity of manner and of matter that might be desired.

As to works of artistical illustrations, they abound from the loftiest eminence down to the broad caricature of the ever-humorous, laughable, and pleasant George Cruikshank.\* He greatly excels his late father, who etched "*Woodward's Eccentric Excursions*" for me forty-five years ago—(how time rolls on!) Next to Cruikshank, but wholly of a different order, come the political sketchers, and a host of comic rivals in the "*Heads of the People*," Dickens's "*Pickwick*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," and "*Oliver Twist*," (the illustrations of the last of these by friend George), and the illustrations of the puns of that pun-ish gentleman, Thomas Hood. Still we have not depicted such things as the abandoned *Rake's* and *Harlot's*

1½ oz.; aceti. cantharidis, 1½ oz.; tinct. of jalap, 4 oz.; spir. ammoniac arom., 4 oz.; tinct. of mur. of iron, 4 oz.; bicarbonate of potassæ, 4 oz.; sulphate of quinine, ½ oz.; calomel, 1 oz.; tart. emetic, 1 oz.; vials in drawers; rhubarb, 2 oz.—A. P. THOMSON.  
—Are we quite sure that ALL the facts of this lamentable case are before the public? We have our doubts. Whence, when, of whom, and by whom, and for what alleged purpose, was the phial of prussic acid obtained?

\* Robert, the nephew of George Cruikshank, is a genteel unassuming young man, and a promising artist. He frequently visits at C—. He, with four sisters and four of his grand-daughters, spent the day of the 27th of December with us.

*Progresses*—the abominable stages of cruelty, dissipation, and drunkenness, which existed not only in Hogarth's day, but even within my recollection. Thanks for much improvement in society from the abolition of boxing, cockfighting, prizefighting, lotteries, &c.; and "slang," we hope and trust, will soon follow in their wake. The thanks of the public are also eminently due to Sir Robert Peel's police, the universal adoption of gas lights, and a better organized state of society than existed even twenty years ago.\*

With regard to literature, we have writers from a penny a line upwards, as we have penny gazettes, penny satirists, penny libraries, and twopenny octavos, quartos, folios, and broadsheets without end. We have also editors of the legitimate daily and weekly newspapers from twenty down to two guineas per week; and for the first rate monthly and quarterly reviews, magazines, &c., considerably more than the latter sum has been paid for a single sheet of sixteen pages. According to the popularity or success of the works, many of them produce rich harvests both to editors and proprietors.

I recollect the *Monthly Review* (to which you know I am so partial) for upwards of fifty-three years; and in its most palmy days of success, amidst a general combination of talent, I believe that only four guineas per sheet were given for the reviews in that highly distinguished work. So much for times past and present. A more liberal feeling now exists

\* It was well said that all things are great or little by comparison. Sorbiere, in his "*Journey to London in 1698*," says—"The streets are lighted all the winter; but there is an impertinent usage of the people at London not to light 'em when the moon shines. They ridiculously defend themselves by saying they can see by moonshine, and have no more reason to hold a candle to the moon than to the sun."—HUTTON, the historian of Birmingham, in his "*Journey to London*," in the year 1785, thus speaks of the illumination of the metropolis:—"The lamps are well disposed. Not a corner of this prodigious city is unlighted. They have everywhere a surprising effect; and in the straighter streets, particularly at the west end of the town, and where those streets cross each other at right angles, the sight is most beautiful. But this innumerable multitude of lamps affords only a small quantity of light, compared to the shops. By these the whole city enjoys a nocturnal illumination; the prospects are preserved, and mischief prevented. I have counted twenty-two candles in one little shop.—By the vast profusion of oil, wax, and tallow, the stranger will naturally suppose they cost nothing, or that money flows in with the same ease as the tide, and that a fortune is burnt up every night."—They who, like the "*OLD BOOKSELLER*," happen to remember the appearance of London at night in 1785, can, in contrasting it with that of 1839, describe it only as "darkness visible."

between authors and booksellers. The distress of authors is now comparatively rare; they are more provident and prudent, and possess better feeling and better taste than formerly. It is the same with artists, and even with men in trade. Some instances have occurred in which authors have been sadly distressed and disappointed ere their abilities and talents were duly appreciated, in other countries as well as in England.

"The *Polyucte* of Corneille, which is now accounted to be his masterpiece, when he read it to the literary assembly held at the Hotel de Rambouillet, was not approved. Voiture came the next day, and in gentle terms acquainted him with the unfavourable opinion of the critics. Such ill judges were then the most fashionable wits of France. Corneille suffered all the horrors of poverty. He used to say, his poetry went away with his teeth. Some will think that they ought to disappear at the same time, as one would not give employment to the other.

"Samuel Boyse, author of the *Deity*, a poem, was a fag author, and at one time employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's *Tales* into modern English, which he did, with great spirit, at the rate of threepence per line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket, because he was destitute of breeches; and was, at last, found famished to death, with a pen in his hand.

"Savage was in continual distress, independent of an unnatural mother's persecution. He sold his beautiful poem of the *Wanderer* for £10.

"Falconer's deaf and dumb sister, notwithstanding the success of his poem of the *Shipwreck*, was for some time the tenant of an hospital.

"Poor Chatterton, one of the greatest geniuses of any age, and who is styled—

'The sleepless boy, that perish'd in his pride,'

destroyed himself through want, (though insanity would be the better term, since it was in the family,) still left wherewithal, by the aid of friends, to preserve his sister from want and poverty in her latter years.\*

"Christopher Smart, the translator of *Horace*, and no mean poet, died in the rules of the King's Bench. Poor Smart, when at Pembroke College, wore a path upon one of the paved walks.

"Joseph Warton informs us, that when Gray published his exquisite *Ode on Eton College*, his first publication, little notice was taken of it.

"Tannahill, in whose hands the lyre of Scotland retained its native, artless, sweet, and touching notes; and whose songs are distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and simplicity of diction, put a period to his existence—principally, because Mr. Archibald Constable, bookseller, Edinburgh, unfortunately declining the publi-

cation of his poems, though offered for a very small sum.

"To those unacquainted with literary history, these statements may seem wonderful, that any difficulties should have been experienced in the first attempt to publish many works which now adorn the republic of letters; yet another instance must be recorded in that exquisite poem, the *Pleasures of Hope* of Thomas Campbell, and nothing can be better authenticated than the fact of its having been offered, in vain, to every respectable bookseller both in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Not one of them could be prevailed upon to risk even paper and printing upon the chance of its success; and at last it was with considerable reluctance that Messrs. Mundell and Son, printers to the university of Glasgow, undertook its publication, with the *very liberal* condition, that the author should be allowed fifty copies at the trade price, and in the event of its reaching a second edition, a further gratuity of £10. It was published in 1799.

"In the above slight enumeration of the obstacles which the fine compositions of genius, and the elaborate labours of erudition, are doomed to encounter in the road to fame, we may raise our regret; but how often are we astonished to find that works of another, and often of an inferior description, are rewarded in the most princely manner."

Now with regard to the two last-named individuals, *Tannahill* and *Campbell*, I can readily account for the want of their success from the nature and situation of the persons (Constable and the Mundells) to whom their productions were offered. Archibald Constable was not at that period sufficiently established or experienced as a first-rate bookseller; and, as poetry is not always the most marketable commodity, he probably did not think of consulting a literary friend on the occasion. I recollect *Archy* calling on me in the year 1794 with the first book he offered to the trade. It was a reprint of BISHOP BEVERIDGE'S *Private Thoughts on Religion*. It certainly was a good book, but it was printed on a *whited brown*, or a sort of tea paper; but Archy said it "*was a pretty enough little bookee!*" So much for Archy and poor Tannahill!

With respect to Campbell and Messrs. Mundell and Sons: the latter were in general very heavily engaged as printers to the university of Glasgow, as well as upon public documents, Greek Lexicons, &c.; and although they printed Dr. ANDERSON'S (their uncle) *edition of the Poets*, in fourteen volumes, royal octavo, in the year 1792, yet they had little spare time to glance at, or inclination to speculate in, modern poetry. They printed editions of *Rollin*, *Plutarch*, and *Locke On the Human Understanding*, which they understood the value of much better. I was appointed their agent to these works in 1795. The elder of the firm of the Mundells retired from the business. Alexander visited London, became a student in the Temple, and

\* In the *London Monthly Miscellany* for January, 1839, we observe two original letters from Chatterton to the younger Dodsley, one of them an engraved *fac-simile*, with some very curious particulars. Respecting what are termed ROWLEY'S *Poems*, our decided opinion is that they were *not* written by Chatterton. Such too, if we forget not, is Southey's opinion.

was subsequently appointed to a high situation connected with parliamentary papers, and after upwards of forty years' residence in London, he recently died at his dwelling in Great George Street, Westminster. His brother, James Mundell, died upwards of thirty years ago. The Mundells were maternal uncles to John Cumming, Esq., (formerly a bookseller in Holborn,) now a banker in Naples, your brother's godfather, and to whom I gave you a letter.

With respect to Mr. Campbell's disappointment in the first instance, his merit soon developed itself, and he shone conspicuously amongst the first poets of his day. He eventually benefited much from it. His *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and other literary productions and editorial labours, have produced very handsome emoluments; besides which, Government very liberally and wisely voted him a pension for his merit and abilities.

So much for some of the poets of the past and present day. I will now present you with some further *annals of books* and of *booksellers*; respecting the latter I shall, as I originally promised, occasionally deviate from chronological order, and take the *range* of the Row, as I find the objects and personages so closely connected and interwoven with each other. I shall, however, diverge to the north, east, west, and south, without, I trust, omitting any material object.

Yours, my dear Son,  
Ever affectionately,  
AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

#### THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE.\*

We proceed with the promised conclusion of *Emperley's* abstract of that portion of *Greswell's Early Parisian Greek Press* which relates to the progress of Greek typography in Italy.

"In the year 1488, which was signalized by the noble impression of the works of Homer last mentioned, we find that the *Grammatica Græca* of Lascaris, together with the *Interpretatio Latina* of John the monk of Placentia, issued from the press of Leonardus de Basilea, at Vicenza, in 4to. The operations of the Greek press, however, continued as yet very slow: and it was not till after a further interval of about five years, that another Greek impression appeared. In 1493, a splendid addition was made to the typographic glory of Milan by a magnificent impression of *Isocrates' Græce*. The editor of this fine book, which is said to exhibit a remarkably pure and correct text, was Demetrius Chalcondyles; the printers, Henricus de Germanus and Sebastianus et Pontremulo. Before the conclusion of the fifteenth century the same city also distinguished itself by the

earliest edition of Suidas: *Suide. Lexicon, Græce Mediolani, per Joan. Bissolum et Benedictum Mangium*, 1499: to which is prefixed an amusing Greek dialogue between a bookseller and a student, from the pen of Stephanus Niger, a native of Cremona and disciple of Demetrius Chalcondyles.

"In 1496, Florence produced the celebrated *Editio primaria* of the works of Lucian, *Luciani Opera, Græce*; of which the printer's name is not specified.

"To Joannes Lascaris the verification and introduction into use of GREEK CAPITALS are attributed: and it appears from these specimens, he thought it expedient that the whole text of each Greek poet, the *pars libri nobilior*, as Mattaire expresses it, should be printed *litteris majusculis*, and the scholia or notes only in the smaller character. The fine capitals of Lascaris were, as we know, admitted into use by subsequent printers only so far as to distinguish proper names, and the commencement of poetical lines or verses; and in some early editions of the Greek scholiasts upon Homer and Sophocles, to distinguish the whole words or passages of the poet commented on from those of the annotator.

"This preface is addressed by Lascaris to Petrus Medicus. It abounds with honourable testimonies to the family of the Medici; which, he says, has of all others shown the most conspicuous zeal in collecting the various monuments of antiquity; and the justest discernment of their value. He records the special munificence of Lorenzo de Medici, by means of which two hundred manuscripts, *ducenta antiquorum volumina*, had lately been brought to Florence from Greece and the neighbouring countries: and he alludes to a magnificent 'Bibliotheca,' or edifice, which Piero was then constructing as a depository for those and similar literary treasures: to the latter he expresses his own personal obligations, and the hopes which all the learned reposed in him as the hereditary patron of letters. The pillage of Florence, however, by Charles VIII. of France, the ruin of the fortunes of the house of Medici, the banishment of Piero and his speedy death, most of which events either anticipated or soon followed the publication of this impression of the *Anthologia Græca*, not only rendered nugatory the preceding expectations, but probably occasioned the otherwise unaccountable suppression of this interesting preface itself; which is actually found in very few of the copies at present known to be extant. Mattaire, in his *Annales*, tom. i., p. 270, seqq. has given a fac-simile of it.

"Chevillier observes, on the authority of Aldus himself, in his preface to the edition of *Stephanus de Urbibus, Gr.*, fol. 1502, that he first engaged in Greek impressions when war broke out in Italy; meaning in 1494, in which year Charles VIII. of France passed the Alps, in order to the conquest of Naples. Chevillier considered his impression of the works of Aristotle, the first volume of which appeared in November 1495, as the earliest fruit of his press. But M. Renouard, in his catalogue of the Aldine impressions, first mentioning *Constantini Lascaris Erotemata*, says it is the earliest work printed by Aldus with a date, and probably the first which he gave to the public. But some, he adds, consider his *Museus* in 4to., without date, as the earliest impression: the reasons for which may be seen in his work.

"The most extensive and voluminous efforts of the early Greek press are doubtless to be found amongst

\* Vide pages 2, 52, and 100.



the Aldine editions. Such are the *Aristotle*, Greek, folio, 1496-1498, and the *Galen*, which issued from the same establishment after the decease of Aldus Manutius, viz. anno 1525, in five vols. folio, and a small character. Andreas Cratander of Basil had the courage and patience to reprint the work in the like number of volumes. The *Commentary* of Eustathius on Homer, in 4 vols. Greek, folio, printed at Rome by Antonius Bladus, 1542-1550, was an immense undertaking. It was, however, after a considerable interval, exceeded by the fine edition of the works of St. Chrysostom, executed in England, where Greek typography had before been comparatively little practised. I speak of the well-known magnificent impression, intitled, *S. J. Chrysostomi Opera*, Grace, 8 vols. folio, printed in Eton college, by John Norton, 1613, under the direction and at the charge of Sir Henry Saville. These volumes, (says Chevilier,) 'sont d'un tres-beau caractère. C'est un chef d'œuvre d'Imprimerie Grecque.' This impression acquired for John Norton the same title or distinction in England, which the celebrated Robert Stephens had attained under Francis I. of 'in Græcis, &c., Regius Typographus.'

In the course of another section or two, we hope to close our sketch of the history of *The Aldine Triumvirate*.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Copernicus.—Watt, the Inventor of the Steam Engine.—Congreve the Dramatist and Congreve the Rocketist.—Surrey and the Fair Geraldine.—American Independence.—Edward II.—Cardinal Bembo the Poet, Garrick the Actor, and Howard the Philanthropist.—Scaliger the Linguist.—Louis XVI. and Louis Philippe.—Lord Bacon.—Gasendi the Philosopher.—Lord Byron.—The Proud Duke of Somerset.—The Earl of Shaftesbury.—William Pitt, and the late Duke of Kent.—Caslon the Letter Founder.—Beaumarchais, the Author of "The Marriage of Figaro," &c.—The Conversion of St. Paul.—Prognostications of the Weather, not Murphy's.—General Doumouriez.—Robert Burns.

THIS (January the 19th) is the birthday of Nicholas Copernicus, the great mathematician and astronomer, of whom we recently made incidental mention. He was born at Thorn, in Prussia, in 1473, and died in 1543. In his Latin treatise "On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs," Copernicus represented the sun as occupying a centre round which the earth and the other planets revolve. In his prefatory address to the Pope, he says:—"If there be any who, though ignorant of mathematics, shall presume to judge concerning them, and dare to condemn this treatise because they fancy it is inconsistent with some passages of Scripture, the sense of which they have usually perverted, I regard them not, but despise their rash censures."

The 19th of January is the anniversary of the birth of another extraordinary man—James Watt, the first great fabricator of the steam engine, to which we are indebted for nearly all the great mechanical improvements of the age. Watt was born at Greenock, in Scotland, in 1736. Unlike most of the originators of great inventions and discoveries, Watt realised a handsome fortune; and, after passing some years of peace and retirement, he died in 1819.

William Congreve the dramatist, whose death occurred on the 19th of January, 110 years ago, at the age of 59, was descended from the ancient family of the Congreves, of Congreve in Staffordshire. There is more of wit and smartness in one of Congreve's comedies—albeit they are most reprehensibly licentious—than in all the dramatic effusions of the last half-century put together. The late Sir William Congreve, Bart., the inventor of the rocket system, who died in 1802, is understood to have been of the same family.

Henry Howard, the elegant and accomplished Earl of Surrey, one of the numerous victims of that ferocious tyrant, Henry VIII., lost his head upon the block 302 years ago this day. Superadded to every quality of the perfect gentleman, the Earl of Surrey was blessed with the finest poetic talent of the age. He quartered on his shield the royal arms of Edward the Confessor, to which he had an hereditary right, and it has been alleged that he aspired to the hand of the Princess Mary. From various coincidences, Lord Orford proves the fair Geraldine, the fame of whose beauty was exalted by the pen and by the lance of the Earl of Surrey, to have been Elizabeth, the second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald Earl of Kildare, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset; and to have been the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. One of the sweetest episodes in all Sir Walter Scott's writings, is that of Surrey and the Fair Geraldine.

To-morrow, the 20th of January, is the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. That event occurred in 1783, 56 years ago.

The same day is the anniversary of the deposition of that weak and favourite-ridden sovereign, Edward II., in 1327.

Cardinal Bembo, a noble Venetian poet, and secretary to Pope Leo X, died on the 20th of January, 1547, at the age of 77; Garrick, the actor, died on the same day of the month, in 1779, exactly sixty years ago, at the age of 63; and John Howard, named "the philanthropist," died in 1790, at the age of 64. Mrs. Garrick, who, with one or two of her daughters

now holds an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, is, we believe, the widow of a nephew of David Garrick.

Joseph Justus Scaliger (son of that celebrated scholar, Julius Cæsar Scaliger) died on the 21st of January, 1609, at the age of 69. He is said to have been master of thirteen languages.

The 21st is the anniversary of the murder of Louis XVI., six-and-forty years ago. Respecting this unfortunate monarch, there are documents in existence, which, when permitted to see the light, will astonish the world, and make Louis Philippe tremble on his throne.

That master-spirit in literature and science, Francis, Lord Bacon, styled, by Pope,

"The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind,"

became a denizen of earth on the 22nd of January, 1561, 278 years ago. Considering the penetrating genius of Lord Bacon, and the great discoveries he made, it seems astonishing that he should have been unacquainted with geometry. Wonderful, too, it is, that an excess of generosity and of benevolence could have subsisted in so glorious a mind as Bacon's, in combination with the meanest avarice. It has been said, that although he descended to the acceptance of bribes, his decrees were just. Lord Bacon died in 1626, aged 65.

Peter Gassendi, a French mathematician, described by Gibbon as the most philosophic amongst the learned, and the most learned amongst the philosophic of his age, was born on the 22nd of January, 1592. Gassendi, who combated the metaphysics of Descartes, died in 1665.

Byron, the greatest poet of the age next to Coleridge, would be only fifty-one, were he alive, on the 22nd of January. He has been dead nearly fifteen years! A brief, but bright and comet-like career!

Edward Seymour, "the proud Duke of Somerset," Lord Protector of the Kingdom, Lord High Treasurer, and Earl Marshal, in the reign of Edward VI., was beheaded on the 22nd of January, 1552. Proud though he was, he deserves honourable mention. He defeated the Scots at the memorable battle of Musselburgh, in September, 1540, with the loss of 14,000 men. He repealed the sanguinary laws of Henry VIII., and by gentle and prudent methods promoted the great work of the Reformation; and such was his love of equity, that he erected a court of requests in his own house to hear and redress the grievances of the poor. His attachment to the reformed religion, and his envied greatness, drew upon him the resentment of the factious nobility, at the head of whom was his own brother, the Lord High Ad-

miral, and John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. He caused the former to be beheaded, and was soon afterwards brought to the block himself by the intrigues of the latter. A scarce pamphlet, relating to the Duke of Somerset's expedition into Scotland, is known to have fetched the high price of four guineas, though the whole of it is printed in Hollinshed.

Respecting the principles and character of Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, a nobleman who greatly exerted himself to promote the restoration of that worthless and profligate monarch, Charles II., the testimony of historians is of the most conflicting nature. Let us allow him the advantage of the most favourable. His friend Locke says "that the good of his country was what he steered his councils and actions by through the whole course of his life." We could not wish for a prouder epitaph. Lord Shaftesbury died on the 22nd of January, 1683, aged sixty-two.

The anniversary of the death of a greater man than the Earl of Shaftesbury occurs on the 23d; on which day, in 1806, the illustrious William Pitt died at the early age of 47. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty Queen Victoria, died on the same day of the month, fourteen years afterwards.

On the 23d of January, 1802, at the age of 74, died William Caslon, a letter founder, who effected great improvements in the form and quality of our printing types.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, of whom history and memoirs may be said to record all, and more than all, that is necessary to be known, was born on the 24th of January, 1712, 127 years ago. He died in 1786.

Peter Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, a writer of extraordinary note in the French dramatic world, had his birth on the same day as Frederick the Great (and was quite as great a man in his way) in 1732. It is sufficient to mention, that he was the author of the operas of "The Barber of Seville," "The Marriage of Figaro," &c.

The 25th of January is commemorated as the anniversary of the Conversion of St. Paul. According to the ancient calendar of the church of Rome, on this day prognostications of the months were accustomed to be drawn for the whole year; and formerly, the notion was entertained, that—

"If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,  
It doth betide a happy year;  
If blustering winds do blow aloft,  
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft.  
And if it chance to snow or rain,  
Then will be dear all sorts of grain."

**MEM.**—For the origin of these fancies, consult the weather-wise Master Murphy.

Dumouriez, one of the generals of the French revolution, was born on the 25th of January, exactly a century ago; and Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, was born on the same day of the month, 80 years ago. Dumouriez has been dead 16 years; Burns, 43. The best life of Burns that has yet appeared is Allan Cunningham's, published a few years since, with a very full and compact edition of his works.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.\*

When we took up Dr. Roget's volumes, the title of which will be found below, we were perfectly aware that we were not about to enter upon the perusal of an absolutely new or original work; but, as we had always heard Dr. Roget spoken of as one of the most formidable opponents of phrenology, on every point from which that science was deemed assailable, we were anxious for an opportunity of judging whether any really new ideas had been started—any new light thrown upon the subject. Candidly we confess, that it was with reference to phrenology alone that we felt a desire to examine the work. Dr. Roget's views of physiology in general stand, we believe, in deservedly high estimation: his writings have the great merit of being remarkably clear in their details—distinct and forcible in their illustrations.

Dr. Roget considers phrenology as, "strictly speaking, a branch of physiology;" and therefore he recommends that, although his treatise on phrenology precedes that upon physiology in the alphabetical progress of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and has in consequence been allowed to precede it in the present publication, the order should be inverted in perusal. With the propriety of this recommendation we perfectly agree; though, for our own parts, we are rather disposed to regard phrenology, notwithstanding its apparent emanation from and intimate connection with physiology, as a distinct science.

In his preface, Dr. Roget remarks—

"In revising the article *CRANIOSCOPY*, which had been published in the Supplement to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia*, and which the Editor purposed introducing in the present edition under the title of *PHRENOLOGY*, making such additions to it as I might

think were requisite, I have availed myself of this permission to reply to some of the criticisms which had been made upon it by Mr. G. Combe and Dr. A. Combe: it was, accordingly, thought desirable to reprint the former essay, with no other alterations than a few verbal corrections, and the introduction of a few sentences descriptive of some modifications and additions to the system of Gall and Spurzheim contained in Mr. Combe's *System of Phrenology*. In the remarks which I have subjoined to that essay, the reader will perceive that I have refrained from entering into the discussion of the numerous objections that might be urged against the metaphysical part of the modern system of Phrenology, having neither the leisure nor the inclination to engage in controversies of this nature."

From various circumstances, phrenology, as a science, has, even from the days of Gall and Spurzheim, been exceedingly unfortunate. It has been often said—"Protect me against my friends, and I will protect myself against my enemies." In no case could this expression apply more happily or more forcibly than to that of phrenology. It is not by the opposition of able, learned, and scientific men, like Dr. Roget, that phrenology has been retarded in its career, but by the wretched smatterers, who, from the depth of their ignorance and conceit, have presumed to scribble, and lecture, and exemplify, in private as well as in public, upon every unfortunate skull that might chance to fall under their senseless manipulation. That by such presumptuous daring, as—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"

they should draw down upon themselves universal ridicule and contempt was nothing; but that science itself should suffer from its mock supporters was much. It would be an easy task to name the parties referred to—or, with the prophet of old, to exclaim to each, "Thou art the man!" but it is not to us that they shall be indebted for an extension of their petty notoriety. Just in the same manner is the system of Homœopathy suffering at the present moment; not from the assaults of regular allopathic practitioners, for *THEY, for reasons well known to themselves, are MUTE UPON THE SUBJECT*; but from the pretended support, forsooth! of ignorant pretenders, who are as helplessly innocent of all knowledge of the true principles of homœopathy as they are of the art of setting the Thames on fire!

Dr. Roget commences his treatise with a perfectly fair definition of phrenology, as "a term which has been recently applied to denote a new doctrine of mental philosophy, founded on a presumed knowledge of the functions of different portions of the brain, obtained by comparing their relative forms and magnitudes in different individuals, with the propensities and intellect-

\* Treatises on Physiology and Phrenology: from the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. By P. M. Roget, M.D., Secretary to the Royal Society, Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c. Edinburgh. Black.

tal powers which these individuals are found respectively to possess." We have been long convinced that phrenology is the *only* science by which the differences which exist in men—in their natures, characters, dispositions, propensities—can ever be accounted for: and phrenology *does* account for those differences perfectly. The science, as is sufficiently evident from Dr. Roget himself, is by no means of recent origin.

"For a long period it was held, that the cerebrum was the organ of perception, and the cerebellum the organ of memory. The cavities which are met with in the interior of the brain have often been considered as the scene of the intellectual operations. Nemesius, the first bishop of Emesa, under the reign of Theodosius, taught that the sensations had their seat in the anterior ventricles, memory in the middle, and understanding in the posterior ventricles. Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, went so far as actually to delineate upon a head the supposed seat of the different faculties of the mind. He placed common sense in the forehead, or in the first ventricle of the brain, cogitation and judgment in the second, memory and moving power in the third. Peter de Montagna, in 1491, published the figure of a head, on which were indicated the seat of the *sensus communis*, the *cellula imaginativa*, *cellula aestimativa seu cogitativa*, *cellula memorativa*, and *cellula rationalis*. Ludovico Dolci, Servito, and a great number of other writers, have hazarded similar hypotheses as to the locality of the different faculties. Both Haller and Van Swieten fancied that the internal senses occupy different places in the brain; but they considered its whole organization as too complicated, too intricate, and too difficult, to allow of any hope that the seat of memory, of judgment, or of imagination, could ever be detected."

It is upon the science of phrenology that George Combe's immortal work, "*The Constitution of Man*," is based; a work which we fearlessly assert, notwithstanding the fierce and infuriated assault which we once witnessed upon it from the lips of a clergyman, at a public meeting—from the lips of one who, evidently and confessedly, HAD NEVER READ IT—to be one of the most important and invaluable books, as conducive to the improvement and happiness of the human race, that ever emanated from the mind and pen of man.

Here is one of the grand principles of the phrenologists, as described by Dr. Roget:—

"It is laid down both by Gall and Spurzheim as the foundation of their doctrines, that the nature of man, like that of all other created beings, is determinate, and that the faculties with which he is endowed are innate; that is, that they are implanted in him at his first formation, and are not the result merely of the external circumstances in which he may afterwards happen to be placed, nor of the wants and necessities to which these circumstances may have given rise. They warn us that this opinion is by no means at

variance with that of Locke, who argues only against the innateness of ideas, and not of the faculties or capacities of receiving ideas. Education, doubtless, has a powerful influence in modifying and giving certain directions to these faculties; but the faculties themselves, that is, the capacities of feeling, of intellect, and of action, must have already pre-existed before they could be called into play, and thus produce the various phenomena which diversify the scene of human life."

After this, let us listen for a moment to the contemptible nonsense—the deplorable twaddle—of the fanciful philosophists, nicknamed metaphysicians, of the past age:—

"Helvetius and other bold metaphysicians have maintained the paradox, that all men are born originally the same, and are moulded into what they afterwards become solely by the force of external circumstances. Genius, according to this doctrine, is a mere creature of the fancy, and originally belongs no more to one man than to another. Train all men alike, and their powers, their attainments, and their actions, will all be similar. Accident, more than design or premeditation, has fixed the destinies of great men, as well as disposed of those who are unknown to fame. 'Demosthenes,' say these philosophers, 'became eloquent, because he heard an oration of Callistratus, whose eloquence made so deep an impression on his mind, that he aspired only to acquire this talent. Vaucanson excelled in mathematics, because, being obliged, when a child, to stay alone in the waiting room of his mother's confessor, he found there a clock, examined its wheels, and endeavoured, with the help of a bad knife, to make a similar machine of wood. He succeeded; and one step leading on to another, he arrived at the construction of his wonderful automaton. Milton would not have composed his *Paradise Lost*, had he not been deprived of his place of secretary to Cromwell. Shakspeare composed his tragedies because he was an actor, and he became an actor because he was forced to leave his native place on account of some juvenile errors. Corneille fell in love, made verses for the object of his passion, and thence became a great poet. An apple fell from a tree at the feet of Newton, while he was in a contemplative mood: this event, so trivial in itself, led him to the theory of gravitation.' Reflections of a similar kind are often met with in the writings of poets and moralists. Those contained in Gray's *Elegy* must be familiar to all our readers. Dr. Johnson considered talents or genius as a thing that, when once existing, might be directed any way. Newton, he thought, might have become a Shakspeare, for, said he, a man who can run fifty miles to the south, can run fifty miles to the north."

Now, were they only worth powder and shot, five sentences would suffice to lay these drivellers upon their backs for ever.

Dr. Roget is a determined opponent of phrenology; but, abating a slight and only occasionally shewn disposition to sneer, he is a fair and honourable one. As such, and as our present limits will not permit us to moot the

point with him, we allow him the advantage of the last word:—

"There is this very remarkable peculiarity in the pursuit of phrenology, that the student is perplexed, not with the difficulties, but with the facilities it affords for explaining every phenomenon. The pliability of its doctrines is exemplified, not merely in the analysis of motives, but likewise in the influence which we are allowed to ascribe to the habitual exercise, or education of the faculties. The observed magnitudes of the respective organs indicate, not the acquired, but the natural powers, sentiments, and propensities. Now, the character of the individual is the joint result of the force of natural endowments, and of the amount of moral and intellectual cultivation which has been bestowed upon them. But can we ever know enough of the minute history of the progress of the mind of any individual to enable us to form a correct estimate of the relative power of these two elements, which have, in the formation of each respective faculty, combined their operations? If it be true that an organ may be the seat of a faculty varying in its activity according to the occasions which call it forth, by what physical criterion can we distinguish the active from the dormant conditions of that organ? Unless we can draw, with precision, these distinctions, it is evident that the ground of all cranioscopical observation is cut from under us.

"It may be indeed alleged, that at all periods of life, and even after the bones of the skull are consolidated, the organs increase or diminish in size according to the exercise or disuse of the faculty associated with it, whether such change may have been brought about by voluntary training, or by the discipline of circumstances; and certainly, if such were the fact, our experience would repose on a much surer basis, than if the form of the organs merely retained the stamp originally impressed upon them by nature. But the hypothesis that the cerebral organs acquire additional size by the exercise of their powers was positively rejected as untenable by Dr. Spurzheim, as we have heard him publicly declare; and it is, we believe, repudiated by the generality of phrenologists.

"We do not think it difficult to account for the progress which phrenology has made amongst the very numerous class of persons who find in it a source of agreeable occupation, giving exercise to their ingenuity in discovering striking coincidences, and gratifying their self-complacency by inspiring them with the fancy that they are penetrating far into the mystic regions of psychology. For the last twenty or thirty years, various popular writers, and lecturers without number, have been displaying their powers of elocution, exercising their skill in the critical examination of developments, and expounding the doctrines of the new philosophy to wondering and admiring audiences. With all these advantages and appliances to boot, the wonder seems to be, not that phrenology has met with the success of which so much boast is made, but that it has not speedily gained the universal assent; for had it been a real science, like that of Chemistry and other branches of Natural Philosophy, founded on uniform and unquestionable evidence, it could not have failed, by this time, of being generally recognised as true.

"When we consider that the present age is not one in which there is any lack of credulity, or in which a

doctrine is likely to be repudiated on the score of its novelty or its extravagance, we cannot but smile at the complaints of persecution uttered by the votaries of the system of Dr. Gall, and at the attempts they make to set up a parallel between its reception in this country, in these times, and that which, two centuries ago, attended the speculations of Galileo, and subjected him to the tyrannous cognisance of the Inquisition; or to establish an analogy between the dogmas of phrenology and the discoveries of the circulation of the blood, and of the analysis of light which have immortalized the names of Harvey and Newton."

### THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

By the Author of "*The Siege of Saragosa*," "*Childs Harrold Pilgrimage*," "*Lyrical Poems*," &c.

A foreign home for thee, thou rarely gifted—  
For thee, whose spirit midst the festive throng  
Revelled in wit, and gushed forth free in gladness.—  
A foreign home for thee, on arid sands,  
Where the hot raging sun with level ray  
Withers the germ of all things—and the soul,  
The human soul—with its wide world of wealth,  
Looks from the fleshly prison-house, in vain,  
For the twin thought that is a solemn pledge  
Of a new life in Heaven.

A foreign GRAVE for thee, whose loving heart  
Dwelt in the greenness of its father-land,  
Where violets and every hallowed flower  
That thou hast sung of should surround thy tomb,  
And shed their dew!—Thou early dead—  
Daughter of light and music—whose sweet lay  
Yet lingers on our fond and sorrowing ear—  
Thy mother earth—thy own dear mother earth  
Calls for thy relics! English hearts, that boasted  
Of thy harp's dulcet breathings—English hearts,  
That watched with honest pride thy bright career,  
From the first dawn of its resplendent day  
Unto its full meridian,—long to kneel  
And weep upon thy grave! Thou nightingale!  
Though thy last plaintive note was breathed afar,  
Thy dust at least must rest within the land  
Where glowed thy goodness, and where lives thy song.  
L. E. L.

### SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VIRG.

#### Zoological Weather Glass.

At Schwartzengen, in the post house, two frogs, of the species *rana arborea*, are kept in a glass jar, about eighteen inches in height, and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, and when wet weather is expected they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state, climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which, would serve a frog for nearly a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day, if it can get them. In catching the flies, put alive into the jars, the frogs display much adroitness. *Ann. des Sciences d'Observations.*

*A Specimen of Irish Currency in the Year 1860.*

No. 1476] IIIIII: SIXPENCE HALFPENNY. 216.  
CORNELIUS M'CARTHY.

For this and Forty one of the like sum I will give  
Guinea Bank Note, Dated Castle Island March  
17, 1797. Corn. M'Carthy.

*Curious Handbill of a French Perfumer.*

Le Sieur Papillote, from Paris, makes to know to  
the Nobel Gentrys of LONDRES, that he construct  
every espèce of COFFES FOR THE HEAD, bos for the  
Ladies and Gentlemen.—Also TUPEs TOPS, TAILS,  
SIDE CURLS for fall graceful on the NECK, and all  
else that finish the head. He make ROUGE for the  
CHEEK, and ROSES for the LIP, also superfluous  
bits to take off.

Also chez lui, all sort of necessary for the ladies to  
dress, in the shortest notice; wis Baths of the Hot  
Water, and Cold Water. He administer BUTY to the  
Ladies and Greases to the Gentleman, at the best mar-  
ket. Enfin, for ever desirous to be patron for the Ladies  
he devotes himself to them, as follow:—Smell of all  
sort—Water of Thousand fleur—Tabac of Ditto—  
Poudre of the same—Milk of Rose—Huile Antique  
Comes to Friz—ditto of Tails—ditto for braid the  
Hair—Water of Cossack—Huile à la Blucher—  
Grease of the Bear—Bloom of Sicily—Razor Strop  
of Packwood—Lip Save—Flesh Brush—and Pomade  
divine for the Qualitie—Together with Essence of all  
sort for the Toilette and all kind of Adornment too  
numeration mension. He cannot shut this paper  
without make thousand compliances for the kind  
public, and his general Friends patronage.

*Old Plays.*

About fifty years ago,  
Mr. Nicol, for the King (Geo. 3) and Duke of  
Bourbourghe, gave 35*l.* 14*s.* for the first folio edition  
of Shakespeare, and 4*l.* for the second.

Mr. MALONE 7*l.* 5*s.* for a Romeo and Juliet.  
Printed for T. Creed, 1599.

Mr. KEMBLE, 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* for Hamlet. Printed  
by J. B., for N. L., 1604. This is half a guinea  
more than Mr. Malone gave for the famous Dido,  
in Dr. Wright's sale.

The bidders for Hamlet were

The King Duke of Grafton  
Mr. Kemble Mr. Stevens.

It was put in at a guinea. Mr. Kemble said "Ten  
guineas; I never offer any thing less for a thing than  
it is worth." Hamlet did Mr. Kemble honour in  
every sense.

N.B. Mr. GARRICK made many efforts to get this  
play for his collection, now in the British Museum.

*Punning at Oxford.*

Dr. BARTON, Warden of Merton College, was the  
oddiest of his time. The Vice Master of Trinity of  
Cambridge, the celebrated Dr. Meredith, did not ex-  
cuse him in that singular humour in which some  
men indulge, who retire from the world.

Of both, Punning was the characteristic, and many  
of the Puns that were let off by each, are remembered  
as the great guns of the university. Of those belong-  
ing to Dr. Barton, I believe the following are little  
known.

As he was a man of remarkable insensibility people

told him every thing that happened. A Gentleman  
coming one day into his room, told him that Dr.  
Fowel was dead! "What!" said he, "Fowel dead?  
thank God, it is neither u nor i."

As his manners were of the roughest cast, he now  
and then disobliged a father who took away his son  
from him. An opponent who did not like him, ob-  
served he had lost a *Pupil*. "No matter," replied he,  
"I have another *pupil* in my eye."

As he was one day walking with a *brother Fellow*,  
a man came dashing up at a full gallop and nearly  
rode over them, "Now, that fellow is a *Grecian*,"  
said old BARTON. "A *Grecian*, how so?" replied the  
other, "Why," answered the punster, "HE-ROD-AT-  
US."

Dr. EVELEIGH, who, with his family, was some  
years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old LEE,  
the last punster of the old school, and the master of  
Baliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century,  
to make his *dying pun*!

Dr. E. had recovered from some consumptive disor-  
ders by the use of *egg* diet, and had soon after married.  
*Weatherall*, the master of the University College, went  
to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to *discharge*  
a pun, which he had made. "Well, Sir," said he, "Dr.  
E. has been *egg'd* on to matrimony." "Has he?" said  
LEE—"Why then I hope the *yoke* will sit *easy*."

In a few hours after Dr. Lee died; the yoke did sit  
*easy* on Dr. *Eveleigh*, for he had a most amiable wife,  
whose manners combined with his own worth and  
learning to make the College happy over which he  
presided.

## NOTICE OF NEW BOOKS, &amp;c.

*Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline  
of the Reformation in Poland, and of the Influence  
which the Scriptural Doctrines have exercised on  
that Country in Literary, Moral, and Political  
Respects.* By Count Valerian Krasinski, 8vo.  
Vol. I. Murray.

If proof were wanting of the fierce, intolerant, and  
uncompromising spirit of the Roman Catholic re-  
ligion—of its unappeasable enmity to all that is  
dear and sacred to man, under the denomination of  
civil and religious liberty—it might be found in the  
pages of this ably-written, and in all respects, emi-  
nently important volume. Look at the different  
nations of Europe at the present moment, and see  
whether the most ignorant, and the most enslaved, are  
not those which are the most exclusively under the  
sway of the Romish priesthood. In Spain and in  
Portugal, for instance, would the people be the  
wretched grovelling tools of faction and despotism  
that they are, but for the domination of the priest-  
hood—of a crafty, wily priesthood, the mass of  
which is just sufficiently elevated in education and  
intellect above the common herd, to perceive that  
upon maintaining the most blind and besotted igno-  
rance amongst the population, its own very existence  
depends. To come nearer home—to our own doors  
as it were—look at Ireland. What is it that prevents  
Ireland from becoming a civilized, peaceful, happy,  
and prosperous country—a country that, in be-  
coming great and glorious itself, might add to the  
greatness and glory of Britain—but the do-

mination of an essentially ignorant and ferocious Popish priesthood? Were it not for that domination, organized conspiracies, assassination and murder, would no longer be the order of the day in the sister island; and, instead of remaining an incessant drain—an absorbing incumbrance—a malevolently destructive dead weight upon the parent state, Ireland might be rendered one of the brightest jewels of the English crown.

Poland, however, is our immediate object. Here is the commencement of Count Krasinski's preface:—

"The rapid progress and equally speedy decline of the Reformation in Poland presents to the Protestant reader a melancholy, but at the same time an instructive picture. The Protestant cause attained in that country in the course of half a century such a degree of strength, that its final triumph over Romanism seemed to be quite certain. Yet, notwithstanding this advantageous position, it was overthrown and nearly destroyed in the course of another half century. This extraordinary reaction was not effected by the strong hand of a legally constituted authority, as was the case in Italy, Spain, and some other countries; but by a bigoted and unprincipled faction, acting not with the assistance, but in opposition to the laws of the country. Such an event is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of the religious world, and is the more remarkable, as the free institutions of Poland, which had greatly facilitated the progress of the Reformation, were afterwards rendered subservient to the persecution of its disciples. The Jesuits, who defended in that country the interests of Rome, being unable to combat their antagonists with fire and sword, adopted other measures, which inflicted on Poland more severe calamities than those which might have been produced by bloody conflicts between religious parties. As the laws of the country did not allow any inhabitant of Poland to be persecuted on account of his religious opinions, they left no means untried in order to evade those salutary laws; and the odious maxim that no faith should be kept with heretics (*hæreticis non est servanda fides*) was constantly advocated by them, as well as by other champions of Romanism in our country. But the most invariable and lamentably successful line of policy pursued by the Jesuits in Poland, was to agitate the lower classes, by means of the confessional and the pulpit, and to insure, by their intrigues with the higher ranks of society, an impunity to the excesses which an infuriated mob committed at their instigation against the anti-Romanists. Thus, many Protestants churches and schools were destroyed by riots excited by the Jesuits, and directed by the pupils of their colleges; whilst the proceedings instituted by the legal authorities, in order to punish those excesses, were rendered nugatory by the influence of their order, whose members publicly eulogized those acts of violence committed in an open breach of the laws of the country."

The long reign of the feeble-minded Sigismund III. was especially favourable to the promotion of their schemes; they gained during that reign a paramount influence over the affairs of Poland, and finally produced the most fatal effects:—

"Such were the rebellion of the numerous parties which followed the Eastern church, internal feuds, foreign invasion, and the loss of many important provinces. Yet these calamities, great as they were, may be considered as less disastrous than the moral

effects produced by the withering sway which the disciples of Loyola exercised for more than a century over the national mind. They clearly saw that the surest means of extirpating scriptural doctrines was to fetter the national intellect, by means of a preposterous system of education; and they consequently introduced such a system into the public schools of Poland, which were for along time almost exclusively conducted by them. This measure produced its natural consequences: science and literature were almost annihilated; and Poland, which had made rapid strides in every kind of improvement during the sixteenth century, instead of advancing retrograded with equal rapidity. 'It was at such a price that Romanism was saved in Poland, and the country in the world affords, perhaps, a more striking illustration of the blessings which a political community derives from the introduction of a scriptural religion, and of the calamities which are entailed on a nation by its extinction; because the above-mentioned country rose in its welfare and glory with the progress of the Reformation, and declined in the same ratio as the scriptural doctrines gave way to the Roman Catholic reaction. The effects which were produced in Poland by the abolition of the Jesuits are a corroborating evidence of what we have advanced; because as soon as that incubus which paralysed the energies of the nation was removed (a great must be those energies, if they could not be crushed by such a long oppression,) and a better system of education introduced into that country, the national intellect advanced so rapidly, that during a period of about twenty years subsequent to the abolition of the Jesuits, the Polish literature produced in spite of the most unfavourable political circumstances, more valuable works than it did during the whole century when public education was entirely conducted by them."

Notwithstanding all the calamities of Poland, past and present, our author cherishes a lively hope for the future:—

"We do not, however, (he observes,) entertain any doubt that, should once the political excitement which now universally prevails in Poland be settled, by the attainment of the great object which creates that excitement, the national mind will turn, with the same fervour as it did during the sixteenth century towards religion, and accomplish the great work of the Reformation, which was prevented at that time by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances. As Christians and Poles, we humbly pray to God, and hope from his mercy for the religious and political emancipation of our country; and as Providence creates nothing in vain, we firmly believe that it has not implanted in the hearts of the Polish nation that strong feeling to which we have alluded, and which has caused so much suffering to that nation, without an adequate purpose. We therefore hope and trust that the Almighty, after having prepared our nation by the severe trials to which, in his inscrutable ways, he has submitted us, will finally relieve it from its unfortunate condition, and give to it the grace of becoming in his hands a useful instrument for promoting the knowledge of the word of God, which is the only true foundation of the present and future happiness of mankind; particularly amongst the numerous populations of the Slavonian race, amongst whom that knowledge had already been strongly ma-



acted, even before the Reformation of the sixteenth century."

Of the intense vitality of the reformation in Poland the period, and of its vast spread and power, the following passage, with the note appended, affords a striking illustration:—

"These doctrines were professed by the most eminent nobles of the land; they were discussed by frequent and numerous synods; and the churches where they were preached, the schools where they taught, as well as the presses devoted to their propagation, flourished over all Poland in great numbers; so that their disciples were able to muster in battle by forces sufficient to keep in check those of the Romanists. It is therefore evident, that a party which so powerfully represented could not but exercise adequate influence on the affairs of the country; the contrary opinion about its importance may be justly ascribed to the circumstance, that when the Protestant cause began to decline, the Romanists fully sought to destroy all records which had any relation to the doctrines of the Reformation. The manuscripts invariably exacted from the families which had relapsed in Romanism the surrender of all books and documents connected in any way with their former persuasion, and which they always committed to the flames. They even purchased at a high price other documents wherever they could get them, in order to devote them equally to destruction."

The present volume of Count Krasinski's work brings the eventful history down to the death of Edmund Augustus, "whose leaning towards the principles of the reformation was evident, and whose untimely death seems to have chiefly prevented their full triumph" in Poland. The succeeding volume (the second and last) the daily appearance of which may be expected, is to "be devoted to the melancholy description of the decline of the reformation in Poland, under the Romanist re-action, and of the horrible consequences which it produced "in the country."

Within our very narrow limits, any attempt to analyse this production would be altogether futile. From the extracts which we have given from the writer's preface, its general aim and tendency must be sufficiently apparent. All that we can further do is, to commend it cordially to the perusal of every Protestant reader. Count Krasinski's apology for attempting to attempt to write in English was wholly unnecessary: he writes better than one-half of our native scribes.

*The Cathedral Bell*, A tragedy, in Five Acts, By Jacob Jones, Barrister at Law; Author of "The Stepmother;" "Longinus, or the Fall of Palmyra;" and "Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator;" Tragedies in Five Acts. "The Anglo-Polish Harp;" and other works, 8vo. Miller.

Mr. JONES complains of illtreatment from the managers, and from some of the critics. We can tell him,

\* The celebrated Jesuit Skarga, who lived at the end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, complains that more than two thousand Romanist churches were converted into Protestant ones.

for his comfort, that it is no disgrace to have a play rejected by a manager. Shakespear himself, had he lived in our day, would have had his plays rejected—say, by the dozen. But they would have been good plays, for all that.

"The Cathedral Bell" has some very good stuff in it. If not in all points, a "legitimate" drama, it might with very little trouble, be rendered an excellent acting drama. There is, perhaps, too much scolding in it; too much of the "*Ercles vein*"; the diction wants polish, for the closet; but the fable is good, some of the "situations," are very good, and the stage effect is frequently of an imposing character.

We transcribe part of a scene from the first Act: premising only that the plot is laid in the city and environs of Saragossa, during the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors, and that in a sortie, Claudio the son of Sebastian, the governor of the fortress, has fallen into the hands of Francesco, a renegade, commander of the Moorish forces. The scene is Francesco's tent; Francesco is surrounded by Moorish chiefs and attendants; Claudio has been brought in in chains.

FRAN. We have your secret, boaster! tho' your sire, Deems me so blind to take us unawares, He looks for succours!

CLAU. Soldiers such as he.

So wary, so experienc'd, so profound, Trust not in may-be-succours, but rely On their own sole resources; so doth he.

FRAN. Doth he speak truth, or hath the devil's dam Given him the suck that rear'd the king of lies? [*aside*]

[*Fran. ponders*]

2d CHIEF. You are expert, young Christian! to evade,

And give your betters trouble, while you can!

CLAU. Grant you my captors, not my betters, Moor!

2d CHIEF. Mark you, my coxcomb! know'st its use? [*touching his dagger*]

CLAU. I know

What sort of men are they who need its use— Barbarians, hirelings, such as thou and thine!

FRAN. Choose now, or life or death, for all you love!

Peruse this proud array,—not one is here But, at my nod, would tap your life's last drop, And throw your bones a picking to my dogs!—

You have a father, dead in our eye,

A mother, youth, both idolized by you,

Both idolizing; both proscrib'd by us:—

And here are men your sister soon must soothe,

Right sturdy rogues to clip her virgin waist!—

With you it lies to save them, and, with you

To seal their fate, if't please you, and your own—

Pledge us your Christian oath, your Soldier's name,

Leave us your word of honour as a hostage

You will induce them to surrender, then

We loose your chains, and trust you, Sir, at large.

CLAU. Dost trace submission graven on my brow,

And selfish fear that plots a parent's fall,

Thou dar'st, all base and reckless as thou art,

Attempt the son, ignoble man of blood!

With such a bribe, his honour'd father's shame?

FRAN. Be then, his murder.

CLAU. Be his murder! Nay! [*with contempt*]

If I should do thy bidding and prevail,

Then should I be his murder past reprove,

Killing his good name thro' the times to come!

FRAN. Chiefs! do ye hear? (*furiously*) A Mars!  
2d. CHIEF. How say'st—a corpse?

[*to Fran.*]

CLAU. Strike, recreant! strike, 'tis thou that art afraid.

FRAN. You two go forth our heralds; valliant swain!

Truly your parent's eyes will wink for joy  
Reading the book of these unrugged brows!

CLAU. Jibe on! you waste your wit—

CHIEFS. A Mars!

CEAU. A Man!

FRAN. A Mars of men! go, get ye to their haunt,  
Yon den of thieves

CLAU. A hive of honest men,  
Neighbour'd, worse fortune! by a den of thieves.

FRAN. Yon nest of vipers!

CLAU. Vipers, Moor! in this,  
If food were scarce, to live long months on air.

FRAN. Devil! Now, mark me. [*to Chiefs*]

"If, by set of sun,

To-morrow eve, ye open not your gates!"

Deliver, Sirs! expressly, what we bid,  
Roundly address'd to those it most concerns.

"To-morrow eve, in tortures past belief,  
Your son shall die—his blood be on your heads!"

[*Two Chiefs make their obeisance and depart.*]

*The Bubbles of Canada.* By the Author of "*The Clockmaker.*" 8vo. Bentley. 1839.

THIS volume may, or may not, be by the Author of "*The Clockmaker.*" Assuredly we should never have suspected the affirmative, had it not stared us in the face in the title page; for there is just about as much resemblance between "*The Clockmaker*" and "*The Bubbles of Canada*" as there is between "a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse." However, with much shrewdness, freedom, and spirit—and, what is of still more importance, with much clear and sound information—the social and political state of the Canadas, from the period of their first conquest by Britain to the present time, is here portrayed with more graphic precision and effect than in any other publication we have seen on the subject. The main point of the writer's creed appears to be, that the commotions of the Canadian colonies are all traceable to the excessive jealousy which has always been entertained by the French settlers towards those from England, and to the unwise concessions which, from time to time, have been made by the British government to the French population; such, for instance, as allowing them to continue their language as the language of the courts of law—suffering them to retain many of their old laws, especially those relative to the inheritance of property—and, in fact, giving them innumerable advantages over the English portion of the inhabitants. In support of this opinion, the evidence of the Duke de Rochefoucault and the Professor Silliman is cited. The crude notions of Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, and others, are treated by the author of this caustic production with just about as much deference as they have generally appeared to deserve.

Bearing in mind, that the book entitled "*The Bubbles of Canada*" purports to have been written in London, and by a British colonist, the subjoined passage will suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the author's opinions and manners:—

"As a colonist, at once a native and a resident of a distant part of the empire, I am not only unconnected with, but perfectly independent of, either of the great parties of this country, of Tories, or Whigs, or Radicals; nor do I consider this as a subject at all involving the principles for which they severally contend. The question is wholly between the people of the country and the colonists, and must be considered as such; and so far from my Lord Durham's assertion being true, that there has been misgovernment, I am prepared to shew, that every administration in this country, without exception, from the conquest of Canada to the present time, whether Tory or Whig or mixed, or by whatever name they may be designated, have been actuated but by one feeling, an honest desire to cultivate a good understanding with their new subjects of French extraction, and one principle, a principle of concession. Canada has more privileges and indulgencies granted to it than any other of our American colonies: unpopular officers have been removed; obnoxious governors have been recalled; constitutional points abandoned; all reasonable changes made (or, as they would express it, grievances redressed); and the interests of commerce and of persons of British origin postponed to suit their convenience, or accommodate their prejudices; in short, every thing has been done, and every thing conceded to conciliate them, that ingenuity could devise or unbounded liberality grant, and sacrifice has been considered too great to punish their affections, short of yielding up the colony to their entire control; and for all this forbearance and liberality they have been met with ingratitude, abuse, and rebellion."

*Blair's Mother's Catechisms.* Dutton and Clark.

By many of our readers, these *Catechisms* are well known; by all they ought to be known. There are few of them; and of the first it may be a sufficient proof of its merit to state, that the *eightieth* edition is before us. The Rev. David Blair, to whom we are indebted for these really useful little books, which treat of a surprising number of subjects necessary and proper to be known at an early age, is the author of various other works for the instruction and general improvement of youth.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

At Drury Lane, on Tuesday evening, a new farce was produced, entitled *Now or Never*, from the pen of Mr. George Dance, the plot turning upon the elopement of a ward from her guardian, and a daughter from her father, with their respective lovers. The main joke consists in the hatred of the two old men for each other, and the readiness of either to enter into the plot, which is to deceive and impose on the other. Some ridiculous situations thus arise. Mr. Compton, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Balls, Mr. Brinda, Miss Fitzwalter, and Miss Poole, sustained the principal characters. The piece was well received. The pantomime has been curtailed, and with the introduction of the lions and the dancing on the tight rope, passes off pleasantly.

On Tuesday, her Majesty paid the manager of the Haymarket Theatre the compliment of selecting his

benefit night as the occasion of a Royal visit. The performances (terminating the season) were *The Irish Ambassador*, *O'Flannigan and the Fairies*, and *Tommy's Secret*, and they went off with much spirit and éclat. Her Majesty arrived at the theatre about eight o'clock, and the audience soon became aware of her presence. Just, however, at the termination of *O'Flannigan and the Fairies*, as they seemed inclined to manifest their loyalty, Mr. Webster presented himself to deliver the following farewell address, throughout the whole of which he was greatly applauded:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have again to offer my grateful acknowledgements for a most prosperous season, and that too despite of the unprecedented attractions of the larger legitimates. This theatre has now been open 243 successive nights, and I hope me, ladies and gentlemen, it is with no small sense of pride I find that the taste of the public for the tragedy, comedy, and farce, unaided by grand scenic effects, has enabled the little theatre in the market to successfully hold the even tenour of its way unscathed, though with a veritable *Tempest* on one side, and real roaring lions on the other;—and it will still progress with increasing prosperity, if the season permitted it; and, had I not reason to be well satisfied as it is, it might be deemed somewhat odd to be obliged to close the doors in the midst of the most festive season of the year, and when all the theatres look forward to a certainty of profit. If the season may be taken as a presage of the future, you will, I hope, believe that, during the recess, neither money nor means shall be wanting in endeavouring, both before and behind the curtain, to merit a continuance of your distinguished favour, and, I think, I may venture to promise, that all the available talent of first-rate excellence, either as regards authors or actors, will be presented to you in the course of the ensuing season. Again, ladies and gentlemen, sincerely thanking you for your patronage, I most respectfully, in the name of the company and myself, bid you adieu."

At the close of this address there were loud calls for the Queen, when her Majesty made her appearance, and twice curtseyed to the audience, amid loud acclamations. At the conclusion of Strauss's *Hommage à la Reine de la Grande Bretagne*, too, which ends with "God save the Queen," all the house rose, and stood during its performance. Her Majesty remained till the termination of the entertainments, and then took her departure from the private entrance in Suffolk Street, where a considerable crowd had assembled, who greeted her with loud cheers.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 11th., the first meeting since the recess was held, Mr. Lubbock, treasurer, in the chair. Mr. Frodsham, chronometer maker, and Mr. Hilton, lecturer on anatomy at Guy's Hospital, were elected Fellows; and Colonel Conolly and Colonel Reid, Governors of Bermudas, were proposed for election. A paper was read, through Dr. Roget, the secretary on the law of human mortality, deduced from the tables of the Equitable Assurance Company. The results allowed that whereas the Northampton tables gave the average

of human life before 20, existing between 80 and 90 at 1-20th, those of Mr. Davis gave 1-11th, and of this society as 1-13th.

### ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting was held on the evening of the 11th., F. Bailey, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair. A letter was read from Professor Bessels, of Berlin, containing some corrections in reference to his observations on the Parallax of the fixed star, or Cygnus, made at a late meeting. He had also made a series of observations on the late comet, which he could only follow through one night when he lost it altogether. He also expressed his opinion that large reflecting telescopes were superior to achromatic as susceptible of greater mathematical accuracy, and he suggested that hardened steel might be used in preference to the ordinary metallic reflectors. A catalogue was next read of 760 fixed stars, observed at Cambridge by Professor Airey. A paper was next read by Mr. Henderson, consisting of observations on the parallax of the double star, or Centaurs, made at the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, in which latitude this star is always seen above the horizon. The next communication was from the Rev. Dr. Pearson, on the obliquity of the ecliptic, the author commencing with an analysis of the views of Dr. Bradley, the first accurate observer upon the subject. His principal deviation from former calculators was, that the taking into consideration the latitude, or co-latitude, of the places at which observations were made, was of no consequence in the inquiry. The President next made some remarks on the annular eclipse of the sun in 1836, to which he had previously drawn the attention of the members. In his paper on the subject, he had noticed the singular appearance of luminous lines diverging from the edge of the sun to that of the moon, as seen by him in Scotland. Analogous appearances had also been observed last September, in the United States, at the annular eclipse, respecting which he hoped that further accounts would be read at a future meeting.

### ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday night this society assembled at its rooms, Lincoln's Inn-fields, when Wm. Tite, Esq., presided, and a lecture was delivered by Mr. Brayley, jun., on the geology and mineralogy of building stones. This was the first of a series, and the lecturer judiciously employed it in laying open an enlarged view of the whole subject, preparatory to the practical observations to follow, illustrated by specimens, sections, and sketches well calculated to substantiate his scientific foundation. Mr. Brayley advocates the view taken by Phillips (in opposition to that of Lyell) of the formation of gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, the older sandstones from the disintegration of granite, and the new adjustment of its particles under altered circumstances of heat, pressure, the presence of water, &c. He satisfactorily explained the natural operations by which granite rocks become moulded into isolated masses like the Cheese Wring, the Logan Rock, &c., illustrated by sections and specimens of its veins, the comparative novelty of its formation, notwithstanding it underlies all other rocks, as far as we know, and explained the actual formation of rocks at the present day, by the exhibition of a specimen of conglomerate taken from the bed of the Thames at Limehouse.

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The first ordinary meeting for the year was held on Tuesday afternoon, H. Moreton Dyer, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Among the presents announced was the last number of the "Flora Batava," from his Majesty the King of Holland. The new part of the transactions was in the room, and there were also distributed the regulations for the exhibitions, which are appointed for May 18, June 15, and July 6. A paper was read from Sir George

Mackenzie on the growth of the potato, detailing the results of comparative experiments on that root, and from which it appeared that the eye in the middle was most productive. The prizes awarded were the silver Knightian medal to Mr. Green, for *euphorbia jacquiniiflora*; and silver Banksian medals to Mr. Davidson, for blood red oranges; Mrs. Lawrence, for *hedychium coronarium*; Mrs. Marryatt, for *Banksia Cunninghamii*; and Mrs. Randolph, for artificial flowers. The Meteorological Register kept at the Gardens, from Dec. 4, to Jan. 15, gave—Barometer highest, Dec. 31, 30.601 in.; lowest, January 7, 29.096. Thermometer highest, Jan. 6, 53 deg. Fah.; lowest, January 9, 21 deg. Fah., and quantity of rain 1.61 inches.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The First Meeting since the recess was held on Monday Evening, W. R. Hamilton, Esq. President, in the Chair. The most important communication of the Evening was from Col. Mitchell, on a plan for erecting a Light-House on Cape de Agulhas, which lies about 80 miles S. E. of the Cape of Good Hope. This point is well known as causing great destruction of shipping, and the position of the Cape is such as to point it out as very desirable for the erection of a Light-House, the promontory rising to a height of 270 feet, and the whole hill being most excellent limestone. The proprietor of the ground had offered as much land as was required for the building, which it was estimated would cost from 1,700*l.* to 1,800*l.*, and an annual expense of 230*l.* or 240*l.* The spot was also well adapted for obtaining transit bearings, so that on its voyage to India a ship might make fresh observations, and regulate its chronometers. It was to be hoped that the subject would interest the attention of the British public on the ground of science, as well as humanity, for the inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope, where the disirableness of the object was fully appreciated, were unable to do it themselves. It was also suggested that part of the Horsburgh fund should be appropriated for the purpose and that a gigantic monument in this position would be more enduring to the fame of this illustrious navigator, than any other tablet or structure; and if the subject was thus taken up, there was no doubt but that both the American and French Governments would aid in it. The President announced that the council had been deliberating on the propriety of publishing a translation of the celebrated work by Professor Carl Ritter, of Berlin, on Asia Minor, which was now rendered interesting from our connexion with that quarter of the globe: and Mr. Murchison exhibited and explained his map of the Silurian regions, after which the meeting adjourned to the 28th of January.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

*British India, in its relations to the Decline of Hindooism, and the Progress of Christianity*, containing Remarks on the manners, Customs, and Literature of the people; on the Effects which Idolatry has produced on their Civil, Moral, and Political Relations; on the obstacles which Christianity has to surmount; on the Progress of Religion in former and present times; on the Support which the British Government has given to their Superstitions, and on Education and the English Language, as the Medium through which it should be given. By the Rev. William Campbell, Missionary to India.

*A Narrative of the Greek Mission; or, Sixteen Years in Malta and the Ionian Isles*; Comprising allusions to the Religious Opinions, Moral Habits, Politics, Language and Natural History of Malta and Greece. By the Rev. S. S. Wilson, Member of the Literary Society of Athens.

*History of Napoleon*: from the French of Laurent (de l'Ardèche), the Duchesse d'Abrantes, Lucien Bonaparte, Norvins, &c. (with abstracts from the Works of Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Sir Walter Scott. Edited by R. H. Horne, Esq. Author of "Cosmo de Medici," "The Death of Marlowe," &c. Illustrated with Many Hundred Engravings on Wood, after designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacques, &c.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

IN a foot note at page 69, referring to the Literary Fund, it is intimated that Canning and Chateaubriand received benefits from that noble and truly benevolent institution, to which they afterwards became liberal contributors. "There is a mistake in the supposition that Canning as well as Chateaubriand had been aided by the Literary Fund. M. Chateaubriand acknowledged the obligations at an anniversary where Mr. Canning presided, and most liberally subscribed to the society." For this correction we are indebted to the obliging attention of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Partly from a want of clearness in the MS., and partly from other circumstances, a few *errata* crept into the paper entitled "THE MARRIAGE SYSTEM," at page 103. *et seq.*; but we believe they are only such as may be easily corrected by the pen.

We feel obliged by the offer of "RESULTS OF READING;" but the paper is not of a character suitable to the pages of *The Aldine Magazine*.

The same remark is applicable to the lines—

"Peace to the brave who nobly fall,"

and to their companion Stanzas—

"Lady fare thee well!"

Several of our Correspondents have a strange fancy that they can write *poetry*: we wish we knew how to convince them of their error. Excepting to the inspired, the task is not quite so easy as that of *gazing* at the moon.

If Y. A. T. T. will take the trouble of calling at 33, Aldersgate Street, the Editor of *The Aldine Magazine* will confer with him on the subject of his communication.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight, by A. Elder, Esq. fcp. 6s. cl... Dun's Manual of Private or Ball Room Dancing, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl... Lecount's History of the London and Birmingham Railway, 8vo. 5s... The Nautical Magazine and Naval Chronicle, 1838, 8vo. 13s. 6d. bds... Milne's Manufactures Assistant, second edition, 18mo. 2s. cl... Bennett's Arcanum of Geometry, 8vo. 16s. cl... Wesley's Journal, new edition, 16. cl... Janet, or Glances at Human Nature, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds... Gazzella; or, Rilcar the Wanderer, post 8vo. 7s. bds... The Sabbath Book, by Chas. Woodfall, fcp. 5s. bds... Stephens' History of South Australia, 8vo. second edition, 8. cl... Ecclesiastical Legal Guide, Pt. 1, royal 8vo. 15s. cl... Naturalist's Library, Vol. 23, "Marine Amphibiae," 6s. cl... Temple's Domestic Altar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl... Percival's Sermons at the Chapel Royal, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds... My First Concealment, by W. A. Currie, 18mo. 2s. cl... Journal of Statistical Society, Vol. 1, 15s. cl... Burns' Daily Portion, or Golden Pot of Manna, new edition, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl... Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, Vol. 4, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl... Horace Vernon; or, Life in the West, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds... Scenes at Home and Abroad, by H. B. Hall, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl... Inwood's Tables for Purchasing Estates, eighth edition, 7s. bds... Moore's Latin Rookh Illustrated, royal 8vo. 21s. cl... Hooper's Medical Dictionary, new edition, 8vo. 30s. cl... Rejected Addresses, new edition, fcp. 6s. 6d. cl... Campbell's Poetical Works, 12mo. 8s. cl... Select English Poetry for Schools, 18mo. 4s. cl.

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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

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*The Editors and Proprietors of the ALDINE MAGAZINE inform their Friends and the Public, that, at the suggestion of numerous Booksellers and Literary friends, they have been induced to alter their mode of Publishing, from Weekly to MONTHLY PARTS ONLY. Consequently, on the FIRST of MARCH will appear PART III. printed on a fine Royal Paper, of superior quality, with New Letter, and various typographical improvements. Arrangements are in progress for a Series of interesting Illustrations; and, with an accession of Literary talent, the plan will be altogether on an enlarged scale, and more full and comprehensive in its details. We take the present early opportunity of expressing our obligation for the handsome notice taken of us by the Public Press, in the Metropolis as well as in the Provinces.*

## THE FATE OF LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

"Is he alive!!!"

THE question whether Louis XVII. died in the Tower of the Temple has for several years past been much agitated in France, and in consequence of the attempted assassination of the Duke of Normandy, has begun to attract the attention of the British public. It may not, therefore, be amiss to give some account of the state of the controversy, and to show on what grounds it is asserted that he did or did not die in the Prison of the Temple.

Charles Louis Duc de Normandie was the last surviving son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and was born 27th March, 1785. On the death of his elder brother, Louis Joseph, in June, 1789, he became Dauphin of France, and by desire of his parents was thenceforth to be called Louis Charles.

On the 10th of August, 1792, he was taken into the Prison of the Temple with his father and mother, the Princess Elizabeth, aunt of the King, and his sister, who afterwards married her first cousin, the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X. then Comte D'Artois.

After the death of his father, which took place on the 21st of January, 1793, he was confined with his mother, and sister, and aunt, in the third story of the Tower of the Temple; and by an order of the Committee of Public Safety, he was cruelly separated from his mother on the 3rd of July in that year, and confined alone in an inner room on the second story of the Tower: it was the room which had

formerly been occupied by Cléry, the faithful servant of the unfortunate monarch. His sister occupied the room immediately over-head; but there were guards in the ante-room, both above and below, to prevent any communication between the brother and sister. Simon, the cobbler, one of the Municipal Commune, was his keeper till the 19th of January, 1794, and the barbarous treatment which he pursued towards the unhappy child is well known. From that period no one was actually with him in the same room, but he was left in a dreadful state of filth and wretchedness till he was attacked by disease.

About the 30th of July, 1794, Laurens was appointed Governor of the Temple. He had the child washed, and the vermin in the room and about his person destroyed, and more light was admitted into his prison, and thenceforward his health improved.

In the succeeding winter, according to the statements of those who suppose him to have died, he was attacked with fever at different times; in April, or the beginning of May, 1795, the child who was in his prison, and who is represented to have been the Dauphin, had two swellings, one on the right knee, the other on the left wrist. He was enfeebled, and physically imbecile, and dumb; in May he grew worse, and the Committee of Public Safety sent M. Dessault, an eminent physician, and one who was acquainted with the person of the Dauphin, to attend the child; and Choppard, an apothecary, also gave him his care and attention. Those gentlemen both died suddenly,\* when in robust health, about the 4th

\* LACRETELLE'S *History of France*. Vol. xii. p. 376.

of June; and the child was afterwards visited by Doctors Pellatan and Dumangin, who were appointed by the Committee of Public Safety, but who had never seen the Dauphin, and were unacquainted with his person. They visited the child four days, and on the 8th of June, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he died.

On the 9th of June a *post mortem* examination was held by Doctors Pellatan, Dumangin, Jeanroy, and Lassus, from which the following are extracts:—

"Having all four arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning at the outer gate of the Temple, we were there received by the commissaries, who took us into the Tower. Upon reaching the apartment, on the second floor, in an inner room, we found the dead body of a child, who seemed to us to be about ten years old, *which the commissaries told us was that of the son of Louis Capet, and which two of us recognised as the child we had attended for some days.* The above-mentioned commissaries declared to us that the child had died the preceding day towards three o'clock in the afternoon."

They then go on to state the nature of the disorder of which the child died, the symptoms of which they describe as thinness, marasmus, and a pale heart, arising from scrofula, (*un vice scrofuléux*.) to which they attributed his death.

The same day the deputy Sévestre,\* who was one of the Committee of Public Safety, who had formerly stated from the Tribunal of the Convention that *that* child (meaning the Dauphin) should never become a man, went to the Convention, and made to them the following report:—

"Citizens,—For some time past the son of Capet was suffering from a swelling in the right knee and in the left wrist; on the 15th Florial (May 4) the pains increased, the patient lost his appetite, and fever succeeded. The celebrated Dessault, medical officer, was appointed to visit and prescribe for him. However, the disease assumed a very serious appearance. On the 16th of this month (4th June) Dessault died. To take his place the Committee appointed citizen Pellatan, a well-known medical officer, and with him was joined citizen Dumangin, first physician to the Hospital of Health. Their bulletin of eleven o'clock yesterday morning announced alarming symptoms in the patient, *and at a quarter past two in the afternoon we received the news of the death of Capet's son.* The Committee of General Safety have charged me to make this known to you: all is *verified*—here are the *PROCES VERBAUX* which will be deposited and remain in your archives."

A funeral procession left the Temple in the course of the day; and it was declared to the world that the body of the Dauphin was buried in the *cimetière* of the parish of Saint Marguerite.

On the 12th a certificate of his death is drawn up in the following form:—

"Certificate of the death of Louis Charles Capet on the 20th of this month, (Prairial, 8th June,) at three o'clock in the afternoon, aged ten years and two months, native of Versailles, department of the Seine and Oise, resident in the Tower of the Temple,

"Son of Louis Capet, last king of the French, and of Marie Antoinette Joseph Jeanne, of Austria, upon the declaration made at the Town Hall by

"Etienne Lasne, aged thirty-nine years, keeper of the Temple, *dwelling in Paris, in the street and section of the Rights of Man, No. 48, calling himself a neighbour, and by*

"Reni Bigot, workman, *dwelling at Paris, Old Temple Street, No. 61, calling himself a friend, according to the certificate of Dusser, commissary of police for the said section of the 22nd of this month, (10th June).*

(Signed) LASNE, BIGOT, & ROBIN,  
Public Officer."

As the physicians do not certify the death of the Dauphin of their own knowledge, it is obvious that the question whether this child were the Dauphin depends entirely upon the credit to be given to the statement made by the commissaries to the physicians, and to the value of the testimony of Etienne Lasne and Reni Bigot, who signed the *acte de décès*.

Now there were 248 commissaries, whose duty it was to guard the young prisoner in turn for the space of twenty-four hours, so that the same individual had not occasion to reappear in attendance at the prison till after a lapse of some months; and those commissaries who were present at the death of the child in the Temple might have been wholly ignorant whether it were or were not the same child who had been confined in that spot since July, 1793, and were very probably totally unacquainted with the person and features of the Dauphin.

So that it is perfectly supposable that a substitution might have taken place, by a connivance with one of the chief authorities, without its being known to those commissaries who made this statement. This, coupled with the mysterious circumstance that both the physician and the apothecary who attended the child died violent deaths; and with the fact, that the organ of the communication to the Convention was Sévestre, who voted for the death of the King, and had said that his son should never live to become of age, has thrown a suspicion over the truth of the whole transaction.

In order to invalidate the certificate, and to prove that the testimony of Lasne and Bigot cannot be depended on, it is asserted that by the law of France the *acte de décès* should be signed within *forty-eight hours* of the decease by the *nearest relation*, if possible; but this docu-

\* ANQUELLA'S *History of France*, Vol. X, p. 237.

ment was not signed till *four days* after the death, and then not by Madame Royale, the sister of the supposed deceased, who was his nearest relative, and in the chamber above; nor did she see her supposed brother in his illness, nor when dead; for, in fact, they had not met for many months. Moreover, that on the face of it Laane gives a false description of his residence, and of the quality in which he signed the document, when he states himself as *dwelling out of the Temple*, and calls himself a *neighbour*; and that Remy Bigot, who was a workman, and lived out of the prison, in Old Temple Street, and calls himself a *friend* of this unhappy child, could not have known that it was the Dauphin who died, nor have been his friend, but has been guilty of falsehood. Added to which, it is a fact that Laane had only been a short time governor of the Temple, and had no personal knowledge of the son of Louis XVI.

Then they remark that there is evidently a contradiction in the *time* of the death, Sévestre having stated that the committee received intelligence of it at a quarter past two, when they were sitting at the Tuileries, which was a very considerable distance from the Tower; whereas the hour of the death, according to the physicians, was three o'clock. And again he said to the Convention on the 9th, that it was all *verified*, and the documents drawn up; whereas, this appears to have been false, as the certificate of death is dated three days later, which shews that he and the committee, in whose name he spoke, were reckless of the truth. The next contradiction relates to the place of the burial. It appears that the cemetery of the parish of St. Marguerite was searched after the restoration by order of Louis XVIII., and no vestige of the coffin or body could be found; but that, on the taking down of the Tower of the Temple, the remains of a child, upon whom a *post mortem* examination had evidently been held, and which bore the marks of the transverse cut of the operating surgeon upon the skull, were discovered; a fact which clearly shows that a concealment of the body of the child that really died had been considered necessary, for some mysterious reason, and that a fraud had been practised on the inhabitants of Paris as regarded his funeral.

Independent of these reasons for disbelieving the evidence adduced of his death,\* the writers on the other side maintain that there is direct evidence, both documentary and oral, of the

prince's having escaped from the Tower of the Temple.

1st. That there was an order of the Convention to cause pursuit to be made for him throughout the provinces; and an order of the Committee of Public Safety, dated after his supposed decease, requiring the Police to stop all children of from ten to twelve years of age whom they should have reason to suppose might be the Dauphin. And they bring forward several instances of such arrests after the date of the alleged decease. M. Morin de Guérivière states that he himself was travelling in a post-chaise under the protection of M. Jenais Ojardias, and was stopped at Thiers (Puy de dôme) on suspicion of being the Dauphin—that the charge was inquired into, and by an order from J. P. Chasal, Representative of the People, Delegated by the National Convention, dated 10th of July, 1795, the order which detained him as *the child* was rescinded, because the charge was false, and he sets forth a Copy of the Document.

2ndly. That the *Moniteur*, the Government Gazette, announced that terms had been offered to the Generals of La Vendée, that there should be a general amnesty on condition of their giving up the person of the Dauphin.

3rdly. M. Labréli de Fontaine states that General Charette, towards the close of the year 1795, addressed a Proclamation to his army in La Vendée, in which are the following passages;—

“And are you about to lay down your arms? \* \* \* Go then, base and treacherous soldiers! Go, deserters of the noble cause which you dishonour. Abandon to the caprice of fortune, to the uncertainty of events, the royal orphan whom you swore to defend, or rather lead him captive in the midst of you, conduct him to the assassins of his Father. Have no pity for his tender age, for his engaging charms, for his helplessness, for his misfortunes,—and when you are in the presence of your new masters, in order to make yourselves more worthy of them, cast at their feet the head of your innocent King.”

4thly. By a Proclamation which the same gentleman saw at Venice, dated from Verona, on the 14th of October, 1797, (more than two years after the supposed death) by the Count of Provence, as Regent of the Kingdom, who was in fact King, if the Dauphin were not then alive.

5thly. By a Secret Article of the Treaty of 1815, the substance of which he quotes to the effect that the allied sovereigns *had no certain evidence* of the death of Louis XVII.; but that the state of Europe required that they should place at the head of their Government the Count of Provence, with the title of King.

6thly. It is asserted that if he had been dead, the Duke of Angoulême, or Louis XVIII.,

\* M. Labréli de Fontaine, librarian of the Duc de Orléans, M. Morin de Guérivière, M. Bourbon le Blanc, the author of *Le Passé et l'Avenir* explained, and others.



would have accepted the heart of the child which died in the Temple, which was offered to them at the restoration by Doctor Pellatan, and refused.

7thly. As negative evidence, that no funeral service of Grand Mass was ever ordered to be celebrated for the repose of Louis XVII., as was for his father, at the restoration.

8thly. By the positive Declarations of persons concerned in the escape. Madame Simon, the wife of Simon the cobbler, who so ill treated the child, constantly affirmed it. Barras, one of the three Directors who were at the head of the Government at the time; Josephine Beauharnais, the intimate associate of Barras, afterwards Empress of France; General Pichegru, Count Louis de Frotté, Laurenz, the Governor of the Temple, and many others have declared it.

Some of them were members of the Convention who knew the fact, and others more or less facilitated or connived at the substitution and escape, and others saw the Dauphin after his escape.

On another occasion, we may probably think it right to give our readers an outline of the facts and statements which have been advanced under this general description; in the mean time it rests with them to determine on which side the evidence for the truth preponderates.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER IX.

#### NOTICE OF THE ROBINSONS.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, Jan. 19, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

Upwards of fifty-three years have passed away since I first beheld in all his pristine glory that king of booksellers, George Robinson the first, as he was sometimes designated from his noble appearance and manners, and in contradistinction from his only son George, who was somewhat below the middle stature. George Robinson, sen., might appropriately be considered the pride of Paternoster Row, from his hospitality and liberality to authors, artists, printers, booksellers, and even to the most distant of his English, Irish, and Scotch correspondents. As a bookseller, he may be said to have revived the days of the Tonsons, the Lintots, the Osborns, Millar, and all the most eminent booksellers of the times of Addison, Pope, Swift, and Steele. It is true the ponderous folio tomes and the American war were nearly forgotten together; yet, from the literary mine

or stores of George Robinson, son, and brothers, trading under the firm of George, George, John, and James Robinson, were issued the substantial quartos in abundance down to what was then termed the moderate-sized octavo; and No. 25 in the Row was perhaps considered the most extensive publishing and wholesale book establishment in Europe.

I will, from bare recollection, endeavour to convey to you some idea of the extent of their connections, and the works they were engaged in, at a period of the most active employment of *my life*, of which I have promised you a detail.

In periodical literature they were the publishers of the *Critical Review* and the *Ladies' and Town and Country Magazine* for nearly half a century. Of the last work, which consisted of matters of *bon ton* and the chit chat of the day, they at one period disposed of 14,000 monthly; and of the *Ladies' Magazine* little short of that number, although they were pirated in Ireland, as well as Baldwin's *London Magazine*, and exported to a great extent, notwithstanding Robinsons' unrivalled wholesale connection at home and abroad. In 1780 (the year of Lord George Gordon's riots,) the Robinsons commenced the *New Annual Register*, which they continued for upwards of thirty years. Although the work was published at the average price of one pound per volume, they, in the zenith of its popularity, disposed of 7,000 copies annually. They were also the principal shareholders of the *Ancient and Modern Universal History* in sixty octavo volumes; and the purchasers of all the copies and copyright of *Gough's Camden's Britannica*, in four volumes folio, which sold for sixteen guineas; and the principal proprietors of *Kippis's Biographia Britannica*, in five folio volumes; as well as in the *Biographical Dictionary*, and other works of that class.

In chronological and historical works they were proprietors of *Russell's Ancient and Modern Europe*, his *History of Aleppo*, in most other standard historical works, as well as those of *Belsham*, *Godwin*, *Grose*, *Mayo*, *Playfair*, &c. &c.

In voyages and travels they were proprietors and publishers of the originals or translations of the most popular of their day, such as *Bruce's Travels*, in five volumes quarto; the *Travels of Anacharsis*, of *Bourgoing*, *Benyowsky*, *Lady Craven*, *Chastelux*, *Cousett*, *Muriti*, *La Perrouse*, *Savary*, *Vaillant*, *Volney*, and numerous others.

In works of taste and illustrations, the productions of Alison, Dr. Burney, Bewick, Beaumont, Fenn, Hogarth, Heath, Lavater, Lord Orford, &c. &c. In one work alone, the *Eng-*

lish *Peerage*, with splendid plates by Catton, they were said to have lost 3,000*l.*; yet nothing appeared to damp the ardour of this enterprising firm.

In books on medicine, surgery, and chemistry, they were the principal London publishers of the works of *Bell, Cullen, Duncan, Sydenham, Vaughan, Motherley, Wallis, Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Nicholson, &c. &c.*

In works on agriculture and gardening, those of *Anderson, Abercrombie, Mawe, Millar, &c. &c.*

In geography, navigation, the mathematics, and education, the popular works of *Guthrie, Ferguson, Hutton, Moore, Vyse, Walker, &c.*

In law and jurisprudence, &c., *Vattel's Law of Nations, De Lolme on the Constitution, The Political Justice*, by Godwin; *The History of Parliament*, by Oldfield; *The Political Index*, by Beaton; *Plowden's Jura Anglorum, or the Rights of Englishmen, &c.*; and even in an *Abridgment of the Law* they published VINER, in only twenty-six volumes royal octavo, at nearly 20*l.* per copy !!!

The above are a few of the works which I recollect that came within my ken, and for the most part passed through my hands, with hundreds of others from that house alone (upwards of thirty years ago) and many of them furnish me with ample material for my future communications with you.

There is one branch of literature that I had nearly forgotten; and as some of the authors shone conspicuously in the dinner parties of the Robinsons, I must not omit them—I mean the authors of novels, romances, poetry, and the drama. Among these were ranged Macklin, Murphy, Holcroft, Godwin, Sophia Lee, Mrs. Inchbald, White, Radcliffe, Dr. Moore, Dr. Wolcot, (*alias* Peter Pindar,) &c. To Mrs. Radcliffe Mr. Robinson gave 500 guineas for her *Mysteries of Udolpho*, the largest sum known at that time to have been given for a novel. This was years ago, and quite enough to alarm the *Minerva Press*, and even the heads of the publishers of *Bond Street*. It however turned out a fine speculation, as the work passed through several editions; and with all the calamities and complaints of authors, how little is thought of such a sum for a popular work in the present day.

The Robinsons were also considerably engaged in the politics of the times, and about the commencement of the French Revolution were concerned in the *Courier*, (a rival to the present one,) an evening paper; and subsequently in a newspaper called the *Telegraph*. George Robinson, sen., was also extensively connected in the English Lottery with the Wilkinsons, and in the Irish Lottery with the late

celebrated and immensely wealthy Luke White of Dublin. On one occasion it was said Mr. R. forfeited a large deposit on a contract, which White subsequently took up and realised a fortune by. Were I to relate to you Mr. Robinson's conviviality and connections with his Irish and Scotch friends, respecting the former it would fill a volume instead of a few pages of the *Aldine Magazine*. I knew most of the characters when I was in Dublin in 1794: among them were Jno. Archer, Alderman Exshaw, Luke White, the Joneses, the Moores, the Rices, &c., most of them boon companions. It is said George had been laid under the table, for it was reported he was a five or six bottle man.

In 1793 the Robinsons were prosecuted, (although not the publishers,) as wholesale booksellers, and furnishing with others of that period copies of *Paine's Rights of Man*. On Nov. 26, in the above year, George Robinson the elder, George Robinson the younger, John Robinson, and James Robinson, who had been convicted at the Bridgwater Assizes of selling three copies of *Paine's Rights of Man* to Mr. Pyle, bookseller, at Norton Fitzwarren, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, were sentenced in the Court of King's Bench; John Robinson, who had seen the parcel before it was sent off, to pay a fine of 100*l.*, and the three other defendants, 50*l.* each. Symonds and Ridgway received more severe sentences and long imprisonment about the same period for the same publication. Daniel Isaac Eaton was also tried and acquitted. More of this in its proper place, as well as of Jordan, the original publisher, and of Mr. Johnson, to whom the manuscript was originally offered. I saw Dr. Priestley and Paine a short time previously, and subsequently published Pindar's Odes for the latter gentleman.

This reminds me of an anecdote of Dr. Wolcot, (*alias* Peter Pindar,) which he humourously related to me at the time I became his publisher. It appears that he made an immense sum from his writings, which commenced in 1783 with his *Epistle to the Reviewers*, (by the bye, the only work of his that I do not find reviewed in the *Monthly*, or any other review,) published by the Egertons. His subsequent publisher, however, was George Kearsley, who brought out his rapidly-produced poems in quarto, with spirited etchings, for several years, until Evans took them up, when they formed an immense quarto volume. The sale had been prodigious; and as Peter, like many other poets, had not been the most provident or prudent of that class, the purchase of his works became an object of speculation with Robinson and Walker, (his brother in law,) who entered into a treaty to grant an annuity for his pub-

lished works, and on certain conditions for his unpublished ones, which is thus accurately related in *the Doctor's own style*. While this treaty was pending, Wolcot had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate, but at meetings of the parties his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and instead of a sum of money, an annuity of 250*l.* a-year was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, the Doctor went into Cornwall, where he recovered his health, and returned to London without any cough, which was far from being a pleasing sight to the persons who had to pay his annuity. One day he called on Mr. Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinising eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Wolcot; "I have taken measure of my asthma: the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master." (He told me old Floyers wrote a good treatise on the subject.) "Oh!" said Mr. Walker gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Wolcot, aware of the feeling, paid a strict attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die!"

A plea was then set up that the agreement extended to all further pieces as well as the past; and on this ground an action was commenced, which was subsequently compromised. Wolcot enjoyed the joke, and outlived both parties.

The Doctor, from knowing me at Evans's, where I superintended his poetical effusions from 1790 to 1793, applied to me to publish for him till matters were arranged, as he told me that he had no idea that the Paternoster Row booksellers should drink all their "wine out of his skull;" that he was aware that "the fellows were playing cards upon his coffin lid," and exclaimed, that as

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,  
While ev'ry grin so merry draws one out,"

"he regretted that he did not add a little to his income by coughing a little more." I published his *Tales of the Hoy* in 1798; *Nil Admirari* in 1799; *Lord Auckland's Triumph*, 1800; *Out at last*, 1801; *Ins and Outs*, 1801; *Epistle to Count Rumford*, 1801; and *Tears and Smiles*, 1801; after which matters were accommodated between the parties: and I have no doubt but George Robinson himself not only smiled, but would join in a hearty laugh, although against himself.

Mr. Robinson was peculiarly happy at what

are termed the booksellers' trade sales; and being aware of the little cavils and jealousies in trade and between individuals, which are always buried or forgotten in the sale room, he frequently created (when it did not interfere with business) roars of laughter at the Horn Tavern, in Doctors' Commons, where they were then conducted. His jolly brother-in-law, John Walker, frequently threw himself back in his chair, and from his position and the formation of his face, a tolerable perspective view might be obtained up his widely-distended nostrils; and his *aid de camp*, or clerk, James Rider, (my old fellow apprentice,) ardently joined in the hilarity of the room; the most expensive and handsome dinners were provided on the occasion. The expense was seldom considered an object, as sometimes on these occasions sales were effected to the amount of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty thousand pounds, and upwards, in one afternoon's sale. It is said that one individual purchased to the amount of 40,000*l.* in the sale of the stock of the Messrs. Robinson, in which was included *Gough's Camden's Britannia*, *The Works of Hogarth*, by Cooke, *Lavater's Physiognomy*, *The New Annual Register*, and other popular works, which were subsequently sold by auction at the watering places, and throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland. But, alas! the booksellers, as above noticed in both instances, are now no more, nor do any branches of their families carry on the trade. And although "good wine needs no bush," bad books need good wine to set them afloat. I have sat near the late James Lackington when he has purchased upwards of 12,000*l.* in a sale, and with others who have scarcely intended to purchase 10*l.* worth, yet have purchased over 100*l.*

In the sale of Mr. Robinson's stock, the copy-right alone of *Vyse's Spelling*, price one shilling, sold for 2,500*l.*, besides an annuity of fifty guineas per annum, to poor old Vyse, to whom your brothers went to school, in Walnut-tree Walk, Lambeth, in the year 1805.

It is now time that I should present you with a biographical sketch, which I promised you, as drawn by the venerable John Nichols, and, I believe, the late Alexander Chalmers, of the Robinsons.

#### MR. GEORGE ROBINSON.

"Mr. George Robinson, one of the most eminent booksellers of his time, was born at Dalston, in Cumberland, and about 1755 came up to London in search of such employment as he might be qualified for by a decent education, and a great share of natural sense and shrewdness. His first engagement was, we believe, in the respectable house of Mr. John Rivington, from which he went to that of Mr. Johnstone, on Ludgate Hill, where he remained until

1760-4, when he commenced business as a bookseller in Paternoster Row, in partnership with Mr John Roberts, who died about the year 1776. The commencement of an undertaking like this required a capital; and the uniform habits of industry and punctuality which Mr. Robinson had displayed, while managing the concerns of others, pointed him out as one who might be entrusted. He has often been heard to acknowledge his gratitude to the late Mr. Thomas Longman, who, liberally and unasked, offered him any sum, on credit, that might be wanted. In a short time, however, these small beginnings swelled into concerns of importance. Mr. Robinson's active spirit, knowledge of business, and reputable connexion, soon enabled him to achieve the higher branches of the business, and in the purchase of copyrights he became the rival of the most formidable of the old established houses; and before the year 1780, he had the largest wholesale trade that was ever carried on by an individual. In 1784 he took into partnership his son George, his brother John, (and subsequently his brother James, who afterwards retired from the concern, and became a coal merchant,) who were his successors.

"In the rise and progress of so great a concern Mr. Robinson was an eminent proof (if so plain a truth requires a proof) how much may be done by habits of attention, industry, and, above all, by inflexible integrity and perseverance.

"We have authority to say, from the most successful of his rivals, the first bookseller in London, and a magistrate of high rank,\* that 'of George Robinson's integrity too much cannot be said.' It was this which frequently involved him in the troublesome yet honourable office of arbitrator in cases of dispute, and executor and assignee in the events of death or bankruptcy; and there are probably none in the trade who cannot testify in his favour in some one of those departments. He had, indeed, a natural aversion to everything little, mean, and partaking of subterfuge and undue artifice; and many will remember that, when his indignation was roused by actions of this description, he expressed it in terms peculiarly harsh and unaccommodating. As his success in business proceeded, he extended his liberality to authors in no common degree; and it will be difficult to find an instance where he did not amply gratify the wish of the party, if at all compatible with prudence, or even the distant probability of return. It was his opinion that liberality to authors was the true spirit of book-selling enterprise; and perhaps little can be done if occasional failures break in upon this system.

"If the writer of the present article, who for many years had enjoyed Mr. Robinson's intimacy, were to venture on any objection, at a time when he feels nothing but regret, it would be that Mr. Robinson rather gave too much than too little, and that he sometimes gave a consideration which neither their own merit, nor the opinion of the public, could ever sanction."

Now, my dear son, as I find myself at the bottom of my sheet, I must conclude. Promising you the remainder of the above sketch in my next, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate Father,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

\* Mr. Alderman Cadell.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK BEFORE US.

Dr. Jenner, and the Discovery and Failure of Vaccination.—Dr. Severn.—Moore's Almanack, the Duke of Sussex, and Dr. Hutton.—Mozart.—Charlemagne and his Bible.—Interment and Exhumation.—Sir Francis Drake.—Sir Thomas Bodley.—Peter the Great.—George the Good.—Swedenborg the Monomaniac.—Rollin.—Charles I. his Portraits and Busts.—Ominous Incident.—Relics of Charles I. in Ashburnham Church.—Discovery of his Remains.—Lord Byron's Infamous Verses.—Downey's Antidote.—Ben Jonson.—Sir Ashton Lever.—New River Company.

EDWARD JENNER, M.D. the discoverer of vaccination, died on the 26th of January, 1823, at the age of seventy-three. It was about the year 1776, that his attention was turned to the cow-pox, by the circumstance of his ascertaining that persons who had been affected with that disease, were thereby rendered free from variolous infection. For many years vaccination proved one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon the human race; and, that its advantages have not been continued in their fullest extent to the present hour, is attributable solely to a neglect on the part of the medical profession, which, though the term may sound harshly, seems to be the result of the grossest stupidity. For many years past, it has been our wonder that instead of going on, and on, and on, from one human subject to another, to the thousand millionth in succession, common sense should not have taught them to turn back to the original source of protection—the cow. At length, however, the eyes of some of our medical men seem to be open. Some weeks ago, we had the pleasure of directing the attention of our readers to Dr. Severn's "Inquiry into the Causes of Failure in Vaccination," &c.\* and, from the urgency of the case—as the small pox is at this time committing the most dreadful ravages, not only in the metropolis, but in various parts of the country—we again mention the subject, and intreat of the medical profession and of the public at large, to give it their most earnest consideration.

Henry Andrews, a self-taught mathematician and astronomer, who was for more than forty years a computer of the Nautical Ephemeris, and the calculator of Moore's Almanack, died on the 26th of January, 1820, aged seventy-six.

The anniversary of the birth of the Duke of Sussex falls on Sunday, the 27th, when his Royal Highness will complete his 66th year.

Dr. Charles Hutton will, on the same day, have been dead 16 years.

\* Vide ALDINE MAGAZINE, page 28.

Mozart—John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—on whose genius and talent volumes might be written—was born on the 27th of January, 1756; he died on the 5th of December, 1792.

On Monday next, Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, will have been dead 1025 years. Charlemagne was born in 742. Although the wisest man of the age in which he lived, he could not write, and he was forty-five years of age before he began his studies. His favourite preceptor was Alcuinus, librarian to Ebberht, archbishop of York.\* On the 25th of December, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West; and, on the 1st of December, in the following year, Alcuinus presented him with a magnificent folio bible, bound in velvet, the leaves of vellum, the writing in double columns, and containing 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colours. It is enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of the art at this early period; there are moreover thirty-four large initial letters, painted in gold and colours, and exhibiting seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals. This identical bible was sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, on the 27th of April, 1836, for 1500*l*. When Charlemagne issued the instrument by which the Romish Liturgy was ordained through France, he confirmed it by "making his mark." Mezerai, the French historian, observes that below the "mark," was commonly inserted "I have signed it with the pommel of my sword, and I promise to maintain it with the point."

Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle. "His body was embalmed and deposited in a vault, where it was seated on a throne of gold, and clothed in imperial habits, over the sack-cloth which he usually wore. By his side hung a sword, of which the hilt, and the ornaments of the scabbard were of gold, and a pilgrim's purse that he used to carry in his journeys to Rome. In his hands he held the Book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold; his head was ornamented with a chain of gold in the form of a diadem, in which was enclosed a piece of the wood of the true cross; and his face was wound with a winding-sheet. His sceptre and buckler, formed entirely of gold, and which had been consecrated by Pope Leo III., were suspended before him, and his sepulchre was closed and sealed after having been

filled with various treasures and perfumes. A gilded arcade was erected over the place, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

'Beneath this tomb is placed the body of the orthodox Emperor CHARLES THE GREAT, who valourously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and happily governed it 47 years. He died a Septuagenarian, January 28, 814.'

It is further recorded, that "Pope Otho III. ordered the tomb to be opened, when the body was stripped of its royal ornaments, which had not been in the least injured by the hand of time. The Book of the Gospels continues to be kept at Aix-la-Chapelle. With this volume the imperial sword and hunting-horn were also found. The copy of the Gospels interred with Charlemagne, appears to have been one of those executed by his order, and corrected according to the Greek and Syriac."

Sir Francis Drake, the great circumnavigator, died on the 28th of January, 243 years ago. Drake was the first Englishman who encompassed the globe. In 1587, he burnt 100 vessels at Cadiz, and retarded the threatened invasion for a twelvemonth. About the same time he took a rich East India carrack, near the Terceiras, by which the English gained such an insight into the trade of that part of the world, that it led to the establishment of the East India Company. Drake, before he had the royal sanction for his depredations, was a famous free-booter against the Spaniards. He commanded as Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham, and had his share in the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Sir Thomas Bodley, who died on the 28th of January, 1612, merited much as a man of letters, but incomparably more for his having rebuilt the University Library, Oxford, and bequeathed to it his own library and fortune for its support and augmentation. Sir Thomas was a native of Exeter.

On the same day of the month, 114 years ago, died Peter the Great of Russia, at the age of 53.

On Tuesday next, the 29th of January, George the Third will have been dead 19 years. From an unpublished poem, entitled "England's Immortality," by Mr. Harral, we take the following panegyrical notice of this sovereign.

#### TIME, LOQUITUR.

But, chief, 'mongst all the regal line,  
The BAUNSWICK'S glories brightest shine!  
Their's the best boon that nature gives!  
With them each honoured virtue lives!  
For them, the consecrated rose  
Of hope's fruition ever blows,  
And sheds its lasting fragrance o'er  
The waves that lash their sea-girt shore!

\* For the poetical catalogue of the archbishop's library, by Alcuinus, *vide* ALDINE MAGAZINE, page 77.

Their race shall flourish—tower sublime—  
Nor fade, but in the wreck of TIME!

If, proudly eminent, the name  
Of BRUNSWICK, on the roll of fame  
Shine forth—with what resplendent light  
The THIRD GREAT GEORGE o'erwhelms the sight!  
His was the reign of wonders! He,  
Midst crouching Princes still was free!  
His throne a people's love upheld,  
Whilst recreant nations round rebelled!  
And whilst beneath a tyrant's frown  
The sovereigns of the earth sank down,  
His Island Sceptre firmer grew,  
And proved his subjects' homage true!  
Yes! true that homage was and warm—  
It braved the fiercest wintry storm  
That ever round a monarch's bed  
Its dark and midnight fury shed!  
The wreath that circles GEORGE's brow  
Rewards that pious Monarch now;—  
Like ABDIEL alone he stood,  
For George the Third, was GEORGE THE GOOD."

Emanuel Swedenborg, a somewhat celebrated religious enthusiast, or rather monomaniac, as born at Stockholm on the 29th of January, 1688 or 1689. He was educated under the care of his father, Bishop of West Gothland, in the doctrines of Lutheranism. About the year 1743, he conceived a belief that he was admitted to an intercourse with the world of spirits, and this belief he retained till his death, which occurred in 1772. It was upon this belief that he became the founder of a sect called the New Jerusalem Church. Swedenborg was a man of great talent and acquirements, and perfectly sane upon all other points.

Charles Rollin, an eminent French historian and writer on the *belles lettres*, was born at Paris, on the 30th of January, 178 years ago. He died in 1741, at the age of eighty.

That most unfortunate of monarchs, Charles the First, was brought to the block through the triumph of a remorseless and bloody faction, on the 30th of January, 1649, exactly one hundred and ninety years ago. It was from the celebrated three-faced portrait of his majesty, by Vandyke, that Bernini executed no less celebrated bust. When Bernini first saw the portrait he, from the marked character of its aspect, pronounced the original to be "unfortunate." De Piles, in his *Principles of Painting*, states that he saw a bust of Charles the First in wax executed by a celebrated blind sculptor, of Cambassi, in Tuscany, and that the likeness was very striking. As the sculptor was suspected to be an impostor, the Duke of Bracciano obliged him to chisel the head in a cellar, and he executed it with his accustomed success. Superstition and credulity have recorded many strange stories as ominously

relating to the fate of Charles the First. Amongst others, Carte, in his *Life of the Duke of Ormond*, states, that when Bernini's bust of him was carried to the king's house at Chelsea, his majesty, with a train of nobility, went to take a view of it; and that "as they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads with a partridge in his claws, which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge's blood fell on the neck of the statue, where it always remained without being wiped off."

William Ashburnham, one of the ancestors of the present Earl of Ashburnham, was distinguished by his loyalty and affection to Charles, and was one of the first to take up arms in favour of his sovereign. John, his elder brother, was groom of the bed chamber to the unfortunate monarch—accompanied him in his flight—attended him to the scaffold—and received his headless trunk from the block. In the chancel of the little village church of Ashburnham, almost contiguous to the family mansion, in Sussex, are preserved the shirt, stained with some drops of blood, in which Charles the First was beheaded; his watch, which he gave at the place of execution, to Mr. John Ashburnham; his white silk knit drawers; and the sheet that was thrown over his body. These relics were bequeathed in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq. to the clerk of the parish, and his successors for ever. The woman who has the care of the church states, that formerly they were open to the handling and minute inspection of visitors; but that several years ago, some sacrilegious scoundrel, in the true John Bull spirit of the lowest class, contrived to steal the outward case of the watch; and since that period, they are seen only through the medium of a glass case.

Doubts were for some time entertained respecting the actual depository of the remains of Charles I. They were known to have been interred at Windsor; but many considered them to have been removed: it was even said that they had been privately taken up, and buried under the gallows at Tyburn. In the year 1817 or 1818, however, at the time that preparations were making for the interment of the Princess Charlotte at Windsor, all doubts were terminated by the discovery of the body of the decapitated monarch. The particulars relating to the discovery, and to the appearance of the corpse, were exceedingly curious; but we have not room for their insertion. The vault was visited, and the corpse was inspected by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Soon afterwards, Lord Byron disgraced himself by the publication, in one of the morning papers, of some atrocious verses—a base and assassin-like attempt, that will never be forgotten—

"On the Royal Visit to the Tombs wherein were deposited the Remains of King Henry VIII. and Charles I." These lines, infamous as they are, are retained in the noble author's works. From the pen of Mr. Downey (author of *Pleasures of the Naval Life* and *The Battle of Trafalgar*, naval poems superior to any which have appeared since Falconer's *Shipwreck*) a reply was administered, as an antidote to the poison which had been circulated by the titled lord. Here is the introductory portion of Mr. Downey's lines:—

"Here royal Charles to Rome a victim lies,  
His errors pitied by the good and wise;  
Henry, who quenched the papal thunders, here,  
With all his faults, to Britain's freedom dear!

"Lo! Death's dark mansion closed, the Prince  
retires

In mournful musings from th' unconscious sires;  
Yet sadly pleased that, 'mid the sacred gloom,  
Unhappy Charles was not refused a tomb!

"Though all is still, in vain the vault we close;  
A titled vampire breaks the dread repose:  
Press'd by no need, by no resentment fir'd,  
Urg'd by no party, by no faction hir'd,  
In callous apathy, uncheck'd by shame,  
To blot the tablet of his sovereign's fame,  
He bids the charnel ope its marble jaws,  
Again to light the regal dust he draws,  
And coolly mixes, for his poisonous scrawl,  
An idiot's slaverings with a cynic's gall."

Ben Jonson, as he is familiarly called, the friend and contemporary of Shakspeare, was born on the 31st of January, 1574. His works have within these few weeks been published by that enterprising young bookseller, Moxon, in one large but exquisitely beautiful volume, with a life of the poet prefixed, from the pen of Barry Cornwall, otherwise Mr. Procter.

Sir Ashton Lever, the collector of the memorable Leverian Museum, will have been dead fifty-one years on Thursday next. In 1715 the museum, then deposited in Leicester Square, was disposed of by lottery. Mr. Parkinson, the winner, removed it to the building, now called the Rotunda, in Blackfriars Road. After it had been exhibited there some years, the whole was sold by auction.

On Friday, the 1st of February, 231 years will have elapsed since the commencement of the New River, under the auspices of Sir Hugh Myddleton, who expended 500,000*l.* on the undertaking.

#### *Magna Charta.*

Sir Robert Cotton, being one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand, ready to cut up for measures, the *original* MAGNA CHARTA, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost.

#### THE SUICIDE SYSTEM.

"If the frail body feels disordered pangs,  
Then drugs medicinal can give us ease:  
The soul, no Æsculapian medicine can cure,—  
And 'tis the soul that ever must survive:  
Therefore, who dies to ease a guilty soul,  
Flies like the moth, into a deadly flame!"

GENTLEMAN *Sejanus*.

SUICIDE has long since been disused as a means of self ennoblement, and it is now alone practised under the fallacious idea, that by the means personal ease can be gained, and an eternal riddance of grievance accomplished.

Self destruction may be divided into two classes: the "rapid" and the "slow;" or more properly speaking, the direct and indirect.

The direct is the result of impulse or premeditation; the indirect is certain in its consequence, although in its action it may not immediately point out the end: the direct embraces death by poison, drowning, &c.; the indirect, by drinking and opium eating.

A highly respectable and moral gentleman, who has gambled away his own money, and perhaps, some one's else, finds himself upon the point of starvation—a state in which he will look so very ugly before the world, in which he has moved as one of the lords of the creation; he, therefore, resolves on the easiest way of eluding his 'vindictive' creditors and the sneers of his former acquaintance, by cutting off his existence, and does it with as much nonchalance as though there were nothing but a blank after death, and that the only unpleasantness he would have to undergo would be that of ceasing to live. He leaps with one bound into eternity, without the simple caution of common inquiry—even of himself, whether the leap he is about to take will ensure him what he desires. Most true, it will, in the sense of the word; the former acquaintance which he so much dreaded, may not grin with malignity on him; the creditors, that he has often dexterously eluded, may not be capable of exercising power against him; but the doctrines of religion speak of tortures more terrible than these, and far more enduring; for, although the venial errors or crimes he may have been guilty of in this world, may carry with them their temporal punishment, yet the crime of self-murder which he executes, will not hold water at the high tribunal. He is an unbeliever who is a suicide; and I regret that it is too commonly the case with coroners' juries, to consider every man mad who murders himself. And so he is, in one sense of the word: but if ever crime is to be considered a symptom of madness, how pitiful it is that Greenacre was



aged, or that Fieschi was guillotined. Set open the doors of your prisons, and let their inmates receive the treatment that lunatics deserve: ask the pardon of Heaven for insanity to your convicts, for they are all wrong mad! The murderer is only more mad than the burglar, and the pick pocket shows slight symptoms of lunacy. The aberration of mind displayed in Jonathan Wild should have saved him from an ignominious death, and Fauntleroy and Thurtell knew not what they did—they must have been born mad.\* But it is not so—the swerving from innocence to madness, there can be no doubt: or it may, perhaps, be a sign of incipient idiocy: but, nevertheless, when previous circumstances are considered, when the tests of madness, which requires no physician to tell you, are put, and sanity is determined, it is *madness* in itself to declare that suicide is invariably caused by madness, but that it is performed under what I have before said, the idea that the evils under which we labour will have no existence in the future: that the future either possesses no evil, or that the life it offers will be nought but pleasantness.

I should insult the brains of the greatest fool were I to pursue this subject further: it is self-evident to all who bestow a moment's reflection on it, that self-destruction possesses no one real harm, and entails upon its author a misery for which there is no human means of judging the extent.

But few words will suffice for the *indirect* suicide. To rid himself of, perhaps a series of troubles, or it may be but melancholy—or imagine a more extended view of the case, embarrassment in money affairs—the tavern, or the drink at home soothes his heart-ache for a few hours: his waking morning possesses the pleasures of the previous day multiplied ten-fold; the same remedy is pursued, the effects increase with the defects, and the defects with the effects; confusion to a family, ruin to them and him are consequences certain: the one system is continued to the breaking up of another: and he who, thinking better days might come, anticipated them by spending all he had in what he vainly considered would moderate time, sinks while yet in the May of

his life into the yellow leaf; with emaciation, his body's sign, his impaired intellect, his mind's survivor, with not so much as half a soul for his God: he makes up no account with eternity, as he made up no account with man, and drunk, not with wine, but imbecility, without the power of uttering curses, or so much as the strength of mind to know that he is living, drops into the arms of death, and stands self-crippled before his Judge.

Let me draw the curtain before this horrible state of *facts*, and hope that these few words on suicide may save some who might have serious thoughts of adopting that remedy to elude present unhappiness.

J. H. P. P.

### THE DYING BOY.

By the Author of "*The Siege of Zaragoza*," "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," "*Lyrical Poems*," &c.

Oh! MOTHER, those were happy days,  
When through the green-grass fields I ran  
To catch the pretty butterflies,  
Before my morning tasks began.

And, mother, it was a pleasant time,  
When your boy the race was sure to win,  
On those smooth sands where the big blue waves  
Came merrily, merrily rolling in.

And pleasant, too, it was to feel  
The high wind blowing through my hair,  
While I dug the sand with my little spade,  
To find the crabs and sea shells there.

Mother, this is a dull, dark place,  
Though people say it's a fine gay town:  
There is no sunshine—and all the trees  
Look dying, for their leaves are brown.

My face has now grown very pale,  
And very quick I draw my breath:  
I heard the doctor say to nurse,  
That your little William is near death.

What did he mean? and what is death?  
Is it the gate you told me of,  
That I must pass before I reach  
The sweet and happy home above,

Where father went? Oh, do not cry!  
One day when you too seemed in pain,  
You said you longed to reach that gate,  
And see his kind, kind face again.

Oh! mother, mother—I must go  
To that darling home, so high and bright;  
For here I can no longer breathe—  
Come to me there!—Good night, good night!

L. S. S.

\* We do not perceive the justness of our correspondent's reasoning on this point. Neither murder nor burglary is an act of insanity; but no man whose mind is in a perfectly healthy state ever takes away his own life. The act of suicide is a *proof of insanity*; and, upon this principle, coroners' juries are justified, in nine instances out of ten, if not in the whole ten, in returning the verdict of *insanity* in cases of *self-murder*.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## CHURCH AND STATE.\*

A NATIONAL religion has always appeared to us to be essential to the well-being of a State. If so, a general conformity with the national religion must be morally and politically as well as religiously desirable. So that the independence of each be secured, the more intimate the connexion between Church and State the greater must be the stability of both. By the independence of the Church, we mean, that she should possess (as the Church of England does possess) revenues of her own, and not have to look to the State for the payment of her ministers, or for any pecuniary support whatsoever: by the independence of the State, that it should be free from all political influence or controul on the part of the Church.

Great good was achieved in the first instance by rendering Christianity "part and parcel of the law of the land;" and, from time to time, yet greater good has been effected by the maintenance of that beautiful and eminently conservative principle. Thus, in fact, the intimacy between Church and State has become so close, that an offence against the one must inevitably be an offence against the other also.

A national religion is essential to the well-being of a community, from the protection which it affords, and from the advantages which it holds forth to the people. At the moment of his birth, every individual becomes a subject of the State in which he is born, and amenable to the laws by which that State is governed; nor has he the liberty, or the right, at any period of his life, or under any circumstances, to take arms against, or to cast off his allegiance to the government of, that State. There is a natural and understood compact between the subject and the State; and the duty and allegiance of the former entitle him to the protection of the latter.

In like manner, the relations of duty and protection exist between the individual and his national Church; and, were it not for the tolerant spirit of the English constitution, in Church and State, which wisely and liberally regards the worship of the heart as an affair of conscience—as an affair between the Creator and his creature—every individual of the English community would, at the moment of his birth, become as strictly amenable to the religious government of the Church as to the civil,

moral, and political government of the State. But whilst, in the spirit of toleration, he is wisely relieved from all conscientious restraints of a religious nature, he is not released from his duties to the Church in a civil sense. Government has, from time to time, made various concessions, and granted many relaxations to Dissenters; but still, as, in many respects, they derive protection from the national Church, and as they are all members of one great family, they are bound to her support. With open arms, and willing heart, the Church extends her protection to ALL; and if *all* will not avail themselves of her maternal care and affection, it is not her fault: at the door of the dissident be the evil.

This, however, is too vast a question for discussion in limits so narrow as ours. Happily, the Church, in its relations with the State, has found a most able champion in Mr. Gladstone, to whose important work we should, some weeks since, have directed the attention of our readers, had not its first edition passed rapidly out of print. In consequence, it was only within these few days that we were enabled to obtain a copy. Mr. Gladstone's volume bears the following inscription:—

"To  
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;  
tried, and not found wanting,  
through the vicissitudes of a thousand years;  
in the belief that she is providentially designed to be  
fountain of blessings,  
spiritual, social, and intellectual,  
to this and to other countries,  
to the present and future times;  
and in the hope that the temper of these pages may  
be found,  
not alien from her own."

Mr. Gladstone has arranged his performance in eight chapters, with the paragraphs in each chapter numbered, and referred to in the contents; and the whole may be said to present a most comprehensive view of, and elaborate inquiry into, all the different theories which have been advanced upon the connexion between the Church and the State. His arguments are sound, and conclusive: to us, had we required conviction on the subject, they would have proved convincing. And by many, perhaps, they may be deemed the more important, as coming from the pen of a layman.

To follow Mr. Gladstone in his details is infinitely beyond our scope: two passages will suffice to indicate his feeling:—

"While we have our own peculiar dangers, there are other countries much farther advanced in the separation of religion from government. In America it may be less surprising, where the state rests on the dogma of equality, that no creed should be preferred. It is invidious to allude to results; but neither the

\* The State in its Relations with the Church. By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., Student of Christchurch, and M.P. for Newark. Second Edition. 8vo. Murray. 1839.

good neighbourhood of the United States to those whom they touch on the northern frontiers; nor the existence and extension of slavery; nor the state of law and opinion respecting it; nor the sentiment entertained in the north towards the black and coloured race; nor the general tone of opinion on religious subjects in society; nor the state and extent of religious institutions, under circumstances of great facility; induce us to regret that England does not follow the ecclesiastical principles of the western continent. It is, on the other hand, more astonishing that, under the political despotism of Prussia, the state should have entered into the most unequivocal alliance with different and hostile communions; but it is yet further remarkable that in France, where the almost incalculable majority are of one communion, and that communion Roman Catholic, the principle of national religion has been essentially surrendered, and the state joins hands with all creeds alike—a marked and memorable result of the first revolution.

"38. In England we have not proceeded so far. We seem still to have ground which is defensible, and which is worth defending; we are cursed with religious divisions; we are grievously sinned in ecclesiastical abuses; the church is greatly crippled by the state in respect of her government: she is denied the means of ministering to the people where they most need it; yet with all this, and with political institutions in reality very much more popular than those of France, to say nothing of Prussia, our country seems to promise at least a more organised, courageous, and determined resistance to the efforts against national religion, as well as to the general principles of democracy, than any other country which is prominent upon the great stage of the civilized world. We have, therefore, no cause to be ashamed of the reformation of religion on account of any apparent connection in which it may seem to stand with spurious and counterfeit principles; but, on the contrary, with our Bibles in our hands, we, of all ranks, may yet render thanks for it to God, and will declare it the blessed reformation."

Again:—

"48. But the point upon which we have to fix our attention is this. There is a strong disposition to overthrow the principle of an established church; and therein ultimately to deny that religion is the great sanction of civil society. There is a contemporaneous disposition among us, entertained almost exclusively by the very same persons, to substitute an universal education or general culture at the expense of the state for the universal spiritual culture by the church. The former is to be the substitute for the latter. It is intended fundamentally to change the structure of society; and the one thing needful for its well-being is to be this general culture. The mark of tyranny is upon it even while the theory is young: it is to be compulsory. This, I suppose, is thought the only way in which the energies of the church can be effectually quelled. But what insanity is this! labouring at a moral Babel which will not only confound but crush and grind into the very dust its framers! It is a more fatal repetition of an old experiment, to the failure of which there is not one of us who is not too able, if he be but willing, to bear witness."

## LITERARY PROPERTY.—FRENCH COPYRIGHT BILL.

As it is more than probable, that some succedaneum for Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's blundering and iniquitous Copyright Bill, deservedly thrown out in the last Session of Parliament, will be introduced in the course of the approaching Session, we avail ourselves of an opportunity to insert the following, as the substance of a Bill which has been submitted to the French Legislature, by the Government, for the better security of literary property. It appears to have been drawn up after the opinions of the principal *littérati* and artists of Paris had been taken on the subject. It will be found well entitled to the consideration of our own Authors, Artists, and Publishers.

*Rights of Authors.* The exclusive right of publishing a work, or of authorising its publication by typography, or any other means, is secured to the author for life.

After the Author's death the exclusive right of publishing, or authorising the publication of the work, shall subsist for 30 years to the profit of his widow or heirs.

The proprietor by inheritance, or any other title of a posthumous work, shall have the exclusive right of publishing, or authorising the publication of it, during 30 years, reckoning from the first edition of the work.

The Author shall be enabled to cede the exclusive right of publishing his work, either for the whole time, or part of the time, provided by the foregoing articles.

The exclusive right of the State to the works published by its commands and at its expense, shall last 30 years, reckoning from the whole publication of the work. The right of academies and other learned or literary bodies to the works published in their names and by their care, shall last 30 years, reckoning from the publication of the concluding volume, and reckoning from each volume as respects collections of memoirs upon various subjects, or writings which are to form a collection. The exclusive right of academies to the dictionaries published by them shall last 30 years, reckoning from the last edition.

The editor of an anonymous work shall enjoy for 30 years the exclusive right of publication.

*Dramatic Works.* The dramatic works of living authors shall be performed on no theatre without the consent of the authors. Posthumous dramatic works shall not be performed without the consent of the proprietors. The right of those proprietors shall last 30 years, reckoning from the first performance of the work.

After the author's decease, and in the absence of conventions entered into with him or his representatives, any lawfully established theatre may perform the piece on paying to his widow, heirs, or representatives, a sum equal to that he received at the time of his death. The right to that sum shall last 30 years, reckoning from the author's death. As for the printing of dramatic works, the rights of the author and his representatives shall be regulated conformably to the first paragraphs of the present law.

*Produce of the Art of Drawing.* The author of a

drawing, picture, a work of sculpture, architecture, or any other work of the same description, shall alone have the right of reproducing or authorising the reproducing of it, by engraving, or in any other way. This right shall last during the author's whole life. After his death, his widow, heirs or representatives shall enjoy it, conformably to the provisions established in the first paragraph of this present law.

The authors of the works just mentioned, or their representatives, may cede the right secured to them, retaining nevertheless the property of the work; but, in case the original work be sold, the exclusive right of authorising the reproducing of it by engraving or any other means, shall be transferred to the purchaser, if no stipulation to the contrary exists.

**Musical Works.** The authors of musical works or their representatives shall, as regards the publication of their works, enjoy the rights established above for literary property, and, as regards the execution of these works in public places, the rights established for dramatic works.

**General Provisions.** Five copies of all works printed, engraved, or lithographed, shall be deposited, viz.:—One at the Home Department, to ascertain the identity where the work is counterfeited; one copy of printed works at the Royal Library; at the same establishment shall be deposited a copy of musical works, and two proofs of engravings, lithographies and maps. The other copies deposited shall be disseminated in public establishments. The receipt given for the deposit shall constitute the author or editor's title of property, to be admitted to prosecute counterfeits in the Court of Justice.

**Penal Provisions.** Whoever shall, to the prejudice of the rights secured by the present law to authors, their heirs, or representatives, knowingly publish, print, engrave, or reproduce, the whole or part of works and writings of any sort, drawings, paintings, sculptures musical compositions, and other productions of mind or art, already published or not yet edited, shall be guilty of counterfeiting.

All counterfeiters shall be punished with the fine of 100*fr.* to 2,000*fr.* to be paid to the State, and shall, besides, be condemned to pay to the proprietor such damages as shall be decided by the Judge from the selling price of the original edition. If a work as yet inedited be in question, the damages shall be regulated after the selling price of work, of the same description. Should the same individual be guilty of as second counterfeit, he may be condemned to an imprisonment not exceeding one year.

Whoever shall introduce into France copies of editions counterfeited in foreign parts, of works published for the first time in France, shall be punished as is provided by the preceding paragraph.

All works in French or in foreign languages published for the first time in foreign parts, shall not, either during the author's life time, or after his death, before the expiration of a period fixed by treaties, be reprinted in France without the consent of the author or his representatives. All re-impression of the said works in violation of this prohibition shall be reputed counterfeit and punished with the same penalties. This provision shall be exclusively applied towards States which shall have secured the same guaranty to works in the French or foreign languages published for the first time in France.

Whoever shall knowingly sell a counterfeited work shall be punished with a fine of from 50 to 100 francs and condemned to pay damages towards the author and his representatives as above specified.

In the cases provided for by the preceding article the counterfeit copies, plates, or moulds, shall be confiscated.

All violations of the present law shall be *ex-officio* ascertained by the King's law-officers, and by the officers of the Customs, for works coming from foreign parts.

Books in the French language, coming from foreign parts, shall be presented either for importation or transit, only in the offices specified by a Royal Ordinance. All books in the French language, the property of which is established in foreign parts, or which are foreign editions of French works, no longer private property, shall continue to enjoy the transit, and shall be admitted to importation on paying the established duties, and on condition of producing a certificate of their origin.

## SCRAPIANA.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

VING.

### *The Duchess d'Angoulême.*

Notwithstanding her strength of mind, assuming at times even a masculine character, this unfortunate Princess has generally been regarded as of a superstitious turn. A singular and very curious statement some time since appeared respecting her. It is said that when Louis XVIII. commended her bravery in haranguing the troops at Bourdeaux, during the eventful "hundred days," and questioned her as to what were her feelings when she placed her life in such imminent peril, she replied, "Fear, sire, had no part with them. I was not yet alone; and yet Majesty will remember, that *I can die only in the month so fatal to others of my family.*" This remarkable reply had as remarkable an origin. Amongst others who were ever welcome at Hartwell during the period that Louis sojourned there, was the Baron de Rolle. One day in particular, on visiting his royal friend, he was full of the fame of a certain Swedish astrologer, Mr. Thorwaldsen, a man shrewdly suspected of being a spy in the pay of the French. However, by numerous extraordinary representations, he had fully succeeded in convincing the credulous baron of the truth and infallibility of his skill, with reference to the future as well as to the past. The baron's narrative procured for the astrologer a still more illustrious visitant. The Duchess d'Angoulême resolved to wait on him. In order to try his power, real or imaginary, to the utmost, she was disguised in the dress of an English artisan, and remained during the whole interview veiled and silent. Her companion presented him with the date of the duchess's birth, to the precise year, hour, and minute. "Ah!" said he, after a pause of some length, "the tennis-ball of fortune! A wife, yet not a mother. Always near a throne, yet doomed never to ascend it. The daughter of kings, yet much more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before you restoration

the country and palace of your fathers; then an honouring interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer to a crown. But all is finally percast in the gloom of despotism, flight, and exile. You will live to be *alone*. Your last determination will be, that of closing your days in a convent—it will be frustrated by death. Dread the month of August, for it will be one to you of the most unlooked for mortification and vicissitude. Welcome that of January, for it will dismiss you, *though by the hand of violence*, to your repose and your reward."

#### *Buonaparte's Antipathies, &c.*

Buonaparte could never endure the sight of a coloured woman, particularly one of a dark shade. A woman was also one of his sovereign antipathies. He rarely invited to his fêtes or dinners females in a state of pregnancy, to whose society he always evinced the most decided repugnance. Politeness to the fair was not habitual to his character; he was but little calculated for the utterance of those soft nothings which custom has familiarised to female ears. His compliments were often of the most uncouth description. At one time he would say to a lady, "Good God! how red your arms are!" to another, "What an abominable head-dress!" or, "Who can have tossed up your hair in that manner?" or, "How filthy your dress is! Do you never change it? I have seen you in that at least twenty times." Spite of this untidiness, he possessed every requisite for forming what in the language of the world is termed a man of amiable manners—with the exception of the will.—*Bourbonne's Memoirs.*

#### *The Orleans Branch of the Bourbon Family.*

Louis XIII., King of France, was a son of Henry IV., and had two sons, the one of whom ascended the throne as Louis XIV., and the other never got beyond the rank of "Monsieur" (the title given to the king's eldest brother): he was the father of the execrable Duke of Orleans (regent during Louis XV.'s minority), of whom Louis Philip I. is the fourth descendant. The lives, though borne equally by the younger and older branches of the Bourbon race, are not a peculiar emblematism of that dynasty. The crown and mantle of the French sovereigns have been decorated with this symbol ever since the time of Louis the Young, who reigned in the twelfth century. The number of lilies borne on the royal shield, &c. was arbitrary and undefined, until Charles VI. reduced them to three, in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

#### *The Name of Charles.*

France has no cause to congratulate herself on the majority of her kings who have borne the name of Charles. Charles the Bald was a capuchin king, and a visionary. Charles the Fat was possessed of a devil, and died a fool. Charles the Simple was unworthy of his name. Charles the handsome was the enemy of commerce, and travelled powhere without a carriage full of relics. Charles the wise, in one day during the times of the Jacquerie, killed twenty thousand of his subjects. Charles IX., the king of St. Bartholomew, as Mac Gery tells us himself, shot his subjects with his fowling piece. Charles X., late at Holyrood, but now sleeping with his fathers, crowns the series.

### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

*South Australia in 1837: in a Series of Letters: with a Postscript as to 1838.* By Robert Gouger, Esq. 12mo. Harvey and Darton.

A CHEAP, compact, and very excellent little manual for the emigrant and settler. It is the production of an intelligent and experienced resident in Australia, possessing every requisite opportunity for observation.

By this volume we are confirmed in our opinion, that so far as climate, comfort, independence, and the acquisition of property are concerned, the advantages of settling in South Australia, for either the labourer or the man of substance, are immensely beyond those of the United States.

### NECROLOGY.

Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King at Arms, F.S.A., &c., died on the sixteenth instant, at his house in Bloomsbury Square, in the seventy-ninth or eightieth year of his age. Mr. Lodge's career in literature was long and honourable. Eight-and-forty years ago, he published, in three quarto volumes, a work entitled "Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., from MSS. belonging to the families of Harwood, Talbot, and Cecil." This was followed by the "Biographical Illustrations" which accompany "Portraits by H. Holbein." Above all, we are indebted to Mr. Lodge for the admirably written biography which imparts a thousand-fold value to Harding and Lepard's splendid collection of national portraits known by the title of "Lodge's Portraits of the Most Illustrious Personages in British History."—Mr. Lodge died greatly lamented by a numerous circle of friends.

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On the evening of the 18th—the first weekly evening meeting of the fourteenth season of these social philosophical assemblies—Mr. Faraday delivered a highly interesting lecture on the gymnopus and torpedo. It was his object to introduce a *general* view of a certain condition and power of matter in certain living animals, which leads to the highest hopes. In all probability the physical condition of nature in relation to animal life would be made manifest. He alluded not in the remotest degree to the principle of life, the immaterial, everlasting spirit, the sentient being. The nervous system he considered a subordinate influence, and any observation he might offer would be exclusively upon material substance, only as cause and effect, and in the true spirit of an experimental philosopher. Certain animals are highly electric, and possess a power to produce the same phenomena as an electrical machine or voltaic battery. The gymnopus and torpedo possess this power to an extraordinary degree, exciting commotions in the human system similar to those produced by the machine. But fishes are in direct opposition to it. They live in water, which is an excellent conductor, whilst the machine requires to be insulated, surrounded by dry air, a non-conducting body. We will not, however, follow Mr. Faraday through his experiments or his relations of those of Mattuci, Linari, and others, in illustration of the identity of the electricity of the gymnopus and torpedo with that

of common electricity. These fishes are strangely constructed. The organs necessary to produce the shock occupy a large proportion of the torpedo. These organs are not necessary to the existence of the fish. On the contrary, were their connexion with the vital functions cut off, and these organs thrown out of use, the fish would still live and flourish, and be even more vivacious than when in its natural state. In the torpedo these organs and their necessary apparatus are very large in comparison with the vital portions. In the gymnotus, or electrical eel, the converse disparity prevails. This wonder of physiology is increased by the knowledge that the nerves that run from the brain and spinal marrow to these electrical organs are enormous in proportion to those that supply the nervous influence to the vital parts. And as before said when these nerves are cut, the fish still lives and flourishes. By the consumption of the nervous influence by these organs the shock and other electrical effects are produced, the current flows from the anterior to the posterior portions of the eel, from above, below. And after the electrical power is developed in the fish in proportion to its strength from single or successive shocks, complete exhaustion ensues. The expectations from future experiments are to get back the nervous influence, a material substance, not the immaterial spirit, by sending a current of electricity in a contrary direction to the natural flow in the fish, and thus reconvert that power into nervous influence.—Two beautiful prepared specimens of the torpedo by Professor Grant excited great attention at the conclusion of this interesting and important lecture.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday, Professor Wilson, the Director of the Society, was in the chair. The first subject introduced was a letter from Mr. Goodhugh, in reference to the late communication of Lieutenant Welsted on the Hymaritic dialect and language of Job. A short biographical notice was next read from Dr. Royle on the late Dr. Rotteler, who had been for sixty years a Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, and who died at the advanced age of eighty-six years and six months, and who was engaged to the last in his great work, the Talmud and English Dictionary. He was highly distinguished as a botanist, and particularly for his researches into the Flora of Zanguebar, and in collecting information on the Medical Botany of the country, and he had been a large contributor to an Herbarium, consisting of between 3,000 and 4,000 plants, which had lately been presented by the Church Missionary Society to King's College. Dr. Royle next read a communication from Mr. Solly, on the production of caoutchouc in India, as an abundant source, for it has recently been discovered in Assam, although the mode of preparation at present adopted is objectionable. Fresh experiments for improving the sap were required, and the more obvious one seemed to be the necessity of washing it in India. Dr. Royle being called on by the Chairman, detailed the results of the inquiries that had been made by the Committee of Agriculture and Commerce, with respect to the growth of American cotton in India. Several communications on the subject had been received, amongst which was one from Dr. Falconer, who stated that the upland Georgia cotton gave hopes that its introduction would be very advantageous. Mr. Malcolmson having written to the British Consul at Savannah upon the subject the latter had sent over a copious account of the mode of cultivation, with various samples of the soil in which it is grown. A communication from Mr. Heath stated that the natives might be trusted in its cultivation, and that in the south of India the Bourbon cotton plant had superseded the indigenous varieties, of which there were two, one being annual and the other perennial. He also stated that the vicinity of

the sea-coast was not, as had been alleged, necessary for its successful cultivation, as his own experience had shown him that it could well be grown at a distance of 150 miles in the interior, and every hope was given that the introduction of the American varieties would soon prove a great source of staple industry and wealth in our Eastern possessions. It was pointed out as very desirable that the staple should be sent over in a cleaner state, which could only be properly done by the hand. The results of the analysis of the soils were promised for an early occasion.

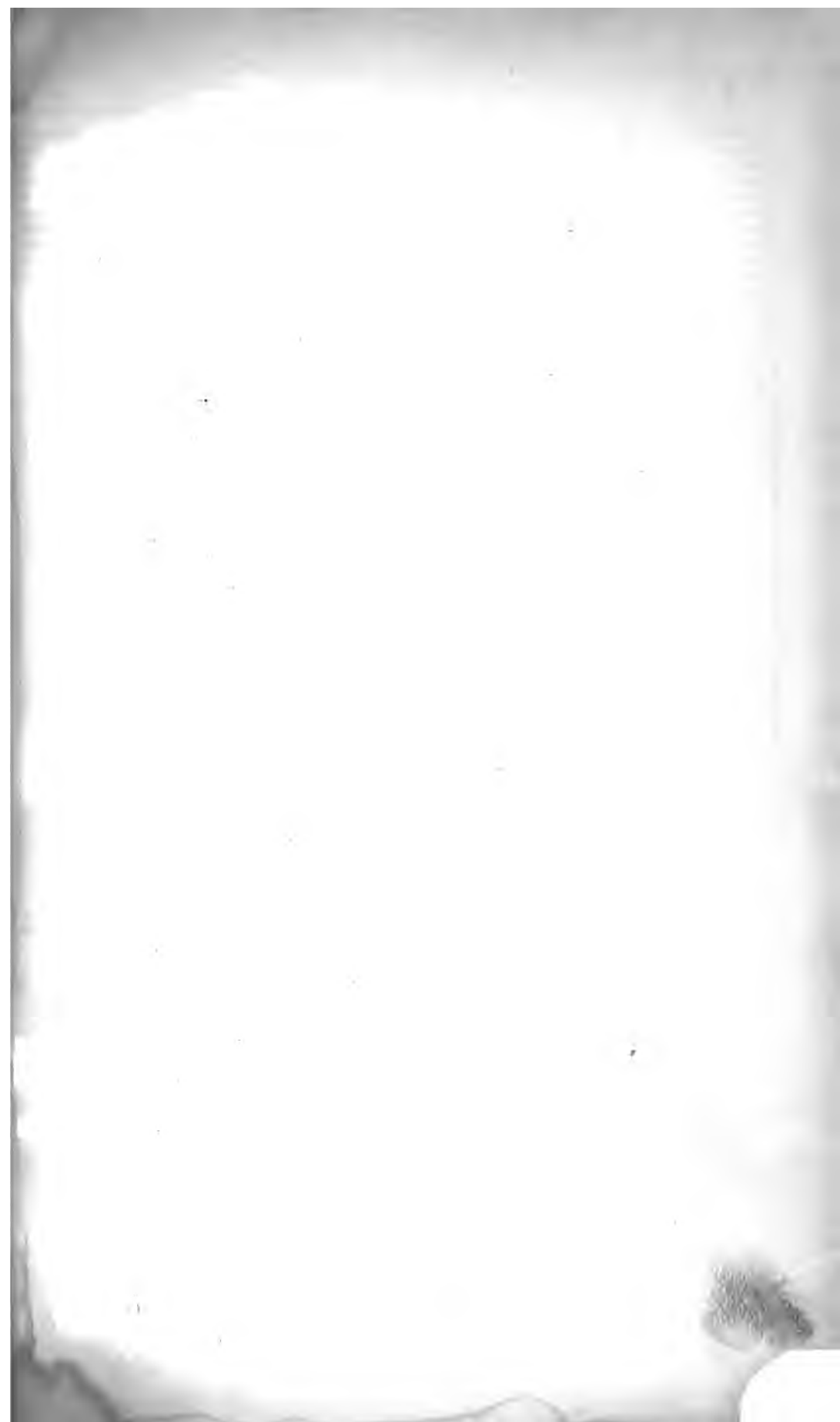
#### MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening, Dr Sigmond, F.L.S. in the chair, the minutes of the anniversary meeting, held on the previous Wednesday, were read, which announced that Earl Stanhope was re-elected president, with the other officers. A paper was read on apoplexy, its causes and treatment, by Dr. Hancock. The impropriety of bleeding in many apparent cases of apoplexy was pointed out, as such symptoms were often referable to diseases of the heart, and even to mere syncope. In connexion with the subject, Dr. Sigmond stated that in the generality of accident cases at hospitals, the practice of blood-letting was abolished, as one effect of it was to destroy the power, which alone could produce reaction. The next paper read was also a communication from Dr. Hancock on the maize de Dos Meses, a species of Indian corn, indigenous in Venezuela, the Pampas, and other parts of South America, which ripens within two months after sowing the seed, so that three or four successive harvests may be obtained within the year. The author gave it as his opinion that its cultivation might be introduced into this country with advantage from the circumstance of its growing well in colder climates in the Pampas. The grain was described as highly nutritious, salubrious, and grateful to the taste, and it was considered that it might form a useful addition to the staple food of this country, if proper attention were paid to its cultivation.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Lord Brougham's Illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. cl... Douglas on the Philosophy of the Mind, 8vo. 9s. cl... Reports of the Meeting of the Christian Knowledge Society, by G. R. Clarke, 8vo. 6s. cl... Murdoch's Silurian System, 2 vols. 4to. 8 gs. sewed... MacLaren's Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl... Mitchell's Three Expeditions into South Australia, 2 vols. 8vo. second edition, 49s. cl... Percival's Sermons at the Chapel Royal, 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds... Turner's Memoirs of Miss S. Broster, crown 8vo. 3s. cl... Maund's Botanic Garden, Vol. 7, large paper, 37s. small, 24s. bds... Moseley on Nervous or Mental Complaints, second edition, 8vo. 6s. cl... Cousin's Philosophical Essays, 12mo. 1s. sewed... Jouffroy's Philosophical Essays, 12mo. 2s. sewed... The Deluge, a Drama, by J. E. Reade, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl... Skpton's Hints to Mechanics on Self Education, fcp. 4s. cl... John Barrow's Life of Lord Anson, 8vo. 14s. cl... Robertson's Francia's Reign of Terror, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl... A Portrait of Geology, 12mo. 7s. cl... The Economy of Vegetation, 12mo. 6s. cl... Hutchinson's Plain Discourses, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds... Matthew's Emigration Fields, post. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl... Forbes' History of Upper and Lower California, 8vo. 14s. cl... Jones's True Christian, fourth edition, fcp. 3s. 6d. cl... Story's Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, edited by J. Churrock, 8vo. 14s. bds... Prior's Life of Burke, new edition, 8vo. 14s. cl... The Little Book of Knowledge, square, 3s. 6d. half bound... Wallace's Universal Calculator's Pocket Guide, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl... Legend and Romance, by Lieut. Johns, 3 vols. post 8vo. 34s. bds... Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire, by M. Martin, royal 8vo. 42s. cl... Butler's Hand Book for Australian Emigrants, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl... Life of Mansie Wanch, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, fcp. 8s. cl... Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, fcp. 6s. cl... The English School of Painting and Sculpture, 4 vols. 72s. cl... Victoria, new edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d. silk... Whitfield's Questions on the Gospels, 12mo. 1s. sewed... Macintosh's Key to Geology, 8vo. 6d.

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PATRONS  
OF THE  
Aldine Magazine

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THE  
ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF

Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

THE FATE OF LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

“He lives!!!”

WE cannot doubt that those of our readers who made themselves acquainted with our last Article on this subject have gone along with us in the conviction that Louis XVII. did not die in the Tour of the Temple; and that the announcement of his death was a mere fabrication of his enemies to prevent the friends of the monarchy from rallying round their prince, to hide the disgrace of the government occasioned by his flight, and to create discord among different sections of the royalist party, many of whom would be disposed to give credence to their statement of his death in opposition to the declaration of those friends who had jeopardized their lives in effecting his escape.

Who that is acquainted with the closing scene of the life of his august mother will not feel an interest in the fate of her son? Who can read the cold description of the sad catastrophe which befel Marie-Antoinette, recorded by the pen of her enemies, and feel no emotion of sympathy awakened in his bosom towards her child, deprived alike of a father's and mother's care, and given over to the oppression of their assassins?

Let us read their record of her death.

“Throughout the whole of her trial Marie-Antoinette preserved a calm and unruffled deportment. During the first hours of her examination she was seen to move her fingers on the arm of her chair as though she were playing on the forte-piano.

“While she listened to the sentence of death pronounced against her, no sign of emotion passed upon her countenance, and she went forth from the hall of judgment without uttering a word. It was half-past four in the morning of the 16th of October, 1793. She was conducted back to the cell of the condemned in the prison of the Conciergerie. At five the ‘*Rappel*’ was beaten throughout all the Sections, and at seven

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all the armed forces were on foot. Cannon were placed at the extremities of all the bridges, squares, and crossways, from the Palace to the Place de Révolution. At ten numerous patrols paraded the streets. At eleven Marie-Antoinette, widow of Capet, in an undress of white lace, was brought to the place of execution in the same manner as other criminals, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest, clothed as a layman, and escorted by numerous detachments of gendarmes on horseback and on foot.

“Marie-Antoinette, the whole length of the road, appeared to view with indifference the armed force, who, to the number of more than 30,000 men, formed a double hedge in the streets through which she passed. Her countenance exhibited neither haughtiness nor cowardice; and she appeared insensible to the cries of *Vive la République! à bas la tyrannie!* which she ceased not to hear throughout her passage. She spoke but little to the confessor. The tri-colored flags arrested her attention in the streets of Le Roule and St. Honoré. She remarked also the inscriptions which occupied the fronts of the houses. When arrived at the Place de la Révolution, she gave one look towards the Tuileries, and her countenance displayed signs of a lively emotion.

“She immediately mounted the scaffold with considerable courage. At a quarter past twelve her head fell from the guillotine, and the executioner shewed it to the people amidst protracted cries of *Vive la République.*”

More than five and forty years have rolled away since the tidings of this outrage on humanity reached the shores of England; but the memory of it is fresh in many a feeling heart, and it stands out as a beacon in the annals of crime.

Nor was France itself wholly destitute of noble spirits who felt anxious to avenge the father's and mother's wrongs by setting free their captive son, that they might thereafter place him on the throne of his ancestors.

Among these were General Hoche, Gene-

L

ral Pichegru, Count Louis de Frotté, one of the Vendéan Generals, Madame Josephine Beauharnois, M. Thorn; then called Lesonde, M. Montmorin, and Madame Damas.

Our readers may rely on the accuracy of the particulars we are about to give, which have been obtained from authentic information.

Josephine, being the intimate acquaintance and *chère amie* of Barras, who was then the chief of the Directors, succeeded in prevailing on him to connive at the escape. It is clear from the History of France that Barras was a shrewd man, and one who was engaged in playing his own game, so that let what might happen, whether the Republic\* stood or a Monarchy succeeded, he might hold a rank in the state.

With this end in view, he acquiesced in the appointment of a friend and countryman of Josephine's to the office of Keeper of the Tower, and Laurenz was accordingly appointed, 30th July, 1794. Surrounded with Guards chosen from the Sections of Paris, Laurenz found it impossible to bring the child in safety out of the Tower. Occasionally, indeed, a Royalist friend took his turn as one of the Municipal Guards, and would have assisted in the escape. M. Montmorin was one of these devoted sentinels, and in an interview he had with the Prince he persuaded him to submit to the misery of being confined in the fourth story of the Tower, and to obey in every respect the injunctions of Laurenz. He was accordingly taken thither in a state of unconsciousness, to prevent the discovery from any accidental noise. Barras had consented that a *dumb* child should be substituted for the Prince, and therefore it was necessary that for some time previous to his being lodged in the fourth story he should assume a dumb child's part, which he did by the advice of Montmorin and Laurenz; so that, when a really dumb child was put in his place, it was not a matter of surprise to the Municipal Guards, who attended in turn and occasionally came to his chamber, that he did not speak. It was Josephine who obtained this child from a family with whom she was acquainted, and the sister of the child is still living. This was effected in November, 1794.

It was known to the Committee of Public

Safety that the dumb child had been substituted immediately after the concealment had been effected; and it is even probable that they, with the advice of Barras, ordered that another child should take the place of the Dauphin, when they believed that he had escaped from the Temple. Fearing the censure of the populace, however, they concealed the circumstance, and when, four months later, they substituted, with the consent of Barras, a sick and scrofulous child, it was done with a view to hasten its death, and then to publish to the world that the Dauphin had died. When Des-sault and Choppard incautiously made it known that the child whom they attended was not the Dauphin, they procured them to be poisoned, as stated in our last.

By the death of this child an opportunity occurred of releasing the Dauphin from his confinement. He had been six months in a room filled with lumber at the top of the Tower, where he only occasionally saw Montmorin and Laurenz, who supplied him with a store of food from the Turret. A dose of narcotic medicine was given him, and he was put into a coffin which had been contrived for the purpose, and carried out of the Tower, and the scrofulous child was buried at the foot of the stairs of the Temple, where his remains were afterwards found.

There are two witnesses still living who were concerned in the escape, and who took the Prince to the Hotel Mirabeau. He was subsequently taken by Montmorin, Count de Frotté, and M. Lesonde, into different parts of La Vendée, and kept concealed in the chateaus of the Royalists. He was there seen by the Marquise de Flair, and many others who are still living.

M. Lesonde, Jun. has declared that when he was in the chateau of his uncle, in 1797, he saw his uncle arrive there one day in a calèche with a young boy aged about eleven or twelve years, with hair blonde and curling, and of a handsome figure; that his uncle caused him to be lodged in his own chamber, and in the day time never quitted him, and in speaking to him called him Monsieur Auguste. That after a stay of some weeks he went off in the night with this lovely child, and some days after came back alone, and his uncle then said to him, "thou hast had the honour of seeing the young Dauphin, saved from the Temple; keep thou the secret." M.

\* *A l'abri de sa conduite révolutionnaire il cachoit les vues politiques qui échappèrent à ses collègues!*—GALLAIS, VOL. X.

Lesonde was one of the confidential servants chosen by the King, Louis XVI., to keep watch round the Temple.

It appears, moreover, that a courier was sent express from the Vendéan Generals to His Excellency, M. Lavoye de Steiger, of Berne, the Swiss Ambassador, informing him that the young Prince had escaped from the prison, which he communicated to M. de Bremond, the private Secretary of the late King, and many others.

His Excellency, M. Tongbouth, the Minister of Austria, was informed of it by a *procès verbale*, formally drawn up and communicated to that Court, and the document has been seen by a living witness in the cabinet of that Minister.

While he was in La Vendée, General Charette was permitted on one occasion to see the Dauphin. It was he that put forth the memorable proclamation we before noticed; but he perished for his devotedness, and when the Insurrection there was temporarily suppressed, he was taken captive and shot, March 3, 1796.

Count Louis de Frotté also fell a victim to his loyalty. He had taken up arms in 1799, to re-establish the Dauphin on the throne. Bonaparte pretended to parley with him concerning his restoration to the monarchy, and decoyed him, under pretence of a safe conduct, to Verneuil, and he surrounded him with a pretended guard of honour, who, acting under the order of Bonaparte, took him to a rising ground near that place, and there shot him in Feb. 1800.\*

After the partial pacification of La Vendée, the Dauphin escaped into Italy, where he remained four years, and was secretly protected by the Pope. The place of his concealment having been discovered during the occupation of Italy by the Revolutionary Army, he embarked in a vessel from Trieste, and set sail for England. And happy would it have been for him if he had reached this land of freedom. But the ship was captured, and he was taken prisoner, and confined in a French prison, and most cruelly treated. Here his face was punctured all over and a liquid was poured in, which caused violent eruptions, a plan which his persecutors thought would effectually pre-

vent his being ever after identified. The scars of this horrible mutilation are still visible in his countenance. He quickly exchanged this prison for another, which from the length of time occupied by the journey must have been an immense distance from the former prison. His eyes were bandaged so that he was not acquainted with the country that he passed through. It appears that Josephine, who had become the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte the first Consul, still retained her affection for the royal child, and secretly, by the aid of Fouché, who was then connected with the police of the kingdom ascertained the place of his imprisonment in France, and obtained his release about the end of the year 1803.

His retreat having been betrayed in 1804, he went towards Ettenheim, in Germany, the residence of the Duke D'Enghien, but was arrested in the environs of Strasbourg. There he was again put into confinement, and subsequently taken forcibly a journey which lasted three days and nights, till he was shut up in the dreadful dungeon of the Prison of Vincennes, near Paris, where he was confined in awful solitude and misery four years. Josephine, by the intercession of his faithful friend, again interposed on his behalf, and he was liberated in 1809. After staying some time in concealment he went to Francfort on the Maine, where he arrived in the spring of 1809. Thence he went into Germany, and from thence to Dresden; and after making a great circuit on account of the military occupation of that country, he reached the kingdom of Prussia, where he joined Major Schill, and was with him when his army was cut to pieces by the Westphalians. In a subsequent encounter with the French troops, his friend Montmorin was killed, and himself wounded so grievously as to be left in a state of unconsciousness. He was taken to the fortress of Wesel, and thence conveyed with other prisoners into the interior of France. He made his escape from the guard house in one of the small towns, and after a number of vicissitudes he reached Berlin in 1810.

There, in order to earn a livelihood, he turned his attention to the business of a watchmaker. They who are acquainted with the fondness for mechanism which was possessed by his father will not be surprised that the son should have inherited the same talent, but rather be inclined to suppose that it was the very thing which would have

\* The younger brother of this high-minded general was the principal actor in the escape of Sir Sydney Smith from the tower of the Temple, and afterwards served under him at Acres as a major in the British army.

suggested itself to his mind. It is far from difficult to those who are of a mechanical turn to dissect or put together the various pieces composing the mechanism of a watch: many possess it intuitively; and a very short practice would enable such a one to carry on the ordinary business, though in process of time he would improve his talent, and exhibit fully his ingenuity, which it appears that the Prince did on many occasions.

In 1812 he was obliged to leave Berlin for Spandau, and in 1828 he left Spandau and went to Crossen. During his stay at these places he underwent many persecutions, and on one occasion an unjust imprisonment for three years. In 1818 he was married; and in August, 1833, he again appeared in Paris. By an order of the Council of State, dated Aug. 2, 1836, and signed by Louis Philippe, he was sent out of France, and banished to England.

We have now gone rapidly over the principal events of his life, and we would refer those who wish a fuller acquaintance with them to the "Memoirs of the Dauphin," while we proceed to a review of those facts which led to his recognition.

On his arrival in Paris, he lodged at the house of Madame Albouys, where he was found without money and without friends. He openly declared himself to be the son of Louis XVI.; and his remarkable likeness to his father, and the frankness with which he answered the questions of the enquirers, won a favourable reception for his claim. He informed them that he was a citizen of Spandau, having been admitted to the right of citizenship by an order from the Prussian cabinet, which had, in his case, dispensed with the ordinary laws relating to municipal freedom, and caused a patent to be granted by the magistrate without the production of the regular documents certifying the family, place, and date of birth, condition, religion, and conduct of the person admitted a citizen, which are strictly required by the law of that country. This, upon examination, they found to be the truth. He said he had left his wife and family at Crossen, whence he had fled to avoid great persecutions; and he appealed for the truth of his statements to the inhabitants of Berlin, Spandau, Brandenburg, and Crossen; and he earnestly begged that he might be introduced to any of the old servants of the king and queen who might be living, and capable of recognising his identity.

M. Geoffroy, formerly Secretary de la Maison des Pages to Charles X., having visited the claimant, and being much struck with his resemblance to the Bourbon family, and the recital of his story, went to his friends M. and Madame Marco de St. Hilaire, and represented the matter to them; for they had both been in the service of the royal family. Madame de St. Hilaire had subsequently been *attachée* to the Empress Josephine, and often heard from her that she had been instrumental in the escape of the Dauphin from different prisons, and that she believed him to be alive; and they told M. Geoffroy that Madame de Rambaud, who was the nurse of the Dauphin from his birth to the 10th of August, 1792, was still living at Paris. Furnished with a letter from Madame de St. Hilaire, M. Geoffroy went to Madame de Rambaud, and prevailed on her to go and see him, which she had at first refused to do. Before setting out, she recalled to her mind all the circumstances which had reference to the person of the Dauphin: she remembered the principal features of his countenance, and the marks of his body; she provided herself also with a little coat of blue silk, which the child had never worn but once at Versailles, and which differed from those which he wore at a later period at the Tuileries. With all these *souvenirs* and these means of proof, Madame de Rambaud assured herself that the truth or the falsehood would not escape her. And it must be readily allowed that it would have been difficult for a poor Prussian to have extricated himself from a like examination. M. Geoffroy was witness to the whole of the interview; the important points of which are, 1st. That at the moment when this person recognised the name of Madame de Rambaud, this lady was struck with the resemblance which she found in him to the king and queen, and she recognised in him all the features of the child become a man. 2ndly. She interrogated him on many points, and made him recount many recollections which were common to herself and the prince. 3rdly. Coming to the examination of the signs on his body, she found on his neck, on his arm, and on his chest, those which were known to her in his infancy, and which were such as imposture could neither dream of nor succeed in imitating. 4thly. The claimant recognised the blue garment; and although to prove him Madame de Rambaud asked if he did not

recollect having worn it at the Tuileries, he persisted in replying that he had only worn it at Versailles, and on one day, which he described to her; "for, added he, since the time when the court quitted the palace to inhabit the Tuileries, *I was clothed in another and very different manner*"—which was the exact truth.

Marks so striking, and a memory so exact, were to Madame de Rambaud the inimitable seal of the truth. She offered her house to the afflicted prince, who, delighted at a recognition so precious to himself, shed tears of joy. During the time which the prince lived at the house of this lady, far from shewing in his conduct, habits, or conversation, anything which could excite in her the least doubt, every day, on the contrary, confirmed her more and more in her conviction, by furnishing her with a thousand new circumstances, which he was not aware were so many new proofs which he was giving of his identity in the eyes of her who had so well known his infancy. In the journey which Madame de Rambaud made subsequently to Prague, in 1834, to testify this truth to Madame (the Duchess of Angoulême), during a stay of several months in the bosom of the family of this unfortunate prince, she discovered in his children not only the features of the royal child, but also his habits and character, which she could not forget.

In his turn came M. de Joly, formerly Minister of Justice, and the last who remained at his post on the 10th of August, 1792. Although very old, M. de Joly was still one of the lights of the Parisian bar. He possessed peculiar means of recognising the son of his king. In order to attend the sitting of the 10th of August, he had accompanied the august family, composed of the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, the young Dauphin and his sister, who were placed in the *Loge du Logographe*, which was a sort of recess divided from the Hall by an iron railing. The royal family had been there many hours without any refreshment. The embarrassment of the queen was very great. She held her son upon her knees, not wishing to trust him to any one, and not daring to ask anything for him lest the food should be poisoned. The Minister of Justice, comprehending the thoughts of the Queen, quitted his place, went up to the Lodge, prayed her to confide in him, and offered to set before her in an adjoining

apartment some food, for which he would be responsible. M. de Joly went himself to the restaurateur, and made him walk before him with a fowl and some rice, and some bread and wine. When the repast was prepared, Madame Elizabeth alone accompanied the children. On this occasion a circumstance happened, which M. de Joly had treasured up in his memory, without committing it to any one, so that another day it might furnish him with a test for the discovery of the truth.

Having examined the physiognomy of this personage in every point of view, he interrogated him on several particulars without finding in his answers the least hesitation or contradiction, and was greatly shaken at the exactness of his recollections.

He then came to that which was to him the touchstone of the truth, and took him back to this famous sitting, when the Prince recounted to him from memory the history of the *Loge du Logographe*, and told him the exact time when the iron railing was taken away. "I remember," said he, "that refreshment was served to myself and my sister, with Madame Elizabeth, in an adjoining room; that there was a fowl and some rice, and bread and wine; and I recollect that a minister, whose name I do not know, had caused it to be brought there; and that, in order to dissipate all uneasiness, he tasted of everything first himself; and when I guessed at his motive, being hungry at the time, I caught hold of his right arm, when he was in the act of raising some food to his mouth, and said to him, '*Assez, ministre, assez!*'—That is enough, minister, enough!"

The prince did not know that he was then speaking to this very minister. It is impossible to describe M. de Joly's surprise and delight at this recollection, which was the exact truth. But the Prince added also this circumstance. "On descending the chateau of the Tuileries with this minister, who gave me his hand (which was the fact) while we waited for my parents to descend in like manner, I amused myself with dispersing with my feet a heap of the leaves of the horse-chestnut tree." M. de Joly had no remembrance of this infantine sport; but he was struck with its coinciding with a recollection which he had preserved of a remark made by Louis XVI. on his arrival, respecting these same leaves—"What an inauspicious omen of my fate is this fall of leaves, so abundant and so premature."

M. de Joly is since dead, but he has left a solemn testamentary document, in which he has formally detailed the proof, and his conviction, of the identity of the Dauphin.

M. St. Hilaire, who was Gentleman Usher in Ordinary to the King, and his lady, who was attached to the household of Madame Victoire, the king's aunt, had an interview with the prince, and recognised him from his features, and the minute details which he gave them of the events of his early life, and of the *intérieur* of the palace of Versailles, and the disposition of the rooms, pictures, and furniture, and the habits of the royal family, which were still fresh in his recollection.

They went with him over the château and the Trianon, in company with several other highly honourable persons. This would have been a rough trial for a poor Prussian-born watchmaker, but to him it was a matter of no anxious concern. He assigned to each locality its ancient destination, and pointed out many of the changes which had succeeded.

One of the incidents which took place is so curious that we cannot refrain from mentioning it. When he had arrived at the end of one suite of the apartments, as the company were turning back to leave that part of the palace, he suddenly spoke to the attendant, and requested him to open a door at the end of the room. He was assured that it was a sham door, and that there was no exit. The prince persisted that there was a door there, affirming that it led into the billiard room of his father, which had two windows, with a particular aspect and view over the country, which he described. The man, struck with his pertinacity, at length consented to try the fastenings, and at length opened the door, which to his amazement, and to the admiration of the company, actually led to the room he had so graphically described. The attendant said that for more than forty years it had not been opened, and he was so struck with the incident, that he proclaimed throughout Versailles that the Dauphin was come back.

His recognition also by the Comtesse de Falou, daughter of the Marquise de Soucy, who was under-governess of the children of France, is very remarkable.

Her mother had recalled to her memory that the young prince often played with her such and such a game, that he called her

his *Queen*, and that he wished to marry her, and other things of that sort.

Madame de Falou arrived *incognita* before the prince, without divulging her name, telling him only that she had been an infant companion of the young Dauphin, and adding, "if you are he whom you pretend to be, you ought to recognise me." Protesting against the severity of this exigency, he examined her physiognomy awhile, and thought he found in it some traits of the pretty child whom he had loved so much.

After a short moment of reflection, "*Must you not be,*" said he, colouring with emotion, "*une demoiselle de Soucy !*" Every one in the room was struck with amazement. But this recognition did not suffice for Madame de Falou. "*You ought,*" said she, "*to recollect a game which you often used to play with me, and what name you gave me in that game.*" The prince asked for a short delay, that he might call to mind the recollections of his infancy, and promised an answer in twenty-four hours; but scarcely had the lady retired, when, in the presence of the same witnesses, he struck his forehead with his hand, saying, "*Je m'en souviens*"—I remember it; and immediately he wrote his answer. Madame de Falou found it accord with the truth, and avowed it to be a most surprising fact.

The circumstance by which M. le Chevalier de Bremond, the aged private secretary of the king, was enabled to identify the Dauphin, is every way remarkable.

He had been honoured with the confidence of the king, and was always united in his labours with M. le Marquis de Monciel, Minister of the Interior, who died at his house in Switzerland about four years ago. The King had declared to them that he had deposited, *in the presence of his son only*, in a secret place in the Tuileries, a cassette, or iron box, containing jewels and valuable papers relating to the principal conspirators of that time; in order that his son might find there, some day, proper rules for his guidance, should he ever ascend the throne. This cassette, and the lock and key, were fabricated by the hand of the king himself.

This secret, religiously kept by both the Marquis and M. de Bremond, had served to unmask all the pretenders who had been set up by the Government at different periods to pervert and make a mockery of the truth. Nor was it ever allowed to transpire that there was such a cassette hidden in the Tuileries.



But when the Duke of Normandy, thinking that Louis Philippe would not deny him justice, asked of him a safe-conduct to go and take from the Tuileries the cassette which his father had put there in his presence, and of which he had the key, the King of the French sent a verbal refusal of the request by his aide-de-camp, M. Le Comte de Labord. The prince published the letter which he had written, and it found its way to M. de Bremond, in Switzerland, to whom it came like a lightning flash, proving that Louis XVII. was yet alive. He instantly communicated his conviction, and the prince took a journey into Switzerland, where he had a most affecting interview with this aged servant of his father, who thus made assurance doubly sure. He was very much overcome with the resemblance he bore to his parents, and the dignity and nobleness of his deportment, bringing back as it did all the horrors and troubles of the past, and he burst into a flood of tears.

Here we close the particulars relating to his identity, though we have been informed of many more very striking and extraordinary ones, all of which will, we trust, at no distant day be given to the world in their fullest particularity.

Our readers will be no doubt curious to know how the King of the French dealt with this extraordinary personage. He suffered him for three years to go about collecting evidence of his identity unmolested, which he did in order to sustain his suit against the Duchess of Angoulême, for a recognition of his civil rights.

But no sooner was his suit began than Louis Philippe interposed and caused him to be placed in confinement by the police, with an intimation that he was to be sent out of the kingdom as a foreigner, and all the papers they could find were seized by the gens d'armes, and taken away without an inventory or examination. Upon an appeal to the Council of State, without entering into the merits of the case, they dismissed his complaint, and an Ordinance was signed by Louis Philippe, dated 2nd of August, 1836, confirming his banishment. After being seven weeks in custody, they placed him between two gens d'armes and conveyed him to Calais, where they had a steam-boat ready to transfer him to England.

When he had left France, they thought it a convenient opportunity to accuse him

of "*escroquerie*," (fraudulent conduct,) by means of false titles and false qualities; and made an accusation against him before the tribunal *de premiere instance* at Paris, falsely alleging that he was still "*en état de prevention*," at Paris. The police then executed domiciliary visits on all the advocates and friends whom he had named in his Memoirs, and took away their papers; at the same time examined Madame de Rambaud, M. and Madame de St. Hilaire, and many other honourable persons, in the hope of perverting their testimony; and also sent into Switzerland to examine M. de Bremond; but they were obliged to desist, and suppressed all the evidence (excepting that taken in Switzerland) upon which no other verdict could have been returned than that of "*Not Guilty*."

We do not see how any stronger proof can be given of the conviction of Louis Philippe and his ministers, that this was the real Duke of Normandy, than the conduct displayed on this occasion. By the laws of France he might have been punished as an impostor had he been so, whether he were a foreigner or not; and if he had been Prussian by origin, the council were bound to have sent him back again to Prussia.

Let us in fairness examine some of the objections which have been raised to the credibility of the narrative.

First, it has been asserted that M. Montmorin died in the general massacre of Paris; but we can find no satisfactory evidence of this. On the contrary, the surviving members of his family have declared, that he died in the foreign war, which is corroborative of the account given by the prince; and it was nothing uncommon in those dreadful days to receive the most circumstantial accounts of the deaths of parties, who nevertheless did not fall victims to revolutionary rage. We need only mention the remarkable instance of M. Bertrand de Moleville.

Others have alleged that the Tour du Temple had no *fourth* story, which would have been indeed fatal to the whole narrative. This assertion, if it do not betray malice, at least proves great ignorance, for Cléry states distinctly (p. 95), *Le quatrième étage n'étoit point occupé*; a declaration decisive on the point. Besides, there are living witnesses who were well acquainted with the Tower, many years since destroyed, who could testify the fact.

The Chevalier de Grammont, who had himself been a prisoner, and others, who had shared the same fate, recognized the prince, chiefly by the minute details which he gave them of every chamber, door, window, and article of furniture which it contained; the particulars of which are imprinted on his memory.

Others, perhaps, with more show of reason, have affirmed that the history wants that confirmation of dates, names, and places, so desirable for the elucidation of the truth; and we frankly confess that it would have given us greater pleasure in the perusal of the Memoirs, if it had possessed these minutiae, some of which we have now supplied.

Nevertheless, we think that when it is considered that the personal narrative of the prince was composed from memory, in a foreign country, under circumstances the most disadvantageous, it might be expected that some passages should be obscure, from a deficiency of those links in the chain of the narrative, which, if they could have been supplied, would have imperceptibly carried the mind forward to the reception of the whole.

Then, again, it must be borne in mind, that many names, places, and incidents were suppressed, because the work was not intended to reveal to his adversaries the proofs on which he relied, but was written in self-defence, pending the process before the tribunal of Paris. For the banishment of the prince did not of itself prevent the carrying on of the process which he had begun, for the purpose of establishing his rights; but the cessation of the suit was effected by an illegal and tyrannical control exerted over his advocates, who were forbidden to plead in the cause.

But who can believe, others object, that Louis XVIII. would have succeeded to the crown, if his nephew had been living? He had too much regard for his brother and his family, to have usurped a throne which did not belong to him. Alas! there are too many instances in history to allow us to suppose such a case impossible; and there is too much evidence in the instance before us, tending to shew that the desire of reigning was paramount in the mind of the Count of Provence.

What can we understand from his secret correspondence with Robespierre, a wretch who declared in his last struggle for supremacy,

that at his death certain\* secrets would be disclosed, and added,—“*Si les mains perfides qui dirigent la rage des assassins ne sont pas encore visible, je laisserai au temps le soin de lever le voile qui les couvre.*” What are we to infer from the large pension which Louis XVIII. gave to this monster's sister?

Far from enjoying the confidence of the King, the Count of Provence was looked upon as an accomplice in the revolution; and from the testimony of Louis XVI's private secretary, it appears that he feared him more than the republican conspirators.

We learn from history, that in July, 1792, the Counts of Provence and Artois had endeavoured to persuade Louis XVI. to make the former *Regent of the Kingdom*, and sign a declaration to that effect, under the pretext that they could then obtain troops from Austria and Prussia, to put down the revolution. This was, in fact, giving up the monarchy to him.

But these Courts were subsequently informed of the conspiracy of the Count of Provence, by memoirs addressed by Louis XVI. to them, and sent by the Baron de Breteuil, who alone enjoyed the confidence of the King.

The conduct of Austria and Prussia towards the two brothers subsequently to the death of Louis XVI., and more particularly towards the Count of Provence (who did not negotiate with them as Louis XVIII.), tends to confirm the supposition that they were aware of his conduct towards his brother, and of the escape of the Dauphin; for we find that ‘Monsieur,’ (ANQUETIL, vol. x. p. 327-8,) when he was obliged to leave Verona, where, after the alleged death of his nephew, he was treated with distrust and contempt, went to the army of Condé, on the Rhine, and wished to be admitted to a post in the army; but the Court of Vienna refused it, neither would it allow him to remain in Germany, and he wandered from province to province, very unlike a recognized King of France, and was obliged finally to leave Saxony, by order of the Austrian Court, in January, 1799.

Again, we find that he kept concealed from Austria the attempt he had made to gain over the army of Pichegru to the royalist side; and when Pichegru (who it now appears was a friend of the Dauphin,) would have aided in the restoration of the

\* ANQUETIL, Vol. x. p. 137-8.

monarchy, Austria, not being able to confide in the Count of Provence, refused to second the defection of Pichegru; a mystery which the historian (ANQUETIL, vol. x. 293) says, time only can clear up. And we think time has cleared it up. The existence of the Dauphin is the key, and the only key to this and the other mysteries of the years which immediately succeeded the death of Louis XVI. To this we may add, that George III., from some secret motive, never treated Louis XVIII. with the consideration due to a legitimate monarch, or a faithful brother.

Others have said, that they cannot believe that the Dauphin is alive, because if he were, his sister would acknowledge him; but in this they betray ignorance of her situation and her character, an ignorance of the facts, and a still greater ignorance of human nature. They wonder that a person who is the wife of Louis the XIXth, as he strangely calls himself, and the daughter-in-law of the two kings, who are alleged to have been usurpers, should not have obtained their permission to acknowledge that they were so; for she admitted to M. de St. Didier, that she could do nothing without the consent of the King (Charles X.) and the Dauphin (now called Louis XIX.), not even give him an interview. They forget that she is a woman, whose sympathies are cold, and who was early brought up in the full belief that her brother was dead. They forget, too, that in most families, but above all, in the regal Bourbons, there exists a pride, which will bear down all other considerations; and that to acknowledge the Dauphin, would be to admit that his wife, who was only a person of the middle rank, is a princess, and his sons the heirs of the monarchy, and what would then become of the long cherished title of Henry V.? Again, there are estates, and the possession of money, involved in the question. In fact, it is a war of regal dignity, old prejudices, family pride, political dishonour, cherished expectations and self-interest, in fearful combination against the exuberance of nature. Who, then, cannot anticipate the issue?

But the Duchess has admitted that she had no certainty of the death of her brother, and we have proved the contrary. Moreover, we are bold enough to say, that the Duchess herself is a witness for the Prince. It is a familiar saying, that nature will out; and in this case, amidst all the pretension of

being satisfied of the death of her brother, and of the imposture of the claimant, nature has spoken, and though its voice be low, it is in our judgment decisive.

A portrait of the alleged impostor was presented to her by M. de St. Didier. Did she scorn it? Did she express dissatisfaction and disgust, knowing that her brother had gone to the future world, and that it was but a mockery of her feelings? No! We care not for her *words*, what is her *action* on such an interesting occasion? She says, indeed, she sees no resemblance to her family; but that she has been informed that *this person is extremely like a portrait of her mother*. But what does she *do*? You would think, reader, that she gave back the portrait of this intriguer, and resented it as an affront. Not so—she kept it, and she put it away carefully into the drawer of her writing-table, and *there she preserves it still*. This one act of nature we set against a whole volume of expediency; and we have a right to say, we care not for her *words*, since she ventured to deny the identity of Madame de Rambaud, when she went expressly to see her, and she could have convinced herself with her own eyes; for this was the expedient of a person who showed herself ready to sacrifice the truth.\*

And now we will express our surprise, that an illustrious exile, bearing so many credentials of the truth of his title, should have been allowed to dwell so long in this land, without an effort having been made by the French noblesse in England, to elucidate the truth of his claim.

Is it a matter of no consequence to them, whether Louis XVII. exists? Are they so engrossed with commerce, that all chivalrous spirit is extinct among them? Have the Counts and the barons of France been so changed into Bankers, *agents de confiance*, *marchands de vin*, purchasers of patents, and formers of Companies, that their loyalty is sunk in their love of making money? Their fathers would have died in defence of the Son of Louis Seize—but, say they, this is not his Son.

Madame de Rambaud, M. and Madame de St. Hilaire, M. Geoffroy, M. de Bremond,

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\* Madame de Rambaud, *née de Mottet*, is, we understand, the first cousin of Lady Russell, wife of Sir Henry R. Bart., of Swallowfield, in Berkshire, and at the date of her journey to Prague was sixty-seven years of age.

Madame Damas, M. de Grammont, M. de St. Didier, La Comtesse de Falou, M. de Joly, and the many old servants of the king and the queen, who we admit were most competent to form a decision, are all deceivers or deceived. We insist that the Republicans, villains as they were, told the truth, and he died in the Temple. Count de Frotté is a liar; Laurenz is a liar: he was not banished to Cayenne because he gloried in the deed. Madame Simon was a mad woman. General Charette was properly shot, for he committed a fraud upon the world. The Dauphin had no signs at all upon his body, neither did he bear any likeness to his father and mother; he had no peculiar mark on his chest, nor his throat, no sign on his thigh, no scar on his eyebrow inflicted by the *serviette* of Simon. All these things are a delusion. Alas! better to say at once that Louis XVII. never was born. Perhaps they fear the mock court of Louis XIX., or the multitudinous *espionage* of Louis Philippe. But in this land they are not subject to the yoke of the taskmaster; they can meet in peace here, and adopt such measures as shall clear up the truth, and they can insist on a redress of his grievances if he be the Dauphin. It is a case in which one and all may inquire, see, and judge for themselves. And we say, by not doing so they disgrace their country and throw scorn upon their titles.

They ought to rejoice to have an opportunity of shewing their sympathy towards a king in his adversity, and pouring out their affections and their treasures in supporting the legitimacy they are sworn to defend. If they cannot give him back his throne, they may restore him to his princely rank, and that appanage which belongs to a king's son, even if it were at the sacrifice of their own fortune. It is a shame to them as lovers of justice and respecters of truth, as patriots and as men, above all as Frenchmen, who derive their rank from his ancestors, and their hope as royal legitimatists from the restoration of his line, to allow his cause to be suppressed, himself banished, and his family dependant on the precarious subsistence of a few devoted friends. We should like to see every Frenchman in the land arouse himself, and require an investigation of the matter. Let them ask of the Prince that a Court of Inquiry should be instituted from among themselves. Let them ask for his proofs and his witnesses, and resolve to act as becomes them if they be

convinced. He has courted an investigation, and could only await with complacency the result, knowing that it would be no other than a conviction that he is the veritable orphan of the Temple.

Then, indeed, may Louis Philippe yet live to regret the day he signed the "Ordonnance" for his expulsion into Britain.

He may choose to imitate the conduct of his father, but let him remember his punishment. Philippe Egalité was a regicide, yea the loudest in the National Convention in crying out for the blood of his Sovereign; "*Je vote la mort.*" He himself has conspired against the brother, and succeeded to the throne which he abdicated; and now he would make himself an accomplice in his father's guilt by the exile of the son of that King whom his father murdered.

Providence avenged the blood of Louis Seize, and Philippe Egalité went to the scaffold.

When the Duke of Normandy left the Pier of Calais, he bowed to the Prefect, and thanked him for his attention, and turning to the spectators, we are told, he said aloud to them, "*Au revoir, Messieurs, Je reviendrai.*"

Whether this prophetic speech shall be accomplished, we know not; but of this we feel assured, that though General Hoche was poisoned that the great secret entrusted to him might not be revealed, (ANQUETIL, Vol. x. 371.)—though General Pichegru was strangled in the Fower by the order of Bonaparte for his affection to legitimacy—though Count de Frotté was treacherously shot by order of the same tyrant for his devotedness to the Dauphin—though Josephine died by poison lest she should disclose the truth at the very time when its disclosure was most needed—their blood, and the blood of Charette, Count Valdez, Dessault, Choppard, and hundreds of others who were friendly to the cause of the Dauphin, yea the blood of the Prince himself spilt by the assassin testifies to the truth, and cries aloud for retribution.

Already are thick storms gathering round the head of Louis Philippe—already is the nation preparing its own chastisement; and whatever may be his fate, and the fate of those beings who have more or less aided in the persecution of the Dauphin and the suppression of the truth, of this we rest satisfied, that there is no surer maxim in the divine economy than this, "*they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.*"

## THE POET'S PROPHECY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THEY stood together on the haunted ground,  
 Rich with Boccaccio's memory. 'Twas a day  
 When all was blue and beautiful around,  
 And the rich sun-light fell in many a ray  
 On tree and stream; while insects, birds, and  
 bees,  
 Awoke the air with nature's melodies.  
 They stood together—One, a Poet,\* full  
 Of noble fancy, and of glowing thought;  
 Whose soul responded to the beautiful,  
 Whose heart with tenderness and love was  
 fraught:  
 Imagination's child! upon whose head  
 The wreath of mighty minstrelsy was shed.  
 They stood together—He, the son of song,  
 Beside another proudly-gifted one,†  
 Whose wondrous art could skilfully prolong  
 The forms of grace and beauty—who had  
 known  
 Nature in her most glorious works; and wrought  
 Bright shapes, engendered by his lofty thought.  
 Companions meet for such a scene and hour!  
 Each imaged his own beauty, as he stood,  
 And mused, upon the poetry and power  
 Which peopled every dell, and hanging wood  
 With delicate fancies; while the voice of fame  
 Linked the fair prospect with Boccaccio's name.  
 They stood awhile in silence—in the crowd,  
 Where man contends with man, words must  
 have way;  
 Folly and Falsehood will alike be loud,  
 And Pleasure's torch flash back a double day:  
 But the world was not here—and it was bliss  
 To muse in silence 'mid a scene like this.  
 And then they spoke! words less of sound than  
 soul;  
 Their mighty spirits grappling with high  
 themes  
 And memories; which, awhile beyond controul,  
 Lit up all nature with their fervid gleams;

\* L—— H——, Esq.

† R—— W——, jun., Esq.

While each from each in generous rapture caught,  
 What one had pour'd in song, and one had  
 wrought.

What was the world to them? Its coil and care,  
 And vanities, and vices? They had made  
 A planet of their own, where all was fair,  
 And over which bright beams of splendour  
 play'd;

A foretaste of the hâlo, that would be  
 Wreathed round their own high brows immor-  
 tally!

About them all was brightness—earth and sky  
 Bathed in a flood of glory; not a thing  
 But seemed replete with light—when lo! the eye  
 Of the 'rapt poet saw towards them wing  
 A butterfly,—not in its beauty glad,  
 But Nature's gaudiest insect, sable-clad.

Nearer it came, and yet again more near,  
 Until it rested on the sculptor's brow;  
 Folded its wings, unconscious of the fear  
 Of a more common nature; and crouched low  
 And lingeringly upon its place of rest,  
 As though it held itself a welcome guest.

A wilding fire flashed from the poet's eye—  
 He tore the bonnet from his lofty brow—  
 Then raised his glance to the far-reaching sky;  
 And as he yielded to his spirit's flow,  
 Forth burst the instinctive feeling:—"Yes, I  
 see,"

He cried, "Some dear and lost one visits me!

"Some mighty spirit which was not of earth,  
 Hath passed away to its own angel-sphere—  
 Some lofty one hath wearied of the dearth  
 Of light and loveliness it suffered here—  
 I recognise the warning, and the sign,  
 'Tis the soul's symbol—Psyche! it was thine!"—

They turned away in silence to the spot  
 Where Florence rears her fair and queenly  
 brow;

Man, and man's vanities, they heeded not,  
 A holier feeling filled their bosoms now.  
 And soon the withering tale of grief was said—  
 "Europe is one long wail—*Byron is dead!*"

### SONG.

I saw she was no longer fair,  
 Her eye had lost its brightness,  
 That age had pale'd her raven hair,  
 With winter's wailing whiteness.  
 I told her youth had past away,  
 She sighed, but not in sorrow:  
 "Ah, what is youth," she said, "a ray  
 "Man loves from time to borrow."  
 Youth is a lovely thing, I cried,  
 It steps on morning flowers,  
 Its thoughts are to fair earth allied,  
 Its sunshine, woods, and showers.

"True, true, but sunshine fadeth fast,  
 Day-dawn, the mid-day, even;  
 There is no sunshine that can last,  
 Save mine, whose light is Heav'n.

"The light of age ne'er fades away,  
 Though morning is its night;  
 Its night, bright prelude to a day  
 Of all exultant light.

"Age is man's zenith, as youth's prison,  
 Whence looks He on the past,  
 Then rises like a star new risen,  
 To his heavenly home at last."

H. C. D.

## LETTERS TO MY SON AT ROME.

### LETTER X.

#### CONTINUED NOTICE OF THE ROBINSONS.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, London, Feb. 15, 1839.*

AGREEABLY to my promise, I will now, my dear Son, present you with the close of the Memoir of Mr. George Robinson, as drawn up by the late Mr. Nichols and Mr. A. Chalmers.

"Still another trait of his character (observe the writers) must not be forgotten. If, added to their concern with him as a publisher, his authors obtained his friendship, no man could serve them with more active zeal in every emergency; and although he had on some occasions the common fate of generous minds, that of bestowing his favours improperly, he never permitted such a circumstance to contract his desire to serve those for whom he professed an attachment. Few men, probably, have been regretted by a more extensive acquaintance; and it is as particularly noticeable in his history that, amidst the strictest attention to business, he was throughout the whole of his early life enabled, by a due division of time, to appropriate more to social pleasure than many men could venture to do with impunity. For the social enjoyments of life, indeed, he was eminently qualified. He had improved the scanty education of a northern village by some reading, but principally by the company of literary men, and by a memory uncommonly tenacious. His own mind was shrewd, penetrating, and enriched by various experience. He had likewise a great share of wit and vivacity: many of his *bon mots*, which have been pretty extensively circulated among his friends, would do credit to men of the first reputation in this minor department of genius. His sense of ridicule was remarkably strong; and few men excelled him in telling a story, of which he had a plentiful stock, and which he varied with circumstantial embellishments that were irresistibly laughable. Versed too in the literary and *business* history of his time, his conversation was a rich fund of information, and his memory in dates and *minutiae* gave him an authority which made him be frequently consulted when points in dispute were to be accurately ascertained. Of late years he visited less abroad, but was seldom happy without the company of his friends at home, who found themselves welcome to a well-spread table, without ceremony and without affectation. He imposed no conditions but those of punctuality to the hour of dinner; and in that particular it is well known he never relaxed to persons of any rank or condition. Of him it may be truly said, no man discharged the duties of private life with more active zeal or more steady virtue. As a husband, a

father, and a friend, he was warm and sincere, affectionate and tender. These, however, are the common features of every worthy man's character; but Mr. Robinson's death was felt and regretted on a broader and more public ground—as a loss to the world of letters.

"During the better half of the past century, Jacob Tonson and Andrew Millar were the best patrons of literature, a fact rendered unquestionable by the valuable works produced under their fostering and genial hands. Their successors, the late Alderman Cadell, and Mr. Strahan, and his surviving son, exceeded their predecessors in the spirit of enterprize, which led them, at great expense, to publish the works of the many celebrated writers that have ornamented the age in which they live. Mr. Robinson, standing alone and unconnected, boldly rivalled these, the most powerful of his competitors; and by his liberality to authors, his encouragement to engravers and other artists of the press, has considerably added to the sources of science and taste.

"An excellent correspondent, who had the best means of knowing him intimately, adds, our late worthy friend affords another instance of the benefits of industry and integrity in the establishment of the most important concerns of trade, and of the fairest fame. Such were some of the features of a character which will be long remembered by a very extensive circle of friends, and on which the writer of this article\* could expatiate at greater length, were it necessary: to have said less would not have been respectful to his memory; and to indulge the feelings of private friendship in more ample recollections becomes the province of memory rather than of public record. Mr. Robinson was seized with the illness which proved fatal on Monday, May 25, while at a meeting of booksellers, at the accustomed place, the Chapter Coffee House. From this he was obliged to retire hastily, and soon exhibited symptoms of fever. This abated so far in the subsequent week as to give hopes of recovery. These hopes were particularly encouraged even on the evening of June 5, preceding his death, when he became calm, took his medicine willingly, and seemed to all human appearance free from fever. These symptoms, however, were fallacious; the snares of death were wound around him, and at five on Saturday

\* I should imagine this person to be his constant friend and welcome guest, the late Alexander Chalmers.

morning he expired, June 6, 1801. He was interred on Thursday, 11th, in the burying ground belonging to St. Faith's, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

"The sons of both Messrs. George and John Robinson continued to carry on the book trade for some time; but from a change of circumstances, and of the times in which we live, were not enabled to advance themselves to any particular celebrity or distinction beyond the usual occurrences of trade; therefore, to dwell upon their good or ill fortune, or their private affairs, would be as indecorous as it is unnecessary.

"The successors to his extensive business (as has been already stated) were his son and brother, George and John Robinson, men of the highest integrity, and great skill in their profession. But the concern was so immensely large as to exceed their strength when the grand pillar of the house was removed. Unlike, however, to the chimerical speculators of the present age, they prudently submitted to an investigation of their affairs, and, unable to convert their stock of books into tangible property, were declared bankrupts; a state from which they rapidly emerged with the highest credit to themselves. Every creditor was paid in full; many of them (where honour, not law, required it) with ample interest.

"Mr. John Robinson, on beginning life anew, with a reputation much augmented by his misfortunes, associated himself with an old and intimate friend, Mr. George Wilkie, as partner in a very considerable wholesale trade in Paternoster Row. Both these gentlemen also died some years since."

Mr. George Robinson, Jun. carried on the business for some time with his uncle John, and, as his biographer truly says, "His merits were accompanied by the most unassuming modesty; his good qualities were more solid than shining, more truly useful to himself and others than superficially glaring or idly ostentatious." He was a most steady and useful member of the establishment. Besides the misfortunes of the firm in trade, their exertions were baffled in a single night, by the destruction of a printing office, (by fire) in which they happened to have property to an immense amount. Discouraged, but not daunted, they met this misfortune with firmness, and for a long time struggled to free their vast affairs from the embarrassments which it had occasioned; but finding their difficulties increase, they, as before observed, instead of involving themselves deeper, by the means of upholding a sinking credit, met the evil day with resolution, and submitted their extensive concerns to an ordeal fatal to half the commercial world. They

were declared bankrupts; but after patiently investigating every account, and punctually fulfilling every engagement, a considerable surplus rewarded their labour, and their credit gained strength from the shock, which a short time before had menaced its annihilation. The unremitting exertions of Mr. George Robinson, throughout the whole of these difficulties, perhaps shortened his life; but he lived to see them crowned with success, and a comfortable provision made for those most dear to him.

I often called upon him when young in business. He was not only kind but partial to me—regretted an arrangement I had made with an eminent bookseller—asked me why I did not come and consult him—"Confound the fellow," said he, "he would rob a hen roost!" I frequently called at Mr. Robinson's country villa, at Streatham, where he entertained his choice friends in a small old fashioned blue boarded, or shingled, as Jonathan would call it, farm house, with its gable end next the road, ornamented by one yew tree and a snug farm yard; but, alas, there are now no remains of either.

Mr. John Robinson, the last surviving member of the old firm of George, George, John, and James Robinson, died on the 2nd of December, 1813, at Putney, in his sixty-first year, leaving a widow and two sons, John and Richard. Mr. John Robinson was a man of considerable ability, a lover of literature for its own sake, and of indefatigable and laborious attention to business. I recollect and often witnessed his anxiety and exertions at the head of not only an extensive, but really an unwieldy, wholesale business for upwards of twenty years, and at a period when the number of hands employed were not half so numerous, nor the arrangements so complete as in the present day. And it is deeply to be deplored that the great care, anxiety, and labour, attendant on that and similar establishments, frequently produced those ebullitions and paroxysms of passion, which tended to shorten the lives of several amiable characters of the last half century. I could insert a painful catalogue indeed on this subject, and the effects they have produced; but it were perhaps better that they should be forgotten, or only to operate as a lesson to others. However, as there exists a better feeling and a better taste in this enlightened day, I shall avoid the ungracious task.

Adieu.



## W O M A N.

"My son is my son till he gets him a wife;  
My daughter's my daughter all the rest of her life."

It is an old observation, nevertheless a very true one, that ever since the days of Eve, who first blessed Adam's bower with her innocence and beauty, inspired him by her tenderness, and watched over him with affection, Woman has been the subject of our abuse and our adoration, of our ridicule and our attachment. This, it must be confessed, is very contradictory; for why we should vituperate what we love can be known to those only whose judgments decide without consideration, and who act without reflection. For our parts, not being one of these "Elect," we have often revolved the affair in our minds, and were generally as wise when we concluded our cogitations as when we commenced them. One thing appeared very clear: man was either a wilful fool, or something much worse, viz. a calumniator; or why should he abuse the dearest reality of his existence, or ridicule the living representatives of the richest visions of his soul? For, whether he be a plain, sober, matter of fact man, or one of those whose "brain's in fine frenzy rolling," Woman! sweet lovely Woman! is the first and last in his mind's eye—the paradise wherein are blooming all his hopes in present and in future.

We have but one explanation of this extraordinary contradiction; and an old saying will afford a better idea of our thoughts than any thing else—"The nearer the church, the nearer the Devil!" So, the more frequently we approach the most beautiful, and, I will add, the most blessed work of the creation, the oftener do our thoughts, by an infatuated circuit, and a negative influence, diverge into the abuse and neglect of the very object our hearts and knees were approaching only to adore. Perchance, too, they *may* possess a few qualities which we lords of the creation consider baneful, and a great annoyance; and thus, as a good Christian, when he enters the house of prayer, thinks of the arch-enemy of mankind, do we also, when we contemplate lovely Woman, dwell on her detractions after all only to enhance her attractions; for we affirm they do enhance

them, howsoever unwilling the "plucked cock of Plato" may be to allow it. For vice enhances virtue; ugliness, beauty; a barren scene, a fertile one; so do the minor triflings and other little failings of Woman her other engaging qualifications. The very shadows of her soul are beautiful; and it is through them that the lights become doubly so. Her faults are but as a veil to her perfections, without which we should be too frequently dazzled, if not cloyed. Death and the Sun are not to be stared out of countenance, no more should modesty. Under all circumstances Man may be ashamed of himself; and the sooner he transfers his abuse from Woman to his own sex the better.

It is our intention to point out a few of the frivolous attacks and most general declamations against Woman, this jewel on the breast of man, and to fling back the scurrility of mankind with the disdain it so well merits. It is not our aim to rake together what authors may have written either in praise or dispraise of this "Light of the World," or we might make our readers laugh at old Montaigne's assertions, "that there is no instance that this sex ever yet attained to perfection in friendship, and by the ancient schools it is denied they ever can;" and that "*Poetry* is an amusement proper for their occasions, it being a wanton, witty, dissembling, and prattling art, all pleasure, and all show like themselves." Our observations will be confined to every day practisings.

It is a fact, too notorious to be denied, that the very creature who to day excites the flippancies of our tongues, against whom we exclaim as a virago, fickle, vain, inconstant, and cold as the fleecy snow on the summit of the Jungfrau; to morrow we take, as our good old Church says, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part." Strange, that, after so solemn a ceremony, and which has continued for ages, (i.e. marriage,) of which the greater portion of the population of the earth is the effect, that Woman should be the only real

"mutabile genus;" and yet worthy of being loved and cherished until death. Alas! poor Man, for the sake of exhibiting thy wit, what dilemmas hast thou not fallen into? Conscious that thou art pressing a poison-chalice to thy lips, thou continuest to do so, fascinated by its witchery. Though philosophers have railed, their railings have been as vain as their searches after the Talismanic Stone; though worldly, time-serving men, have calculated the pounds, shillings, and pence, and have vituperated those who have not worshipped the golden calf, they too have submitted to the sweet Syrens, and pounds, shillings, and pence, have sunk into Charybdis. In short, though abused by all, they have been beloved by all: fickle, they have been trusted; talkative, they have been listened to; jealous, they have been caressed: though general ridicule has been their portion, general love has been their dowry. One exception should be made from those of our sex, whom we have accused of these transgressions—we mean the poets. As a body, they have universally bowed down and worshipped at the shrine of beauty; and although their language has often been in the extreme of extremes—though every epithet of adoration has been used—though their language has been mounted on stilts of so lofty a kind, that they would at times have better suited a Brobdiagnian than one of us—yet their very exaggerations have been on the right side; "their very errors lean to beauty's side." It is true that one great poet has said that "treachery is all their trust;" and the great Bard of Nature—he who held the wand of the world, both external and internal—has exclaimed,

"Could I find out

The Woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the Woman's part:—be it lying, note it,  
The Woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be named—nay, that Hell  
knows,

Why, hers, in part, or all," &c.

But how frequently have both redeemed the ebullitions of their peevish moments—how numberless are the passages that might be adduced from Shakspeare to prove this. Let one suffice:—

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unform,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won  
Than Woman's are."

The commonest diatribe against Woman is, that she is "fickle." It is so threadbare—so ancient—so dilapidated—that we are ashamed of naming it; nevertheless we must, since the world is not tired with the hacknied accusations. Not a school-boy but can rail at the fickleness of Woman. From the first moment almost that he learns to speak, his fancied witticisms are levelled against the sex that gave him birth. As he increases in years, his ridicule increases, until the hoary age comes over him, and he finds his partner kind, constant, and affectionate as ever. Fickleness; we really do not comprehend its meaning in reference to Woman more than to Man. Forsooth, because the sunny smiles, the bewitching glances, the affectionate caressings, the clinging to a whisper or a foot-step, the timid tenderness and unshrinking fidelity, have their lights and shadows, have their periods of darkness, have the brightness of joy one moment, and the chilliness of reserve and melancholy the next, Woman is fickle! We forget the numberless causes that Man gives her, and forces her to fold up her affection in her heart, as a flower folds its buds at the sun-set hour, when the power that kindled its beauties, and inspired its incense, has deserted it; but when he returns at morn with all his former fire, will it not unfold its blossoms to welcome his caresses with gladness, until it droops and withers in his sight? And will not—does not—Woman forgive and forget as quickly as she resents? Does she not welcome with tears of bliss the return of him in whom she confided? Does she not watch over him in sickness, and mingle her weepings with his weepings? Is she not the first to alleviate his sorrows and to participate in his wants? Does she not cherish him until the hour of dissolution? Nevertheless, though Woman fulfils every affectionate duty to Man, she is still called fickle; because, forsooth, constantly assailed by the insidious arts of our sex, she sometimes distrusts; or perchance, listening with apparent, though but courteous pleasure to his deceitful speeches, she at times puts in practice his own stratagems against him, believing, as he has taught her to believe, that language was given to us only to conceal our thoughts with. Oh! she is fickle—a lovely personification of duplicity—a creature of passion—a courtesan made up of falsehood. But, if

she is deceitful, art not thou, O Man, full of fraud, setting snares for her virtue? And when she has become the victim of your arts, or has proved superior to them, you leave her in the one case like a coward and a villain, a bye word of scorn and contempt to the world; and in the other, abuse her with your satire, and call her fickle; when in eight cases out of ten, the word "virtuous" would be the proper expression. Whence does this censoriousness arise? From pride, and the worst species of pride, self-adoration; mental conceit—that species of conceit that fortifies the head against the assaults of reason—petti-fogging personal worship, and self-elected, and self-generated arrogance.

— "Nisi purgatum est pectus, quæ proelia nobis  
Atque pericula tunc ingratis insinuandum?  
Quantæ conscindunt hominum cupidinis acres  
Sollicitum curæ, quantique perinde timores?  
Quidve superbia, spurcities, petulantia, quantas  
Efficiunt clades, quid luxus, desidiesque?"

Whether it be true or not that Woman is fickle, we will oppose to it her unquestioned fidelity; and if she is faithful, she cannot in a general sense merit the former opprobrium. The every day occurrences of this world testify how completely dependent is Man in the hour of distress upon "fickle" Woman—he flies to her bosom as to a font of oblivion—in his mental abjectness he hurries to her, the sweet forgiving daughter of Paradise, for support, compassion, advice, and affection. In the midst of his bitterest trials there is that one beautiful and beneficent earthly being to whom he bends in his agony, and almost blesses those sufferings that gave him such a benefactress. Then his abuse vanishes, and Woman, vain, fickle, babbling Woman is the sovereign of his destiny—the obliating ark of his wounded spirit. How numerous are the instances of Woman's fidelity! How splendid are the examples! Man shrinks into insignificance when compared with Woman in her elevated and inspired moments. Her trial hour is an hour of triumph—it is the exaltation of the tender sex far beyond the proudest periods of magnanimity in Man. Witness the conduct of Portia, wife of Brutus, her invincible fortitude, and unconquerable attachment; call to mind the fidelity of Paulina, who would not survive her husband; witness the heroic conduct of Agistrata; think of Arria, the almost sub-

lime Arria, and in her behold the gigantic affection and fidelity of Woman when necessity required it. Nay, contrast thine own sex, O great Cock of Plato, with hers, with that of Pætus her husband, who trembled to die until his wife, his heroic and faithful wife, offered him an example to save his honour.

"She brought to him his own bright brand,  
She bent a suppliant knee,  
And bade him with his own right hand,  
Die Freeman mid the Free.  
In vain—the Roman fire was cold  
Within the fallen Warrior's mould;  
Then rose the Wife and Woman high,  
And died—to teach HIM how to die!"

"It is not painful Pætus," &c.

Let us reflect on these few ancient examples of fidelity out of hundreds, without selecting modern ones, and oppose them to her fickleness, and we shall blush at our own abuse.

It is singular that the more polished nations of antiquity felt less respect for Woman than the more barbarous ones did; an exception to the generally received opinion, that civilization improves all the affections of the mind. The Greeks and Romans, particularly the former, held them in great disrespect, at least if we are to judge from outward and visible signs. Over their tombs, even, emblems were placed marking the laughable vanity of man. The bird of night—a pair of reins and a muzzle—might be seen over most Grecian monuments; whilst the ancient Germans and Britons believed a *divinity* resided in the female heart; proving at once their superiority in civilization on this point at least over their descendants, who generally fancy there is more of the devil than the deity. Even in modern days a barbarous nation affords us an example of its high feelings and romantic respect for Woman, in opposition to ourselves, truly remarkable. From the Arab and Bedouin let us learn and profit. We are informed, that so great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arab for the fair sex, that the presence—the voice even—of a Woman can arrest the uplifted scymitar charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe, if a Woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the sex, that in some tribes where they never appear before Man, and in others where they

are occupied in their tents, if a criminal can escape to them he is safe. Although these feelings are a little in the extreme, yet it is a most favourable illustration of character, and shows the Arabs to be a people highly romantic and sensitively alive to the excellencies of Woman—they love her without abuse and ridicule. Man of civilization, take example from the children of the desert!

Another attack upon Woman is, that she is fond of fanning the air with her sweet breath, and blowing bubbles with the lisplings of her sweeter lips—in other words, of flirting; an expression more common than understandable. For if it include condemnation, Man must come under the same lash. If flirting mean a light heart, a light lip, and a bright eye, may flirting long flourish. It is a period of innocence, sweet sunny smiles, and soft sunny glances, playfulness of mood, and sociability of mind, blithe companionship and merry manners;—it is the ebullition of a soul, too frank to be deceitful, too happy to be artificial, and too much impressed with the fulness of innocent enjoyment to be dishonest to the feelings, and alive only to selfish gratification, or a calculating policy. Flirting, as we consider it, is a child of pure and unpremeditated delight; flying with a wing light as a butterfly from flower to flower, extracting sweets like the bee, but carrying no sting along with it—and where it does, it is an exception to the general rule, or the excitement of disappointed hopes, or injured feelings.

This accusation is generally coupled with another:—"Woman," says the school-boy, "is such a talker!" and God forbid, thou satchel-bearing boy, she should be otherwise. But the fact is, the power of conversation is alone the gift of Woman. Man rarely possesses the faculty, and is, therefore, envious of a qualification he does not possess. Talking, as we understand the expression, is a gift, not an acquisition;

that is, the peculiar conversational talent Woman possesses; that lively flow of words, full of spirit, wit, and *naïveté*; and if at times abounding with the mere lustre of moon-shine, who can object to it? for moon-light is a sweet time, particularly with Woman! It is in truth, an attribute of the creature, and not the effect of art; cultivation may improve, but cannot create it. What Delille says of the art of writing, may be applied to a Woman's conversational talents: "*Dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art d'écrire.*" But we are afraid we are growing tedious. We had a considerable deal more to add, which for the present we will defer. We were about to expatiate on Woman's unceasing employments and accomplishments—on her steadfast affections—on her generous and charitable disposition—on her patient submission to the morose and ungallant attacks of the other sex; and lastly, on her toils, trials, and troubles, in rearing the very creature who is to rise into manhood only to make her sex a target for his wit; and exclaim—"and aroynt thee Witch—aroynt thee!"

There is something shocking in the idea, that she who bears us—who watches over us in our helpless infancy—who clings to us through life, and would sacrifice her safety for our safety, should be suckling a serpent, or something rather resembling one. She who rejoices with our joys, and sorrows with our sorrows, alas! meets with a pitiful return; the very child whom she suckles strengthens but to slander his maternal sex, and consequently his own parent. Consider this, O Cock of Plato! Learn wisdom—fear God—tell the truth and shame the devil; and study the celebrated inscription on the Gates of Delphos, in plain English, "KNOW THYSELF." Do so, and thou wilt then cease to abuse and depreciate Woman!

Δ.

### ALPINE FLOWERS.

HIGH up in air—high up in air  
Ye beautiful coy blossomings,  
Where no fair bird essays to rear  
The lustre of its chilly wings,  
O Alpine Flowers! like mountain stars  
Unsoiled, in purity ye glow,  
For no rude hand your beauty mars,  
Or stains your brightness from below.

Thus far above all soil and sin,  
The spirits that but late have striven  
With earthly arts, departed, win  
Perfume and beauty in high heaven.  
So, too, beneath the stars awhile,  
The humble spirits purely shine:  
Their Altar? Heaven's alluring smile;  
And their reward—Heaven's love divine.

H. C. D.

## TURKISH TALES.

### MISS PARDOE'S ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.\*

CONSIDERING the extent of our possessions in oriental literature, the paucity of genuine Turkish tales in this country is remarkable; more particularly as public story-telling constitutes a distinguishing trait of eastern manners. Excepting the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, what have we in this department that is entitled to notice? And until the appearance of Lane's admirable version of them, now in the course of publication, through what wretched *media* did we become acquainted with those splendid and gorgeous emanations of genius! All that we knew of them was from an incomplete French translation of the original—or, still worse, a barbarous English translation from the translated French. Thanks to Mr. Lane, however, and to the kindred genius of Mr. Harvey, powerfully aided by the artists, who give adequate effect to his exquisite designs, we are now gradually obtaining an illustrated edition of those eastern gems, which, when complete, will reflect honour upon our country. We will take leave to say too, before we proceed, that a finer companion work to Lane's edition of the Arabian Nights than Miss Pardoe's *Romance of the Harem* does not exist in the English language. With reference to illustration, the hint may probably be worth Mr. Colburn's attention at a future period.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments have always been admired for the accurate and forcible light which they were understood to throw upon Turkish manners and costume. As pictures of actual Turkish life, however, their general effect is considerably impaired by the wild and violent supernatural machinery by which they are encumbered and overlaid. Not that we condemn the introduction of such machinery *per se*: on the contrary, we admire it, as illustrative of the superstitions, poetry, and ancient mythology of the east: it is only to its too frequent and almost universal use, in obstructing philosophic views of life and manners, that we object.

On the other hand, Miss Pardoe's volumes seem to supply what has long been a *desideratum*. They present us with *real* Turkish tales; not, indeed, absolutely written by a Turk, but from the pen of one who is conversant with the language of the country, and perfectly familiar with the manners and customs—the every-day habits—of Turkish life.

They are, as Miss Pardoe observes, “genuine tales related by the professional *Mas-saldjhes*, or Story-tellers of the East, in the Harems of the wealthy Turks during seasons of festivity, and particularly in that of the Ramazan.” Thus, in a note appended to the first story, “The Diamond Merchant,” she remarks:—

“Wild, romantic, and improbable, as this tale will appear to European readers, it is nevertheless strictly true; having been drawn from the archives of the Turkish Empire, and related by Peroussè Hanoum, the Lady Secretary of the Sultana Azmè, for the purpose of being communicated to me, during my residence at Constantinople, in the year 1836. Mourad, or, as he is styled in England, Amurath II., was a prince devoted to adventure, and of great personal courage.”

Again, in her Preface, Miss Pardoe observes—

“I have, throughout the whole work, carefully avoided the supernatural, save in one solitary instance, where the allegory was so talented and tempting that I felt it would require no apology with any class of readers; preferring, in every other case, a life-like and probable chain of circumstances, to a brilliant and impossible picture. Hence my fictions neither borrow power from the Genii, terror from the Ghouls, nor grace and beauty from the Peris; they treat only of ordinary men and women; but individuals placed in positions, and actuated by feelings, almost unknown in Europe.”

Another great and important attraction of these volumes results from their being the production of a *woman*—of a woman too who had the advantage of full, free, and constant access to the sacred and mysterious interior apartments of the women, in the harems of the wealthier and more aristocratic classes. Thus, her *pictures* have all the graphic truth and force of *portraits*. Since the days of Lady Mary Wortley Mon-

\* The Romance of the Harem. By Miss Pardoe, author of “The City of the Sultan,” “The River and the Desert,” &c. 3 vols. Colburn. 1839.

tags, no writer has been allowed the opportunities, in this respect, with which Miss Pardoe was unrestrictedly indulged. This was abundantly evinced in her "City of the Sultan," which, teeming with exquisite description, daring and perilous adventure, and the finest moral and historic illustration, was worth a thousand romances.

But, delightful as these tales are, regarding them merely as tales, their most exciting charm, in our estimation, is the light which they throw upon Turkish life and character, with their varied shade of manners, morals, customs, domestic economy, costume, &c. With reference even to the conversational style of the Turks, we are not left in the dark. Even the brief descriptive sentences, and the "bits" of Turkish which here and there present themselves, and which would not have occurred in a mere translation, materially heighten the oriental effect.

As for the frame-work, or vehicle by which these stories are successively introduced to the notice of the reader, if it be not absolutely perfect—and we never knew any that was—we never knew any that was not open to some objection or other—it is very skilfully and gracefully managed. A portion of this frame-work is a handsome young Greek, who, to carry an important object which he has in view, disguises himself as an "awali," or singing woman, and "assists" in the exhibitions of a troop of "almè," or dancing girls. But for the life of us we cannot comprehend how he managed to pitch his fine, full, mellow voice to the *soprano*! And what *did* he do with his beard! However, he so became his feminine attire—he was so handsome, so beautiful, so lovely—that he had two or three narrow escapes from being *bought* by the different pashas before whom he exhibited!

Now, if Mr. Manager Yates could have made only half so glorious a display with his bayadères as Miss Pardoe has made with her almè, he would have realised a fortune, and turned the heads, and ravished the hearts, of half the men of fashion in London. Here is one of them:—

"The almè was about sixteen years of age, in all the glow and glory of a beauty such as is seldom looked upon. Her long dark hair fantastically braided with beads and ribbons, and intermixed with bright-coloured ribbons, fell almost to her feet, and was swept back from

a brow of dazzling whiteness, surmounting eyes of intense light and lustre. Her figure was slight and graceful, and her expression soft and somewhat melancholy. To discover all this, one glance sufficed; and had Maniolopolo been less preoccupied, and had the fair creature before him been other than she was—an almè—an outcast—a wanderer among men, to whom her beauty was a jest, and her youth a snare—he felt as though he could have sought a haven in her love, and a Paradise in her smiles." \* \* \*

"As they moved along, they gaily bandied jests, and ventured inferences and speculations on the liberality of the Tchorbadij, which extorted an occasional smile from Maniolopolo, anxious as he was. Snatches of wild songs, and wilder stories escaped them also, as it seemed, involuntarily: their wandering and uncertain life had taught them the philosophy of present enjoyment, and the futility of foreboding; and they lived, and jested, and laughed, as though time had no morrow, or that they could furl his wings at their own giddy will.

"Mherpirwir alone was staid and silent; she walked slowly with bent head, like one who indulges in deep and pensive thought; and occasionally her dark eyes flashed out from behind their jealous screen as she glanced hastily and anxiously towards Maniolopolo. But ere long her abstraction drew upon her the laughter of her companions, and she aroused herself, and mingled in the idle conversation of the party, or held a whispered and momentary communion with Nevrestè, until they stood before the gate of the Tchorbadij's harem."

Here is a lovely picture:—

"Loud and earnest was their welcome as they sprang over the threshold into a spacious hall paved with various coloured marbles, where the plashing of water and the song of birds made the air vocal. A richly gilded door at the upper end was flung back, and through the opening they caught a delicious glimpse in the moonlight of trees, and flowers, and fountains, spreading far away into the distance. Groups of slaves, many of them young and beautiful, were hurrying to and fro; and each as she passed had a gay word and a gayer smile for the almè. The sounds of music came soothingly from an inner apartment; and a soft stream of moonshine played along the marble floor, and dyed it with the rich tints which it pilfered as it passed from the crimson hangings of the numerous casements. Altogether it was a scene of enchantment; and it was not without regret that Maniolopolo followed the example of his companions, and obeyed the summons of a smiling slave who waited to conduct them to the presence of her mistress.

"'Khosh geldin—you are welcome,' uttered in a low sweet voice which fell softly on the ear of the young Greek, were the first sounds that greeted him as he found himself in an apartment flashing with gold fringe and embroidery,

and immediately opposite to a lovely woman who reposed on a splendid divan of velvet, surrounded by her attendants, while two fair children were sporting on a cushion at her feet; and earnest was the tone in which he joined in the 'Khosh buldûk—well found' of the almè, as they bent before her in homage."

At length, the Tchorbadjî has arrived : soon afterwards—

"Two by two the almè moved forward and performed their graceful evolutions, which won for them many a 'Mashallah!' and 'Aferin\*!' from the Tchorbadjî, and a murmur of commendation from his fair young wife; but when at last, and alone, Mherpirwir flung off her veil, and bounded into the centre of the floor, where she stood for an instant like a startled fawn listening for a coming footstep, the Tchorbadjî half rose from his sofa, and withdrew the chibouque from his lips to gaze on her. The tapers by which the apartment was illuminated threw their full blaze upon her as she rested for a moment without stirring either eye or limb, and then suddenly springing back a pace or two, twirled her tambourine above her head, as though the joyousness of her young spirit could ring out through its silver bells." \* \* \* \*

"In the enthusiasm of the moment the wife of the Tchorbadjî drew a ring from her finger, and placed it in the hand of a slave, who presented it to Mherpirwir; while the host himself flung a purse into the lap of Maniolopolo, which he instantly transferred to the keeping of Nevrestè. Never was success more perfect; and as the fair girls stood in groupes upon the brightly-coloured carpets, the young Greek thought he had never beheld any spectacle so lovely. The gorgeously attired beauty on the divan was radiant with youth, and bright with jewels; the graceful almè stood before her like attendant peris; the Tchorbadjî was the one shadow which relieved the bright lights of the picture; and the children who nestled in each other's arms, and gazed in wondering admiration on the strangers with their bright stag-like eyes, seemed to the excited imagination of the adventurer like beings of another world, where care, and crime, and withering had never come."

Maniolopolo, the young Greek, called upon a second time to sing, selects an air wild as the summer wind—a Sciote melody—bringing "with it a thousand memories of the past, which heightened its expression of energy and passion.

"Who loves the Almè? Oh, mock me not now  
With the light of that eye, and the calm of that  
brow;

For thee, such as thee, were those blessed hours  
made,

When sunshine is looked, and when music is  
said;

\* Well done.

But the Almè, though bright her young beauty  
may be,

Can ne'er know the bliss that is lavished on thee!

"Who loves the Almè? Her step may be light,  
Her form may be graceful, her eye may be bright,  
Her ear may drink in the most eloquent words  
That e'er swept like a spell o'er the young spirit's  
chords;

But the Almè's crushed heart to despondence is  
vow'd

When her brow is unveiled to the gaze of the  
crowd.

"Then ask not the Almè, proud beauty, to tell  
The tales of the past in her memory that dwell;  
Rather bid her forget that on earth there can be  
A being so loved and so lovely as thee;  
Lest, wild with despair such a contrast to meet,  
She fling off her garland, and die at thy feet!"

A stifled sob met the ear of Maniolopolo  
as he laid aside his instrument: Mherpirwir  
was slowly moving away when.

"The experience of the fair dancing-girl had taught her no tale of constancy on the part of lovers. In the sky of her destiny she had seen ray after ray of the young heart's brightness clouded by the vapours of distrust and change; she had heard murmurs from the sweetest lips in the world, and seen tears in the loveliest eyes; and Mherpirwir was no logician. Maniolopolo was a Greek, a Giaour; a despised one like herself. He could worship the wife of the Moslem only as a bright shape limned on a summer cloud—a laughing light on the sunny wave—something impalpable and transitory—while, could she win him!—But here the heart of the girl beat painfully, and a deep blush burned for an instant on her brow—No, no; she would think no more; she *dared* not." \* \* \*

"Who was she that she thus had dared to hope that she might appropriate the heart of one like Maniolopolo! Was not the very name of an almè the byword of scorn and contumely? Were not all the troop at the beck of every stranger who spread gold upon his palm, to divert his idleness, and to obey his behests? What had she to do with love, with tenderness, with passion? Alas! nothing—Maniolopolo had laid bare before her the desolation of her lot; she might weep away her spirit, and steep her heart in tears; there was no hand to wipe them away, no voice to soothe, no arm to uphold her: and for a moment as the dancing-girl moved from the side of the young Greek, a cold chill stole through her veins, and if she could at that instant be said to *feel*, it was the hard, cold, stern rigidity of the marble which bears the impress of beauty without its vitality. But the death-like paroxysm, the strong spasm of despair, endured not long: the victim was too young to be thus emancipated from suffering; the spirit-thrill had more bitter pangs in store; and the awakening from this transient immobility was more crushing than years of murmured suffering."



To keep within our desired limits, it has been with great difficulty, and not without serious injury to the graceful and touching narrative, that we have been enabled to detach these brief passages. And we have not yet quite done. We are now within the walls of another harem. The wife of the Pasha—

"Carimfil Hanoum was seated on the edge of a gorgeous sofa, glittering with gold fringe, and gay with embroidery; and at her feet reclined his [Maniopololo's] beautiful sister pillowed upon a pile of cushions. The Pasha was enthroned on the gorgeous divan; his chibouque between his lips, his jewelled hand loosely grasping its slender tube, and his half-closed eyes giving assurance of the tranquillity or apathy of his spirit. Behind him stood two negroes, richly clad, with turbans and girdles of cachemire of the richest dyes; while the female slaves of the harem were clustered together at the extremity of the apartment, which was brightly lighted up by a number of tapers, arranged on small tables of inlaid wood in different parts of the saloon.

"The centre of the floor was vacant; and there the dancing-girls at once took their stand, and grouped themselves in the most graceful and picturesque attitudes. Three of the number knelt upon the carpet with their six-stringed zebecs on their knees; the remainder stood around them, some with their chapletted heads flung back, and their white arms raised high in air, while the silver bells of their tambourines rang out like fairy chimes: others bending lightly forward, with one foot barely touching the floor, in the attitude of listening, like the nymphs of Diana on the doubtful track of some light-hoofed fawn: and others again, languidly supporting each other in a sweet repose, such as the houris enjoy in the rose-blooming bowers of Paradise.

"*'Mashallah!'* murmured the Pasha beneath his breath: *'tis a vision of Corkam.\** They are like the stars of a summer night, the one lovelier than the other; and, all together enough to light up a world. *Alhemdullilah!* Mahomet was a great prophet!"

"This reverie was interrupted by the sudden pealing out of the voices and instruments of the dancing-girls, as a dozen of the band, led by the beautiful Mherpirwir, commenced their intricate and graceful evolutions. The dance told a tale of love; there was the swift pursuit, the reluctant flight, the earnest supplication, the timid dissent, the impassioned eagerness, the yielding affection; and as the last twirl of the tambourines made the air vocal, all the band were kneeling at the feet of their high priestess, the gentle Mherpirwir, holding towards her the lotus-wreaths with which they had been crowned.

\* Paradise.

"*'Aferin, aferin—well done, well done!'* exclaimed the Satrap, startled out of his apathy by the enchanting spectacle: *'Abdool, fill them each a feljane\* of sherbet; for, by the soul of my father! they are peris—I have said it.'"*

The almè have returned to their resting place.

"By the faint light of the solitary and untrimmed lamp which stood in a niche of the discoloured wall, he discovered Mherpirwir, crouched down in one corner of the saloon, with her arms crossed upon her knees, and her head bent over them. Her lotus crown lay on the ground beside her: but the fever of her brain had withered the flowers, and they were flaccid and faded. Her zebec had a broken string; and her veil was flung beside it, as though in the wretchedness of the moment she had been reckless and impatient."

Mherpirwir is a most lovely creation: she may be pronounced "almost another Mignon." We dare not pursue the fate of this devoted but doomed woman. However, we are satisfied that we have shewn more than enough to establish all the positions we advanced, at the commencement of this paper, in favour of Miss Pardoe's eminently attractive volumes. By the admirers of genius, they will—they must be—universally read.

To attempt an analysis of any of the tales would be worse than useless. However, in naming some of them, we may remark, *en passant*, that, in its contrivances, the story of "The Seven Doors" evinces an extraordinary fertility of invention; "The Arab Steed," which certainly borders upon the supernatural, involves the self-related history of a maniac, which, from its force of imagination, is almost appalling; "The Last of the Janissaries" is a deeply affecting tale, founded on a comparatively recent and well-authenticated fact; "The Pasha's Daughter" is altogether a very sweet and beautiful love story; and for smartness and pungency of satire, "The Kingdom of the Mice," inculcating the moral that "one able diplomatist can secure more triumphs than an army of lances," surpasses every thing of its class that has for a long time fallen under our notice.

We close with the remark, that Miss Pardoe's poetic talent, of which we have presented one charming specimen, appears to great advantage in these volumes.

\* Cup.

## PHRENOLOGY.

THE PRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *versus* DR. ROGET.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—  
THE SUPPOSED SKULL OF EUGENE ARAM.

To the EDITOR OF THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In *The Aldine Magazine* of January the 19th I find a somewhat extended notice of Dr. Roget's "Treatise on Phrenology," as it appears in the seventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and as it has been re-published, in association with the same writer's "Treatise on Physiology," in a detached form. I perfectly agree with you, Sir, that "Dr. Roget is a determined opponent of phrenology;" but, from the position that "he is a fair and honourable" opponent, I take leave most peremptorily to dissent. With reference to the mock metaphysicians of the past age, you have justly remarked, that, "were they only worth powder and shot, five sentences would suffice to lay those drivellers upon their backs for ever." True! And I apprehend that one or two articles which appear in the last number of *The Phrenological Journal*, have so completely laid Dr. Roget upon his back, that he would gladly disburse ten times the amount of the pecuniary consideration which he may have received from the proprietors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," could he cancel the unlucky Treatise to which, unluckily for him as a philosopher and a man of science, he has had the temerity to affix his name.

The first of the articles I have alluded to in the *Phrenological Journal*, is a brief letter addressed to Macvey Napier, Esq., the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" the second, a letter to Dr. Roget himself, by the same writer. The former, a sufficiently strong and severe "protest against the distorted and insufficient notice of Phrenology" which has been "allowed to sully the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*," I shall pass over, as comparatively unimportant, and confine myself to the latter.

On this occasion, Sir, it is not my wish to trouble you with my own opinions, further than to assure you that I am, from conviction, a firm believer in the leading doctrines of Phrenology, as a science, although a science yet in an imperfect state. My chief object is to exhibit to the readers of *The Aldine Magazine*, through the me-

dium of an able pen, some portion of the ignorance, fallacy, and misrepresentation into which Dr. Roget has been betrayed.

For brevity's sake, I of course abstain from details: they must be sought in *The Phrenological Journal* itself: a few points constitute all that I pretend to offer.

To commence. The letter writer, addressing Dr. Roget, says:—

"Allow us to inquire why you have reprinted an article on *Cranioscopy*, under the title of *Phrenology*, seeing that you assert these two to be very different, as philosophical systems? You commence your reprint with a statement that Phrenology 'is a term which has been recently applied to denote a *new doctrine* of mental philosophy;' and you add, 'This term has of late years totally superseded the more unpretending titles of CRANIOLOGY and CRANIOSCOPY, by which this doctrine, in its earlier periods, and before it had aspired at affecting a revolution in *pyscology*, was designated.' If this statement be correct, Phrenology must be a considerable advance upon Cranioscopy; and yet you reprint a treatise on the latter, as an exposition of the former in a work, which includes the latest discoveries and improvements in science, according to the advertisements of its publishers.

Further on;—

"In illustration of the absurdity of reprinting the old essay in 1838, we must here remind you that in 1818, when your article 'Cranioscopy' was written, Gall's *first* phrenological work (except the short Memoir to the Institute of Paris) was not completed. The first work of Spurzheim, *The Physiognomical System*, had indeed, been published three years before, so that you could get a tolerable outline of the phrenological system, in its then infant and imperfect state; but as the work of Spurzheim was only an epitome of Gall's large work, in which he had assisted, your account of a most extensive science must have been written at a time when the first descriptions and proofs of the first discoverers were scarcely yet before the public in a full and authentic form; and that account was moreover written by one who has not even yet been known to give himself up to the study of the subject under circumstances at all likely to render him a competent judge or umpire of the question, or to fit him for being an instructor of others."

Again :—

" You give a list of publications, which, you say, have supplied your materials; not one of these works bearing date later than 1817. And although you have introduced statements, in a few instances, which could not have been derived from any one of the works named as having supplied your materials, since they relate to views not published until a later date than 1817, you have not exhibited the candour of adding these latter works to your list." \* \* \* " You even repeat that ' the best of the foreign works is that of Professor Bischoff,'—a work published in 1805, before Gall and Spurzheim had given theirs to the world! Of course, the elaborate work of Vimont, and the able treatises of Broussais, and of other French, German, Italian, Danish and American authors on Phrenology, published since 1818, are excluded from mention; although you knew, or ought to have known, that amongst these are to be found the best foreign works on the subject."

So much for Dr. Roget's candour and sufficiency on this point :—

" In consequence of thus taking your account of Phrenology from the earliest works—like the earliest works on any other science, unavoidably containing much that needed further elucidation and correction—you have given a most imperfect sketch of that science, and have misrepresented its present state in various ways; to say nothing of some statements which were not true in regard to any stage of its progress."

On the score of misrepresentation :—

" By joining together the head and tail of a passage, and omitting the intermediate portion, you make him [Mr. Combe] give a grossly inconsistent account of the two faculties called Individuality and Eventuality. You quote a passage where Mr. Combe says, that in such expressions as the *rock falls*, the *horse gallops*, the *battle is fought*, the *substantive* springs from Individuality and the *verb* from Eventuality. After some further remarks, he adds, ' An author in whom Individuality is large and Eventuality is small, *will treat his subjects by description chiefly; one in whom Eventuality is large, Individuality small, will narrate actions, but deal little in physical description.*' By omitting the words here printed in italics, (from *will to small*,) you represent Mr. Combe as having contradicted himself in the most inconsistent manner, and reduce his correct description to sheer nonsense. Now it is possible that the mis-statement about Self-Esteem, and the mis-quotation about Individuality, may both be mere blunders, not deliberate falsifications. But taking them in this most favourable construction, what are we to think of your ignorance or your carelessness, in allowing them to go forth as true expositions of the ideas of phrenologists, and even as the very words of Mr. Combe!"

Dr. Roget says :—

" The fact that the brain of Cuvier was of unusual magnitude, has been triumphantly proclaimed in all the publications on Phrenology; but we are not aware that any phrenologist has brought forward the equally well-certified fact, that the brain of Sir Walter Scott was found on examination to be 'not large.'"

To this, his opponent replies :—

" It was chiefly in the anterior region, or the seat of intellect, that Cuvier's brain was so voluminous; and no phrenologist competently instructed in his science would have expected to find the brain of Scott a counterpart to that of Cuvier. Anxious as you may be to find a flaw in Phrenology, you will scarcely venture to affirm that the writing of pleasant stories and embellishing of historical anecdotes, from the sordid desire of accumulating wealth or gratifying family vanity, required as much intellectual vigour as was necessary for successfully carrying on the profound researches of Cuvier, acquiring an immense and most varied fund of information, adding largely to the stock of human knowledge, and exercising a most powerful influence over science and men of science. Scott was eminent in his own department undoubtedly, but that department was not one requiring the highest mental endowments."

You must now, Sir, permit me to travel a little "out of the record," for the purpose of adverting to another paper in *The Phrenological Journal*, "On the size of Sir Walter Scott's Brain, and the Phrenological Development indicated by his Bust," from the pen of Mr. Combe. The paper is altogether full of interest, but I can call your attention to only one or two passages. After exposing the insufficiency of the *post mortem* examination of Sir Walter Scott's head, in which it was most vaguely stated, without weight or admeasurement, that 'the brain was not large,' Mr. Combe states as follows :—

" In January, 1831, Mr. Lawrence Macdonald, sculptor, now settled in Rome, lived for several days at Abbotsford, and modelled a bust of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Macdonald was then a practical phrenologist. He knew that no bust, authentic in the measurements of Sir Walter's head, existed; and he bestowed every possible attention to render his work a true representation of nature. He assured me that he measured the size of the head in different directions with callipers, and preserved the dimensions in the clay; while he modelled every portion of the surface with the utmost care, so as to exhibit the outlines and proportions as exactly as his talents could accomplish. Sir Walter sat four hours at a time to him, dictating a romance all the time to his amanuensis, Mr. Laidlaw. Sir Walter's vigour, both bodily and mental, had by that time

declined; and his features had lost part of their mental expression. The bust bears evidence in the features, of this decay of power; but there is no reason to believe that the disease had, at that time, existed so long as to cause any diminution of the skull. This bust, therefore, forms the best record which now exists of the dimensions and relative proportions of the different parts of Sir Walter Scott's head."

The measurements follow, with the size of the respective organs, shewing that "the head was really large." "It will be remarked," adds Mr. Combe, "that cautiousness and conscientiousness are much inferior in size to benevolence and veneration; and this fact appears to me to coincide perfectly with Sir Walter's manifestations." Secretiveness is also "large," and acquisitiveness "full."

What follows is important, as presenting the admirably correct estimate which Mr. Combe has formed of Sir Walter Scott's actual powers:—

"I have seen a cast purporting to be one of Sir Walter Scott's head, and which is said to have been taken in Paris; but it is widely at variance with Mr. Macdonald's bust, and also with my recollection of Sir Walter's head; which I have seen at least a thousand times, and closely observed. It was the highest head from the ear to Veneration that I ever beheld, and in the lower region of the anterior lobe, as well as in Benevolence, Imitation, and Wonder, it had few equals. The only evidence which could be appealed to in support of the assertion of its being small, is the fact, that he wore a small hat; but the hat affords a measure of the *circumference only*, and not of the height or whole magnitude of the head, and therefore does not afford a measure of the size of the head that can be relied on for scientific purposes. In Sir Walter's head, the upper and lateral portions of the forehead were only full; Cautiousness was rather full, and Concentrativeness only moderately developed; which organs collectively determine the dimensions of the circumference of the hat; while the forehead and coronal region towered high into its artificial cavity, without rendering any enlargement in that quarter necessary.

"While, therefore, I controvert the statement that Sir Walter's brain was not large, and maintain that in the propensities, in the lower region of the anterior lobe, in the middle of the anterior lobe, and in the coronal region, it was actually large, I do not subscribe to the opinion that Sir Walter Scott stood in the highest rank of intellectual, and much less of general mental greatness. In exact correspondence with those regions of his brain which were large, he manifested vigorous observing and descriptive powers; with a vast insight into human feeling and action. But also in correspondence with those parts of the brain which were not largely developed, he was deficient in philosophic penetra-

tion and comprehensiveness: he has not struck out, or even adopted or embodied, any great moral or intellectual principle calculated to excite his race to improvement: and his poetry wants the splendid elevation of that of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron. In short, he was an extraordinary man in an extensive but still in a limited and secondary sphere; and this is all that truth permits us to say of his genius."

But I must hasten to a close with Dr. Roget, as there is yet another subject upon which it is my wish to treat. Towards the close of his letter to Dr. Roget, the writer thus expresses himself:—

"Pray have you left the system to sink or swim by its own strength, without any effort made against it by yourself? Has it not, on the contrary, been repudiated by you? And have you not, in the jesuitical essay calling forth this Letter in reply, endeavoured to procure its repudiation by others? Have not Drs. Brown, Gordon, Barclay, Tupper, Kidd, Hope, Sir Charles Bell, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Jeffrey, and many others of less note, with several of the Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, also repudiated the system? In the present day, indeed, it finds more numerous supporters than enemies; but this is just the natural result of a free discussion of doctrines founded in truth. The time, however, is not very long since Lord Jeffrey objected to Phrenology 'on the score of its novelty,' and boasted that the great body of the public concurred with him in repudiating it. That boast is now gone for ever. Though the great body of the public do not yet in any way support Phrenology, they do not repudiate it; and looking to the very numerous and able supporters of the science, in the present day, in contrast with the far fewer and (where able) mostly aged opponents still remaining, it requires little foresight to know that Phrenology must soon cease to be repudiated on the score either of novelty or of alleged extravagance. What authority will then be attached to your essay? What respect will then be associated with your name? The aspirant for posthumous reputation will have no reason to covet either the authority or the respect. Your article 'CRANIOSCOPY' would have been hereafter held only a pardonable error, having been written at a period when the discoveries of Gall were almost universally disputed in this country; but your article 'PHRENOLOGY' will cause your name to become a warning against injustice and prejudice. What share of credit might have otherwise attached to Dr. Roget, a physiologist, must now fade away from Dr. Roget, the anti-phrenologist. In thus writing against a subject, on which you are ignorant, you have rendered yourself an illustration of the poet's satire, that,

"A man must serve his time to every trade,  
Save censure—Critics all are ready made."

"By your manner of writing against that subject, you have, indeed, shown what the same poet calls

"A mind well-skilled to find or forge a fault ;" and for that, you may anticipate all the respect it is likely to procure you, either with cotemporaries or successors."

It must be in your recollection, Sir, that, at the last year's meeting of the British Association, at Newcastle, much discussion took place respecting the supposed skull of the notorious Eugene Aram. In the *Phrenological Journal*, Mr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, has very ably and interestingly taken up the subject. He observes :—

"In August last, when at Newcastle, attending the British Association's meeting, I was accosted in the street by a stranger, who asked me to accompany him to a sculptor's hard by, to see, as he said, a remarkable skull. On his assurance that it was the skull of a very uncommon character, I complied, and at the same time he introduced himself as Dr. Inglis, a physician at Rippon in Yorkshire. I had no hesitation, on the first glance at the skull, to declare that it must have contained the brain of a selfish, violent, and dangerous person, who was at the same time cunning, cautious, and dishonest, without moral control, with a limited intellect, but some taste and even poetical feeling. Having kept no note of this off-hand opinion, I cannot be precise as to its words, but I think that was its substance. I was then told by Dr. Inglis that I had in my hands the skull of the far-famed Eugene Aram, executed in 1759, for the murder of Daniel Clark, and hung in chains in the forest of Knaresborough ; and that he, Dr. Inglis, was to read a paper to the Medical Section of the Association in defence of Eugene Aram, when he was to exhibit the skull in proof of his innocence. Convinced as I was of the indications of the skull being all the other way, I said that if I had a doubt of the question of Aram's guilt before, the skull would have removed it."

It will be remembered, that when Dr. Inglis read his paper before the medical section, a long discussion followed upon the identity of the skull, as that of Eugene Aram. The moral evidence of that identity was, I think, perfect. By the attention of Dr. Inglis, Mr. Simpson was enabled to send a cast of the skull to Edinburgh just in time to be examined by Mr. George Combe previously to his departure for America. Here is the extraordinary result ;—

"Intimation of the person was given him in a sealed inclosure, which he was not to open till he had written down his opinion. With this injunction he so scrupulously obeyed, as to post his answer, confirmed by his brother, Dr. Andrew Combe, before he opened the inclosure. The joint written judgment of these eminent phrenologists, more deliberately given, is a striking confirmation of my own more hasty verbal

opinion. I received it before leaving Newcastle, and transmitted a copy without delay to Dr. Inglis. It is no inconsiderable item in the evidence of the identity itself, that so minutely finished a portrait of Eugene Aram, according to the current belief of his character, and the known and admitted facts concerning him, was thus drawn from inspection of the head alone :—

*Development and sketch of character by the Messrs. Combe.*

"Size average. Anterior lobe long, but neither high nor broad. Coronal region above Causality full above cautiousness rather small, except in firmness. Basilar region very large. Age, Temperament, and Education, not mentioned.

1. Amativeness, large.
2. Philoprogenitiveness, large.
3. Concentrativeness, moderate.
4. Adhesiveness, rather large.
5. Combaticiveness, very large.
6. Destructiveness, large.
7. Secretiveness, left side large.
8. Acquisitiveness, left side full.
9. Constructiveness, right rather large, left full.
- Alimentiveness, moderate on right, full on left.
10. Self-Esteem, large.
11. Love of Approbation, rather large.
12. Cautiousness, rather large.
13. Benevolence, full.
14. Veneration, rather large.
15. Firmness, rather large.
16. Conscientiousness, moderate.
17. Hope, small.
18. Wonder, full.
- ? moderate.
19. Ideality, full.
20. Wit, full.
21. Imitation, full.
22. Individuality, full.
23. Form, rather large.
24. Size, large.
25. Weight, full, but uncertain, from the sinus.
26. Colour, moderate.
27. Locality, moderate ; but sinus.
28. Number, moderate.
29. Order, small.
30. Event, full.
31. Time, rather large.
32. Tune, full.
33. Language, cannot tell in a cast. \*
34. Comparison, rather full.
35. Causality, full.

"The intellectual organs are well marked, but on a small scale.

"I am not informed concerning the education, rank in life, or temperament of the individual, the cast of whose skull has this day been sent to me. I can therefore speak only of his disposition and talents in general. The brain has been of an average size, indicating medium power of mind. The region of the lower propensities de-

\* The skull indicated Language large.

cidedly predominates. He might show considerable activity in the domestic affections, when not influenced by his temper, which was hot. He was irascible and vindictive. He was proud and essentially selfish, yet, to serve a purpose, he might exhibit great plausibility of manner. † His intellectual faculties were intense in action, rather than comprehensive and vigorous. He had talents for observation and for the sciences, which depend chiefly upon observation. His reflecting powers were good, but limited in comprehensiveness as well as in depth. He had some taste; possessed talents for the imitative arts, and could have been an actor. He was not a stranger to benevolent feeling; but his benevolence was greatly inferior to his selfishness. He was not scrupulous. ‡ The head, on the

† In the original draft of the character, which I have seen, Mr. Combe added here, but scored it out with pencil, "and could assume a softness and delicacy of speech and action forming a striking contrast to the cold, malignant, and self-seeking soul within."

‡ Here, again, in the first sketch were the fol-

whole, indicates a man of low natural dispositions, with as much of the higher powers as to render him dangerous by his talents and plausibility; but not enough of them to render him, in ordinary circumstances, amiable and virtuous. —Edinburgh, 31st August, 1838, G. C. This was checked by A. C."

If Dr. Roget possess common candour or honesty, I should like to know what he would say to this.

Excuse me, Sir, for trespassing so far upon your time and space.

I am, &c.

Θ

lowing striking words, but, like the former perhaps, thought strong, and scored out: "*His brain, on the whole, resembles very much that of David Haggart, who was a man of talents, but a thief and swindler by profession, and incidentally a murderer; only this individual had more taste and refinement, and less reflecting intellect, than Haggart.*"

### THE WRECK.

By the Author of "*The Siege of Zaragoza*," "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," "*Lyrical Poems*," &c.

THEY are gone, they are gone, to the unseen  
caves  
Of the wide and trackless deep,  
And of them no relic remains to show  
Where they lie in their lonely sleep.  
The sea-weed clings to their matted hair,  
And the coral rock is their quiet bed;  
No sigh breathes above their darksome bier,  
No dirge is sung o'er the ocean-dead,  
Save that of the mad and booming wave,  
As it speeds on its swift and reckless way,  
Or the wailing voice of the winter wind  
At the boding close of a stormy day.  
Their thoughts—their prayers—and their last  
wild words,  
Not one of the living may ever know;—  
They are buried where seeks the shark his prey  
In the cold and fathomless depths below.

Their loves—their hatreds—where are they now?  
In the gulph where rests all love and hate;  
No voice of the past is heard to tell  
Their name, their lineage, their former fate.  
What lips have smiled, and what eyes have wept  
For those who lie 'neath the briny wave,  
Is hidden—with many an untold tale  
That sleeps in many an unknown grave.  
The step of the WRECKER now profanes  
That deck which the feet of the dying trod;  
And his oath takes place of the frantic shriek  
That in life's last gurgle called upon God.  
A drifted spar, and a broken mast,  
And a board where their last sad meal was  
spread,  
Are all that remain to the wistful eye  
Of those the unshrouded—the nameless dead.  
L. S. S.

### LETTER OF BERNARD LINTOT THE BOOKSELLER.

From the Original in the Collection of a Lady.

Please to send the letter L of Mrs Philips's letters by the Waterman to be wrought off, the preface copy of Verses &c which you are so good to supply, will be next wanted, these I hope a Day or two will compleat and sent to Sr

June 28, 1728

Yr most oblidgd  
humble Servt  
BERNARD LINTOT

If James of Gardening on large paper be worth yr acceptance, tis at yr Service, the only favour I desire is that youd recommend it to yr Friends as you like.

If it be proper to present Mr Pope wth one, you will advise me. He may recommend it to many friends.

(Addressed) To  
Sr Clement Cotterel at  
Twickenam.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH BEFORE US.

### MARCH.

*Agémens of March.*—The Sage of the Weather.—Electioneering Preliminaries.—Birthdays.—Martial, the Epigrammatist.—“Remarkable Coincidence.”—Birth of the “Spectator.”—A Poetical Triumvirate: Waller, Davenant, and Otway.—Lord Somers.—Michael Angelo and Raffaele.—Guicciardini and Charles V.—Playfair.—Tasso.—Bishop Berkeley’s Modesty and Virtue.—Dr. Priestley and the Birmingham Riots.—Boileau.—Le Brun, Duke of Placentia.—Ovid the Poet, and the Queen of Hanover.—Rapin, the Historian.—Haydn and Beethoven.—Another “Remarkable Coincidence.”—S. Gesner, John Wesley, and Horace Walpole.—Saladin, Sultan of Egypt.—Correggio, the Painter; H. Warton, the Divine; Dr. Arne, the Composer; and Volta, the Experimental Philosopher.—Dr. Parr.—Lord Collingwood.—William III. and Sir William Chambers.—Rizzio, Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth of England.—Unengraved Portrait of Queen Elizabeth.—Beaumont and Fletcher.—Dryden, Shakspeare, and Manager Macready.—Messinger.—Dr. Clarke, the Traveller, and Mrs. Barbauld.—Sir John Denham and President West.—Dr. Gregory.—Archbishop Herring.—Admiral Byng, Mr. Croker, and Sir John Barrow.—Klopstock’s “Messiah,” and Milton’s “Paradise Lost.”—Julius Cæsar.—Dr. Burnet and his Ruined World.—Sir J. E. Smith.—Sir R. Walpole, Sterne, and Horne Tooke.—Captain Coram.—Sir Isaac Newton.—Cranmer and the Oxford Memorial.—Göethe and his Mignon.—Scott’s Plagiarisms.—Evelyn.—Sir John Vanburgh.—James I. and Bishop Stillingfleet.—Sir Ralph Abercromby.—William Hunter the Anatomist.—The Georgium Sidus, Pallas, and Vesta.—Eclipse of the Sun.—First Recorded Eclipse of the Moon.—Battle of Alexandria.—Peace of Amiens.—Sicilian Vespers.—The Allied Sovereigns in Paris.—Saint’s Days, and other Days of Note in March.

WERE it within the range of possibility, we should be desirous of saying something new about March; but March is as old as the hills; at all events, he has been March ever since the ancient Romans did him the honour of elevating him to the dignity of the first month of the year. In some parts of the world, he is a fine genial pleasant fellow: with us, on the other hand, he generally proves a month of wind and storm—cold, and keen, and fierce, and desiccating blasts—absorbing the vital juices of both man and beast. Yet after all, March is truly a spring month: in its progress the vegetable creation assumes new life; pile-wort, coltsfoot, daffodil, and the daisy are in bloom; sweet is the scent of the primrose and of the violet; and many a garden flower diffuses precious fragrance, and unveils its many-tinted charms. Birds, beasts, and fishes too, and reptiles and insects, are all alive and active: the moles begin to throw up their hillocks, the trouts begin to rise, the blood-worms appear in the water, and the smelt spawns. The lark, the linnet, and various other birds now delight us with their melodious strains.

Much of all this, however, depends upon the comparative mildness or severity of the season; and, were it not that we have been accustomed to translate Master Murphy’s predictions into their direct opposites, we

should be led into the belief that this year, March will prove surpassingly kind. According to Murphy, then, we are to have nineteen fair days in March: one of them with wind, another with blowing weather, two gloomy, two with a rise of temperature, two with frost, and one with a fall of thunder. Such is Murphy’s *fair* weather. Then he treats us with ten changeable days; one of them with hail showers, and another with the wind fresh from the south-west; and we have only two days of rain in the whole month. *Nous verrons.*

Whether we may be on the eve of a dissolution of the ministry, and a consequent general election, the fates have not apprised us; but it is necessary for politicians, electors, &c. to be awake in March. On the first of the month, auditors and assessors of boroughs are to be elected; Lady-day, as every body knows, occurs on the 25th, when, or within fourteen days afterwards, overseers are to be appointed; and, on the 28th, which happens to be the first Thursday after the 25th, the poor law guardians are to be chosen.

The birth-days of eminent men are numerous in March, as well as in every other month of the year. On the first of March, eighteen hundred and nine years ago, at Bilbils in Celtiberia—the Bubiera in modern Aragon—was born Marcus Va-

lerius Martialis, the epigrammatist; and some people, perhaps, may regard it as a very "remarkable coincidence," that Addison's *Spectator* was commenced exactly sixteen hundred and eighty-one years after the birth of Martial. With all its merit, the *Spectator*, as a new periodical, would not in the present day be regarded as a star of the first magnitude. As for Martial's epigrams, they present every shade of the beautiful and brilliant, with every shade of the coarse, the vulgar, and the insipid. One of the pleasantest has been thus rendered by Sir John Harrington:—

The golden hair that Galla wears,  
Is hers; who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it.

The third of March is yet more signalised as the anniversary of the birth of three English poets: Edmund Waller, in 1605; Sir William Davenant, in 1606; and Thomas Otway, in 1651.

Waller, sometimes styled the English Tibullus, excelled all his predecessors in harmonious versification. In his panegyric on Cromwell, he exceeded himself. His reply to Charles the Second, with reference to that production, that poets succeed best in fiction, is well known. Pope thought that he would have been a better poet had he entertained less admiration of people in power.

Sir William Davenant, aptly designated by Leigh Hunt, "as the restorer of the stage in his time, and the last of the deep-working poetical intellects of the age that followed that of Elizabeth," was proud of being considered, at the expense of his mother's virtue, a natural son of Shakespeare. Davenant succeeded to the laureateship on the death of Ben Jonson. He was a great favourite with the Earl of Newcastle, who appointed him lieutenant-general of his ordnance. It was Sir William Davenant who obtained a patent for the representation of dramatic pieces, at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's-inn-fields. The theatre was opened with a new play of his own, entitled *The Siege of Rhodes*, in which he introduced a variety of beautiful scenery and machinery. For the introduction of such decorations, the idea of which he took from the French theatres, the English stage is indebted to Sir William Davenant. He wrote about five-and-twenty dramatic pieces; also a heroic poem, called *Gondibert*, in

five acts, which is described as being rather a string of epigrams, than an epic poem. Of *Gondibert*, he wrote two books while in France. Some time afterwards he was confined a close prisoner in Cowes Castle, his life in the utmost suspense and danger, and subsequently sent up to the Tower of London for trial. In Cowes Castle, expecting to be hanged within a week, he pursued the composition of his poem, and even wrote to his friend Hobbes, giving an account of his progress, and offering criticisms on the nature of heroic poetry.

Otway was the son of a clergyman in Sussex. Leigh Hunt terms him "the poet of sensual pathos; for, affecting as he sometimes is, he knows no way to the heart, but through the senses." The horrible story of his having been choked by attempting too eagerly to swallow a piece of bread, of which he had been sometime in want, has been successfully controverted; but we believe there is no doubt that he died in his thirty-fourth year, at a public-house on Tower-hill, where he had secreted himself from his creditors, in a state of great destitution.

John Lord Somers, the son of an attorney, himself a lawyer and statesman, and one of the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, was born at Worcester on the 4th of March, 1650 or 1652. He was a man of great taste in literature, the patron of Addison and Steele, and the promoter of the fame of Milton.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, poet, painter, sculptor, and architect, was born of a noble family, at Arezzo, in Tuscany, on the 6th of March, 1474. He was the chief architect of St. Peter's church at Rome. Ariosto speaks of him as

"Michel, più che mortal, Angiol divino,—  
Michael, the more than man, Angel divine."

The flatness of the nose observable in the busts of Michael Angelo, is accounted for by the circumstance that, when at school, his play-fellow Torregiano, the sculptor, in a fit of passion, broke the bridge of his nose, with a blow of his fist. It has been contended, "that Raffaele, by a little exaggeration, could have done all that Michael Angelo did; whereas Michael Angelo could not have composed himself into the tranquil perfection of Raffaele." In our humble opinion, the genius of the two men was so essentially different as to disqualify them from being objects of comparison.

Francesco Guicciardini, historian, states-



man, and poet, the scion of a noble family, was born at Florence, on the 6th of March, 1482. Charles the Fifth, when his courtiers complained of the preference he gave to Guicciardini and his countrymen, replied, "I can make a hundred Spanish grandees in a minute, but I could not make one Guicciardini in a hundred years."

John Playfair, the mathematician and philosopher, who died in 1819, was born at Bervie, near Dundee, on the 10th of March, 1749.

Torquato Tasso, son of Bernardo Tasso, also a poet, found his birth-place at Sorrento, in the bay of Naples, where he first saw the light on the eleventh of March, 1544. His fatal passion for the Princess Leonora, of Este, sister of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, caused him years of imprisonment and misery. The Lament of Tasso is one of the noblest productions of Byron, one of the noblest of our bards. Its closing apostrophe is exquisite.

Of George Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne, and an eminent metaphysician, who was born near Kilkenny, on the twelfth of March, 1684, Pope said, he had "every virtue under Heaven." And Atterbury declared that, till he had seen Berkeley, "he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much endurance, and so much humility, had been the portion of any but angels." Bishop Berkeley had such a dislike of non-residence, that wishing to retire into a life of scholarship, he petitioned the King to be allowed to give up his bishopric, valued at £1,400 per annum. George the Second was so astonished and delighted at the request, that he declared he should "die a bishop in spite of himself." It is recorded that when Berkeley began life, he wrote in "The Guardian," and had a guinea and a dinner from Sir Richard Steele, for every paper he contributed.

On the thirteenth of March, one hundred and six years will have elapsed since the birth of Dr. Priestley, whose memory is identified with the Birmingham riots, which occurred shortly after the commencement of the French revolution. The most graphic account of these riots, will be found in the Life of William Hutton, the historian of Birmingham.

Boileau, the celebrated French poet, who enjoyed a reputation in his native country, similar to that of Pope in England, was born on the 16th of March, 1635 or 1636.

Charles Francis Le Brun, Duke of Placentia, whose name figures in the history of the French Revolution, was born at Constance, in Normandy, on the nineteenth of March, 1739. Having signed the Constitution that recalled the Bourbons, he was created a Peer of France, and appointed President of the first Bureau of the Chamber of Peers. After the return of Buonaparte, he accepted the peerage from him, and also the office of Grand Master of the University. Le Brun was a man of letters, as well as a statesman. In the early part of his life, he translated the Iliad and the Odyssey, and Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. He died in 1824.

The twentieth of March is the anniversary of the birth of Ovid, the poet, eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago; and also that of her Majesty Frederica Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Hanover, who was born in 1778. Her Majesty, the youngest daughter of his Serene Highness Frederick the Fifth, Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, was successively the wife and widow of Prince Louis of Prussia, and of Frederick-William, Prince of Salms Braunfels.

Paul Rapin De Thoyras, a native of Castres, in Languedoc, and author of the best History of England extant, excepting, perhaps, that of Turner, was born on the twenty-fifth of March, 1661. What would Hume have done, if Rapin had not lived before him?

The last of the birth-days which we shall this month record, is that of the illustrious Francis-Joseph Haydn, the Composer. He was born at Rorau, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna, on the thirty-first of March, 1732. By all lovers of music, Haydn's compositions are well known. He possessed an almost incredible acquaintance with every instrument which made a part of his orchestra. On the repeated solicitations of the celebrated Salomon, who was then about to give concerts in the city of London, and who offered Haydn fifty pounds for each concert, he visited England at the age of fifty-nine. While residing here, he had two supreme gratifications: the one was that of hearing Handel in the height of his reputation; the other, that of attending the ancient concerts, which then existed in great strength of talent, and strength of patronage.

By some it may be noticed, as another very "remarkable coincidence," that Beethoven should have died on the same day of

the month on which Haydn was born. This, however, did actually occur in the year 1827.

Of death-days of eminent individuals in March, the number is greater than that of birth-days. We shall notice a few.

Three individuals, each eminent in his day, and in the estimation of posterity, paid the great debt of nature on the 2nd of March: Solomon Gesner, the poet and painter, in 1788; John Wesley, the founder of the more numerous section of the Methodists, in 1791; and Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, in 1797. Gesner, a native of Zurich, was placed under a bookseller at Berlin, but he eloped from his master, and devoted himself to the sister arts of painting and poetry. Of his numerous pastoral and other poems, his *Death of Abel* is best known in this country. Walpole, the resident of Strawberry Hill, is remembered more for his love of literature and the arts, than for his abilities as a statesman. His *Castle of Otranto*, *Historic Doubts of the Life and Reign of Richard III.*, the *Mysterious Mother*, the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, are works in the enjoyment of durable fame.

Saladin, the famous Sultan of Egypt, defeated by Richard Cœur de Lion, and indebted for much of his modern celebrity to Sir Walter Scott, died on the 4th of March, 1193.

Antonio Allegri da Correggio, immortalized by the divinity of his productions as a painter, died on the 5th of March, 1534; Henry Wharton, *Divine*, *Antiquary*, and *Historian*, author of *Anglia Sacra*, and other works, on the same day, in 1695; Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, who composed the music for Thompson's and Mallet's *Masque of Alfred*, and for Milton's *Comus*, in 1778; and Alessandro Volta, the inventor of the Voltaic pile, or column of electricity, in 1826 or 1827. Dr. Arne, who was the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Cibber, composed also the music of *Artaxerxes*, and about thirty other dramatic pieces. Volta, who was born at Como, in 1745, was for 30 years Professor of Natural Philosophy, at Pavia, and he was made an Italian Count and Senator by Buonaparte.

It would be unpardonable were we not to remind our readers that Dr. Parr died on the 6th of March, 1835, at the age of 79.

On the 7th, in 1810, died Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, participator with Nelson in the glories of Trafalgar.

William III., Prince of Orange and Nassau, and successor of the Stuarts on the English throne, died on the 8th of March, 1703. Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, died on the 8th of March, 1796. Sir William, though of Scotch descent, was by birth a Swede, and his knighthood was conferred by the King of Sweden.

David Rizzio, the presumed favorite, in some senses of the word, of Mary Queen of Scots, was assassinated through the wretched imbecility of her husband, and the vindictive fury of his associates, on the 9th of March, 273 years ago. Mary's murderer, Queen Elizabeth, lived 37 years after the perpetration of this sanguinary act: she perished, a writhing victim of remorse, on the 24th of March, 1603. In the Preface to Mrs. Bray's admirable historic romance, *Trelawney of Trelawne*, we find the following vivid description of a portrait of Elizabeth, which was presented by her to the "handsome Sir Jonathan Trelawney." It is still hanging in one of the apartments of the family mansion of Trelawney, in Cornwall, and is understood to have never been engraved. Its transfer from canvas to copper or steel, by the burin of Robinson, or of Bromley, would be the means of enriching many a collection.

"It represents her when young. The hair is sandy, the complexion fair, a slight colour in the cheeks, the forehead high and broad, the eyes grey, a short compressed chin, with a small mouth. The whole possesses quite sufficient pretensions to beauty to make any flattery on the subject that might have been paid to the woman pass unsuspected by the queen. The countenance is serious, indicative of good sense, with no want of firmness of character; but there is nothing of that deep expression, that elevation of mind, which tells of imaginative powers and nicely sensitive feelings. The likeness, I have no doubt, was faithful, allowing for difference of age in the same person. This portrait of Elizabeth reminded me of her as she appeared so admirably sculptured in the effigy on her tomb. I understand that there has been some difference of opinion as to the time in which this was painted; but from a long and intimate acquaintance with old pictures, I do not hesitate to say, (confirmed as the opinion is by the style in which the figure is dressed,) that it was executed in the reign of her sis-

ter, Queen Mary, as the gown is of that true Spanish cut which Mary introduced at court as a compliment to her husband, after her marriage with the bigotted King Philip. The waist is long, and stiff as a piece of armour; the stomacher part of gold, on white satin of diaper work, consisting of roses, acorns, and oak leaves. The purple dress is decorated, over the long sleeves, with pearls in roses. The head is enriched with gems, and a jewel appears in the front above the forehead. She has five rounds of massive gold chain over her shoulders, and a smaller chain of gold round the throat; her cuffs are of lace."

Francis Beaumont, associate dramatist of John Fletcher, was descended from a very ancient family of that name, seated at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. Beaumont is said to have been remarkable for the accuracy of his judgment; Fletcher, for the force of his imagination. In Dryden's time, two of their plays were acted for one of Shakspeare's. In the present time, while Shakspeare's dramas are (thanks to Macready at Covent Garden Theatre) furnished as our nightly fare, those of Beaumont and Fletcher, though excellent in their kind, are only occasionally produced, and after they have been subjected to the hatchet rather than the pruning-knife of the critic. Beaumont died on the 9th of March, 1616; Fletcher, in 1625. Philip Massinger, perhaps second only to Shakspeare, died on the 17th of March, 1640, and is said to have been buried in the same grave with Fletcher in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Massinger published fourteen plays of his own writing, and had a share with Middleton, Rowley, and Decker, in several others. The best edition of his works, edited by William Gifford, was published a few years ago, by Murray. He was regarded as a very expeditious writer.

"His easy Pegasus will ramble o'er  
Some three score miles of fancy in an hour."

Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller, and professor of mineralogy at Cambridge, died on the 11th of March, 1822; and Anne Letitia Barbauld, daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, and one of the most popular female writers of the age, died on the same day of the month, in 1825, at the age of eighty-two.

Sir John Denham, the poet, who attended Charles II. in his exile, died on the 10th of March, 1668. Benjamin West, President

of the Royal Academy, who, though an American by birth, contributed more towards the elevation of the character of historic design in this country than any other artist whom we have a right to claim, died on the same day of the month, in 1820. West was a man of great talent rather than of splendid genius. No one was better acquainted with composition and the details of the art than West.

Dr. George Gregory, the divine, (not John Gregory, the physician, who wrote an abominably mischievous book, entitled a *Father's Legacy to his Daughters*.) died on the 12th of March, 1808. We are indebted to him for the *Life of Chatterton*, the *Economy of Nature*, and many other valuable works.

On the 13th, at the age of sixty-four, died Thomas Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in the rebellion of 1745, exerted himself with great zeal in defence of the Government.

Admiral Byng was shot on the 14th of March, 1757. Respecting the death of this ill-fated individual, Mr. Croker, in his notes to Boswell's Johnson, and Sir John Barrow, in his recently-published *Life of Lord Anson*, are at issue; the former contending that Byng did not, the latter that he did, fall a victim to political party. On collating the proofs and arguments of these two writers, we cannot but pronounce the preponderance of evidence to be in the affirmative; in fact, that Byng's execution was a judicial murder. The court martial had no option in returning their verdict; but the law by which Admiral Byng was sentenced to death was cruel and detestable, and, in consequence, was subsequently repealed.

Frederic Theophilus Klopstock, the great German poet, author of the *Messiah*, &c., died on the 14th of March, 1803, at the age of seventy-nine. His countrymen were accustomed to anticipate that the *Messiah* would eclipse Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Their anticipations on that point, however, have not been realised.

On the 15th of March, 1883 years ago, Julius Cæsar was assassinated in the Capitol.

Dr. Burnet, the celebrated theorist, whose work entitled *Archæologia Antiqua de Rerum Originibus* excited a lively interest in the philosophical world, died on the 17th of March, 1715. The great feature of his book is that the earth is merely the wreck of a planet. On the same day of the month, in

1828, died Sir James Edward Smith, an eminent physician and naturalist. He established the Linnæan Society, was its first president, and was knighted by George IV.

Sir Robert Walpole, the statesman, Laurence Sterne, the sentimentalist, and Horne Tooke the politician and philologist, all died on the 18th of March: the first, in 1745; the second in 1768; the third, in 1812.

Captain Thomas Coram, the eccentric but benevolent builder of the Foundling Hospital, died on the 19th of March, 1751.

On the same day of the month, in 1727, died Sir Isaac Newton.

On the 21st of March, in 1556, Thomas Cramer, Archbishop of Canterbury, perished at the stake, a martyr to the faith which he had previously abjured. It has recently been determined at Oxford, that a church shall be built in commemoration of the event. Whether the memorial should be a church or a statue was a question long mooted.

Goëthe, the greatest, the most varied, the sublimest genius of modern times, (whatever Christopher North, gifted as he is, may insist upon to the contrary,) expired on the 22nd of March, 1832. Commenting on this event, the writer of the present notice thus expressed himself a twelvemonth ago:—

“His Faust and his Wilhelm Meister, to say nothing of a thousand other wonderful productions, are works of immortality. Indeed, had his creative mind never given birth to aught but the character of Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister, he would have immortalised himself beyond any other writer that has appeared for centuries. Since the days of Shakspeare, nothing can for a moment be placed in competition with Mignon. She is a creation, a vivid palpable existence of truly divine origin. How well did Sir Walter Scott understand this when he meanly, we had almost said basely, stole the character of Mignon, and, as the gypsies treat the hapless children whom they steal, so disguised and mutilated it, that it was scarcely to be recognised even by its legitimate parent. We hardly need say that we allude to the poverty-struck plagiarism of Fenella, in the novel of Peveril of the Peak. The German language was comparatively little understood at the time when the theft was committed, and detection probably was not anticipated. However, with that utter want of tact, of which we could not have suspected Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart has, for the last eight or nine months, been incessantly labouring to remove the idol of the ignorant and of the prejudiced from the pedestal which it has long unjustly occupied. Thanks to Mr. Lockhart for his pains.”

Kotzebue, another popular German writer, was assassinated on the 23rd of March, 1819; and ten years afterwards, on the same day of the month, died Weber, the prince of modern musical composers.

John Evelyn, a writer particularly skilled in horticulture, painting, engraving, architecture, and numismatics, upon all of which he published treatises, died on the 24th of March, 1706, at the age of 86. His chief work was “*Sylvia, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, &c.*,” the first book that was published by order of the Royal Society. Evelyn's *Memoirs, Diary, Correspondence, &c.*, published in 1819, constitute one of the pleasantest reading books of the age. Of his garden, at Say's Court, near Deptford—one of the finest in the kingdom—a curious account is given in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Sir John Vanbrugh, dramatist and architect, a contemporary and friend of Congreve, died of a quinsy, at Whitehall, on the 26th of March, 1726. Sir John was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, deriving its immediate origin from France, though probably of Dutch extraction. Blenheim, in Oxfordshire—Claremont, in Surrey—and the old Opera House, in the Haymarket, were of his construction. When Betterton and Congreve obtained a patent for erecting a theatre in the Haymarket, Vanbrugh wrote *The Confederacy*, at once the wittiest and most licentious of all his productions. He and Congreve were special objects of Collier's attack, in that writer's work on the profaneness and immorality of the stage.

Dr. James Hutton, author of the Plutonian theory of Geology, according to which, fire is the chief agent in the structure of the earth, died on the 26th of March, 1797.

On the 27th of March, 1625, died James I.; and, on the same day of that month, in 1699, died Benjamin Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, author of several erudite, pious, and philosophical works. Sir Kenelm Digby imputes the strong aversion which James I. had to a drawn sword, to the fright his mother was in during her pregnancy, at the sight of the swords with which Rizzio was assassinated in her presence. “Hence it came,” says he, “that her son, king James, had such an aversion, all his life-time, to a naked sword, that he could not see one without a great emotion of the spirits, although

otherwise courageous enough; yet he could not overmaster his passions in this particular. I remember when he dubbed me knight, in the ceremony of putting the point of a naked sword upon my shoulder, he could not endure to look upon it, but turned his face another way; insomuch that, in lieu of touching my shoulder, he had almost thrust the point into my eyes, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright." This monarch gained some credit by his book of instructions to his son Henry, entitled *Basilicon Doron*, which indicated an acquaintance with the theory of government; but his *Damologia* was feeble and pedantic; and his *Counterblast to Tobacco* would be laughed to scorn by the cigar-smokers of our time. James's verse was still worse than his prose.

General Sir Ralph Abercromby, the hero of Alexandria, died on the 28th of March, 1801, a week after his grand victory.

On the 30th, William Hunter, the anatomist will have been dead fifty-six years.

March is a memorable month for astronomical phenomena. The late Sir William Herschell discovered the Georgium Sidus on the 13th, 1781. On the afternoon of Friday the 15th, there will be an eclipse of the sun, commencing at twenty-three minutes past three, and ending at four minutes past four. On the 19th, 2,559 years will have elapsed since the first recorded eclipse of the moon. On the 28th of this month, 1802, Dr. Olbers discovered the planet Pallas; and on the 29th, 1807, the same astronomer discovered Vesta.

The battle of Alexandria, in which Abercromby received his death-wound, was fought on the 21st of March, 1801; on the 27th, 1802, the peace, or "hollow armed truce," of Amiens was ratified; on the 30th, in 1282, occurred the memorable

Sicilian Vespers; on the 31st, in 1814, the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris.

Numerous are the days of note, civil and religious, in March, 1839. For many curious and amusing details respecting the latter, the reader may, when we shall have enumerated them, refer to Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, Brady's *Clavis Calendar*, Hone's *Everyday Book*, &c.

The 1st of March is the festival of St. David, uncle to the famous Prince Arthur, and patron of Wales. Had he lived in our day, he would have been elected patron also of the Temperance Societies; for he ate nothing but vegetables, and drank nothing but milk and water. Having founded twelve monasteries, he was borne to Heaven by a troop of angels;—so, at least, we are told.

St. Chad, the founder of the see of Lichfield in the seventh century, was accustomed to have his virtues annually celebrated on the 2nd of March. St. Chad's well, formerly regarded as of medical if not of miraculous virtue, is, or was recently, in existence nearly at the bottom of the Gray's Inn Lane Road, on the approach to Battle Bridge.

St. Winwaloe, another abstinent and self-punishing saint, who makes a great figure in the legends of the Romish church, had her festival on the 3d.

The seventh is the day of St. Perpetua; the 12th that of St. Gregory; the 17th that of St. Patrick; the 18th that of St. Shelah, the wife, mother, or sister, nobody knows which, of St. Patrick; the 21st that of St. Benedict, when the Spring quarter commences. On the 22nd, Cambridge Term ends; on the day following that of Oxford. The 24th is Palm Sunday; the 25th Lady Day; the 28th Maunday Thursday; the 29th Good Friday; the 31st Easter Sunday; and then—hey for the holidays!

#### A RECEIPT OF JOHN NOURSE, BOOKSELLER TO DR. POCOCKE.

*From the Collection of a Lady.*

April the 7th 1743 Received of the Rev. Dr. Pococke Seven Copies of his first Volume of *The Description of the East* for which I promise to pay him Nine Guineas When Sold or in proportion for any Number I Shall use to return the Remainder.

JOHN NOURSE

P

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History of the Rise and Progress of the New British Province of South Australia.* By John Stephens. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

IN a preceding sheet (p. 143), we noticed Mr. Gouger's "*South Australia in 1837*," as "a cheap, compact, and very excellent little manual for the emigrant and settler." The volume now before us, upon a larger scale, but in the same spirit, includes particulars descriptive of the soil, climate, natural productions, &c. of South Australia, and proofs of its superiority to all other British colonies; embracing also a full account of the Australian Company, with hints to various classes of emigrants, and numerous letters from settlers concerning wages, provisions, their satisfaction with the colony, &c." From Mr. Stephens's Preface, we learn, that a previous edition of this work having been disposed of, under the title of "*The Land of Promise*," the author was induced, by the suggestions of experienced friends, to extend his plan, and re-produce it, with the authority of his name, in its present form. We consider the determination to have been judicious. And now—

"The author ventures to persuade himself that those who may read these pages with a view to come at the real merits of the self-supporting colony, will arrive at the same conclusion with him, and will be led to regard the province of South Australia as offering, to capitalists and labourers alike, the best prospect of securing that easy and peaceful independence which is now so rarely to be witnessed amongst the tradesmen, agriculturists, and mechanics of this crowded Isle."

Here is an important point in favour of South Australia as a settlement:

"In the old colonies vast tracts of land were granted to favourites: in South Australia no land whatever is granted on any other terms than the payment of a fixed price per acre. In the old colonies there has always been a deficiency of labourers; and, if capitalists imported them, land was so cheap that they immediately ceased to work for hire, and without adequate capital began to be farmers on their own account; the result of which was, that the largest possible quantity of land was cultivated in the worst possible manner. But in South Australia a remedy at once simple and effectual has been provided; the whole net proceeds of the sales of land being appropriated to give a free passage to young and industrious emigrants of both sexes; by which means the capitalist will be insured an adequate supply of labour. Thus the purchaser does not buy land so much as the facility of obtaining combined labour—that which alone makes land valuable. Here, then, is the first at-

tempt in the history of colonization, to plant a colony upon correct principles, to ensure to the labourer employment, and to the capitalist an ample supply of labour."

Again:—

"The distinguishing features in the constitution of South Australia are chiefly these:—that it is a free colony, the locations gradually diverge from a common centre, that the land is sold at a fixed price, and that the money accruing from the sale of land is devoted to the supply of labour by gratuitous transport."

Of the climate, seasons, &c., Mr. Stephens thus speaks:—

"Australia being the antipodes of England, when it is summer with us it is winter there, and *vice versa*. The months of December, January, and February, form its summer quarter; when the atmosphere, though hot during the day, is, nevertheless, not at all debilitating, a cool, bracing breeze setting in towards evening. Our June, July, and August, form the Australian winter, which is there a season of rain, rather than snow; for, though there are sometimes slight frosts, all traces of these disappear on the rising of the sun. During these months, however, a fire is certainly agreeable in the morning and evening. Australia being so much farther east than England, the sun rises there ten hours sooner than with us. At noon the temperature is higher than in England in the corresponding seasons; but there is little difference in the mornings and evenings. The Australian sky is usually clear and brilliant, and the atmosphere dry, pure, and elastic. In the summer season a haze sometimes hangs over the lagoons and rivers; but it disappears before the first rays of sun."

Mr. Stephens cites numerous authorities to shew, that no doubt remains as to the capabilities of the soil of South Australia. There does not appear to be a single species of vegetable that cannot be cultivated with success, except those with which the climate is at variance.

"All the authenticated accounts we have seen, agree as to the fertility of the soil, and most of the settlers speak quite rapturously on the subject, comparing it to the richest parts of our own country. Nor is this unanimous judgment founded merely on an inspection of the earth, or on the verdant aspect of its spontaneous productions, even in the depth of winter; but the inference drawn from these appearances, has been confirmed by the success which has so far crowned every experiment in horticulture, and from the other ocular proofs afforded by the

greatly improved condition of even the working cattle."

The aborigines of South Australia are represented in a much more favourable light than that in which they have customarily been received. They are mild, intelligent, and docile. On this subject, Mr. Stephens quotes the testimony of Major Mitchell:—

"My experience enables me to speak in the most favourable terms of the aborigines, whose degraded position in the midst of the white population, affords no just criterion of their merits. *The quickness of apprehension of THOSE IN THE INTERIOR was very extraordinary*; for nothing in all the complicated adaptations we carried with us either surprised or puzzled them. They are never awkward; on the contrary, in manners and general intelligence, they appear superior to any class of white rustics that I have seen. Their powers of mimicry seem extraordinary, and their shrewdness shines even through the medium of imperfect language, and renders them, in general, very agreeable companions.' The major makes a similar remark respecting a party of natives he fell in with on reaching the Darling. 'Nothing,' says he, 'seemed to excite their surprise, neither horses nor bullocks, although they had never before seen such animals, nor white men, carts, weapons, dress, or any thing else we had. All were quite new to them, and equally strange; yet they beheld the cattle as if they had been always amongst them, and seemed to understand the use of every thing at once.'" \* \* \* \*

"Their weapons are few and simple. The spear and throwing-stick for distant use; and the waddy and dirk, made of kangaroo-bone or some hard wood, for close quarters, are their only offensive arms. They carry, also, a small diamond-shaped shield, made of the bark of the gum tree. The boomerang of New South Wales, and the bow and arrow of the natives of the northern coast, are never seen among them. They are very expert at throwing the spear; some of them will make sure of their mark at fifty yards; the generality of them can at thirty yards.

"They make a practice of taking the life of one of any tribe who may have taken the life of one of theirs; and this without regard to the grounds of the provocation. Indeed, according to the confessions of some of the native females who have acquired a little English by living with the whalers, murder does not appear to be considered a crime amongst them; entailing no disgrace, but only exposing the perpetrator to the retribution of the avenger of blood, whose right to exercise his sanguinary office is admitted; and, when once exercised, no more is thought about it.

"Although it is quite clear, as already stated, that the natives believe in the existence of a spirit, whom they consider the author of ill, and fear, but do not worship, it is not as yet known

that they have any religious rites or ceremonies; nor have they been detected in any observance indicative of an idea of the existence of a Supreme Being. An interesting fact, however, occurred in the month of September, 1837, which would seem to show that they are not altogether without 'light.' A native boy who had acquired a smattering of English, was accused of theft. He stoutly denied the charge, and appealed, for a confirmation of his denial, to his father and mother, both of whom were dead. This evinces some notion of a future state; and it is probable that these, like so many other barbarians, of both ancient and modern date, have vague notions of the existence of a good, as well as of an evil spirit."

Amongst the illustrations of this volume, we find an elaborately laid out plan of the City of Adelaide, with the acre allotments, now numbered, as surveyed and drawn by Colonel Light.

"The city of Adelaide lies, for the most part, upon two hills of limestone, and the rest upon a fine clay, in latitude 34 deg. 57 min. S., long. 138 deg. 38 min. E., on the eastern side of the Gulf St. Vincent, nearly six miles from the sea, and about the same distance from a beautiful range of hills, of which Mount Lofty is the most prominent. It is divided into two unequal parts by the river Torrens, (called by the natives Yitalla,) in summer a small stream, but in winter literally a *torrent*, with deep pools at intervals, rising in the mountains, and expending itself in the swamp, into which a branch of the harbour has been found to emerge. The stream, if dammed up, as proposed, at some distance below the site of the town, so as to retain about ten feet more water, would form a most picturesque and beautiful river, intersecting, in its course, the eastern and western divisions of the city. The situation of the city is very fine, whether approached from the harbour or from Holdfast Bay; the road from both these places is over an extensive plain, lightly timbered. Its greatest drawback (the not being a sea-port, a disadvantage which has been severely felt by the first settlers, whose means of transport were necessarily limited) may be remedied by the settlement of Port Adelaide (distant about six miles), and where, indeed, 29 acres were selected with that view, by the purchasers of the preliminary sections; and also by the formation of a railroad or canal, for either of which the country is admirably adapted, being almost a dead level from the port to the foot of the rising ground on which the city is constructed. In all other respects the situation is unexceptionable." \* \*

"The golden hopes and well-grounded anticipations of the commissioners have already, in part, been realized in this infant colony; for, ever since the foundation-stone was laid, the value of the town lots has been rapidly increasing. Through the demand made by new comers from England, or from the surrounding colonies, they have sold at 50% per acre; and an intelligent proprietor of about fifty acres says, 'I

value mine, one with another, at 100*l.* each.' Mr. Morphett, too, in a letter to his constituents, says,—'The price of town land is increasing so rapidly, that, in the course of a year or two, I should not be surprised at its fetching from 100*l.* to 300*l.* per acre.' \* \* \* \*

"A considerable rise has, it appears, already taken place in the value of rural land, as well as the town lots, owing in part to emigration from the neighbouring colonies. The holders of the preliminary sections gave but 12*s.* an acre for them, and can now readily obtain 2*l.*; but they are by no means anxious to sell."

The formation of another town, adapted for trading as well as for agricultural purposes, is contemplated.

The rearing and feeding of sheep and cattle are going forward most auspiciously.

"The first fruits of the splendid feeding grounds of South Australia have already reached this country. On the 28th of August, the *Orator*, Terry, *via* Mauritius, brought four bales of wool shipped at Port Adelaide in December last, being the first clip of a South Australian flock. This is the second import from the colony—the first being 150 barrels of sperm oil, by the *Rapid*, for the South Australian Company. Both may be regarded as an earnest of the future staple of the colony; and, small as is the quantity, it is exceedingly gratifying to know that the two great branches of the colonial trade, the wool trade and the whaling trade, have been so speedily and so auspiciously commenced."

The entire population of South Australia is now estimated at about 6000.

We learn that

"A sort of pleasure town or watering-place will also be established, which in all probability will attract invalids from India, who at present are obliged either to make a long voyage to England, where the climate is inferior and less suitable than that of South Australia, or are compelled to undergo the fatigue of an inland journey to a temperate northern latitude."

The most unfavourable point that we have yet encountered in the perusal of Mr. Stephens's volume, is that

"South Australia is distinguished from all other British colonies, by the circumstance that no provision has been made by the state for the promotion of religion. The voluntary principle will, therefore, be fairly put to the test. It is yet too early to decide the question; but considerable activity has been manifested in providing, by voluntary subscriptions, for the spiritual necessities of the settlers."

However, an association formed in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has assisted such of the colonists as were attached to the established religion; and, on the 26th of January, 1838, the foundation of a new stone church was laid. The clergyman,

the Rev. C. B. Howard, is to receive from the colonial government a yearly stipend of 250*l.*, no fees of office whatever being allowed. The Wesleyan methodists have a rather numerous congregation; and there are various other dissenting sects in the colony.

"Arrangements have been made to provide sound moral and religious education for the rising generation of South Australia, by the establishment of a school for the children of the emigrants, and one upon an extensive scale, for the purpose of providing the means of superior education for the children of the higher classes of the colonists, not only of South Australia, but of Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales."

Provisions and clothing of all sorts bear very high prices in South Australia; but wages are still higher in proportion. Labouring men get from 5*s.* to 7*s.* *per diem*; mechanics, from 7*s.* to 10*s.* or 2*l.* per week, with their victuals. An able blacksmith may make 20*s.* *per diem*, and not work so hard as in England for 7*s.* A labourer says, a man and his wife may live on 16*s.* a-week, and save 20*s.*

The general and detailed views which Mr. Stephens gives of the state of the colony, are altogether of the most satisfactory description.

*Ball's Graphic Library for Domestic Instruction.*

*The Life of Christ Illustrated. Part I.*

Small 4to. pp. 48. Ball and Co. 1839.

THERE is abundant room for a publication so desirable as this in its religious character, so beautiful in its graphic and typographic execution. From its prospectus we learn, that sacred biography, biblical antiquities, geography, &c., are intended to form some of the earliest subjects of the series. The "*Life of Christ*," the first of the series, is to consist of four parts, respectively illustrating the exaltation, humiliation, miracles, discourses, parables, and examples of the Saviour. The text is to "consist of the words of the authorised version of the sacred narrative, with a commentary of the choicest and most beautiful passages selected from the writings of about one hundred celebrated Divines of every Christian denomination; and the wood-cut illustrations are promised to be "taken from the greatest works of the ancient and modern masters."

So far as we are enabled to judge from the Part before us, the execution of the work is likely to prove in all respects satisfactory. The literary portion seems to be judiciously selected and arranged; the paper and print are excellent; and the engravings, though not in every instance of the highest quality of art, are spirited and generally effective. There are in Part I. above fourteen subjects; and in the entire work (*The Life of Christ*) there are to be eighty-four; thirty-six representing the grand incidents of the life, and forty-eight head and tail-pieces. Twelve of the designs in No. I. are from paint-



ings by Spagnoletto, Overbach, Seghers, Guido, Vandyke, Raffaele, and Cassas.

We must be allowed to remark, that the drawing, though very elaborate, is in several instances defective; but, with one or two exceptions, the work of the engraver is well done; and with one or two exceptions also, the cuts have the advantage of having been remarkably well printed.

We heartily wish this publication success.

*Stammering practically considered; with the Treatment in Detail.* By T. Bartlett, Assistant Surgeon to the King's Own Light Infantry, 12mo. Sherwood and Co. 1839.

MR. BARTLETT is obviously a practical man—one who perfectly understands the subject of which he treats; and with him, and Sheridan, the great teacher of elocution, we are decidedly of opinion, "that, of the multitude of instances which offer, of a vitiated articulation, there is not one in a thousand which proceeds from any natural defect or impediment." Mr. Bartlett, indeed, asserts, and, according to our judgment, completely establishes the position, that,—

"So far from its being true that stammering is caused by malformation, it will be clearly proved that perfect articulation may take place, when the most important organs of speech have met with extensive injuries of a very severe and dangerous description, apparently rendering any articulation perfectly impossible."

Here are some remarks which particularly claim the attention of parents:—

"A knowledge of the correct mode of forming the different letters is of essential service to the stammerer, and to those who imagine they are not capable of pronouncing certain letters. I never yet saw any person, having no deficiency of structure, who, with proper tuition, could not pronounce every letter in the alphabet. When attempting a particular letter, to pronounce which there is an habitual difficulty, the trial should be made with extreme slowness and precision: this holds good, not only with respect to letters, but also to words: in the latter instance, every syllable must be distinctly pronounced. From a difficulty experienced in the first attempts to pronounce a letter, the child—it most generally occurring in children—considers that it cannot be done, and consequently, when it is attempted to be spoken, it is with fear and trepidation: and, now, it frequently happens that the mother is angry with and scolds the child, which in many cases actually produces the very evil which it was intended to prevent. Instead of blaming the child, let the parent study the rules at the latter part of this essay, and the manner in which each letter is formed, and entice her child to follow her directions; this cannot be effected either by blows or by threats: if properly managed, the child will endeavour to please its parent. If this course be pursued, it will be found that the difficulty

will very soon disappear; but if, instead of following this plan of treatment, the friends blame and chastise, there exists a very strong probability, that, instead of curing the child of its supposed incapability of articulating one letter, they will be the means of making it incapable of pronouncing many: and this, I fear, occurs not infrequently. The prevention of an evil is at all times easier than its cure."

In the course of his Essay Mr. Bartlett adduces several very extraordinary cases of suffering and of cure; and his rules are so extremely simple, that they may be successfully acted upon by any intelligent person. These are his closing remarks:—

"The reasons why stammerers can sing with such facility, are, First, in singing, the accent is laid on the vowels only, which I have shewn to be the easier of pronunciation. Languages abounding in vowels are peculiarly fitted for singing. It is supposed by some that the Italians owe their superiority in music to their smooth and sonorous language. Secondly, there is at all times a sufficiency of air for articulation; all persons being aware that a full chest is indispensable to good effect in singing. Thirdly, the modulation materially assists the stammerer. Fourthly, in the vast majority of songs, the words are articulated much slower than in common conversation; and, Fifthly, the stammerer is aware that he can at any time, if desirable, sing the air, without articulating the words of the song. This circumstance is of great utility to him, from his knowing that he need not use the organs of speech: he possesses confidence, and can very frequently articulate with perfect ease, although if he felt compelled to sing the words as well as the air of the song, he could not accomplish it. How frequently has it occurred to me to hear a stammerer, after singing with perfect distinctness the words of a song, utter the most disagreeable noises in endeavouring to return thanks for the plaudits of his friends.

*Heads of the People taken off, by Quizzicks.* No. IV. Tyas, 1839.

THIS clever and spirited little work, popular as it is in England appears to be still more popular in France. It is actually in the course of weekly republication at Paris in a style that may be pronounced almost splendid; each of the "Heads," with its appropriate literary illustration, constituting a part, on large fine paper, with handsome head and tail pieces, ornamental letters, &c., and all for six sous!

The Heads in No. IV. are:—the Monthly Nurse, the Auctioneer, the Landlady, and the Parlour Orator: the first illustrated by Leigh Hunt; the second by Douglas Jerrold, as Henry Brownrigg; the third and fourth by Charles Whitehead.

From the Monthly Nurse we subjoin a few brief *excerpts* :—

"The Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence."

Her qualities :—

"She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have." \* \* \* "She has not the relish for a 'bit o' dinner' that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at a 'dish o' tea,' or at that which 'keeps cold out of the stomach,' and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope."

Consolations and enjoyments :—

"Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner-cupboard, and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life, is when lady and bady are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a 'counteraction')—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box."

Estimation of character :—

"Her first endeavour, when she comes into a house, is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this object, she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband

(as she tells him) 'can never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account;' or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentlemen, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about 'natural living,' and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or 'master,' as the humbler ones call him—is, accordingly as he behaves himself, and receives her revelations for gospel, a 'sweet good man'—'quite a gentleman'—'just the very model of a husband for mistress,' &c. &c.; or, on the other hand, he is a 'very strange gentleman'—'quite an oddity'—one that is 'not to be taught his own good'—that will "neither be led nor *druv*"—that will 'be the death of the mistress with his constant *fidge-fidge* in and out of the room"—and his making her 'laugh in that dreadful manner,' and so forth;—and, as to his 'pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candlestick.'"

Likes and dislikes of the doctor :—

"If she likes him, there 'never *was* such a beautiful doctor,' except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Buttermouth (both dead), and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a 'fine man'—so patient—so without pride—and yet 'so firm, like;' nobody comes near him for a difficult case—for a fever case—for the management of a 'violent lady.' If she dislikes him, he is 'queer'—'odd'—'stubborn'—has the 'new ways,'—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she had been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court."

The duration of her reign :—

"The *Dieu et Mon Droit* of her escutcheon—is 'During the month.' This phrase she has always at hand, like a sceptre, wherewith to assert her privileges, and put down objection. 'During the month,' the lady is not to read a book. 'During the month,' nobody is to lay a finger on the bed for the purpose of making it, till her decree goes forth. 'During the month,' the muffle of the knocker is at her disposal."

The husband :—

"'During the month,' the husband is to be nobody, except as far as she thinks fit, not even (for the first week or so) to his putting his head in at the door. You would take him to be the last man who had any thing to do with the business. However, for her own sake, she generally contrives to condescend to become friends with him, and he is then received into high favour—is invited to tea with his wife, at some 'unusually early' period; and Nurse makes a bit of buttered toast for 'master' with her own hand, and not only repeats that 'baby is as like him as two peas' (which it always is, the moment it is born, if the lady's inclination is supposed to set that way), but tells him that she fears he is 'a sad charming gentleman,' for that 'mistress talks of him in her sleep.'"

## Babies :—

"The babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, to be sure :—and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and 'the child is father to the man,' mankind, according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full grown; and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms."

## Fat pig :—

"By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill-used of infant elegancies, if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig; and, when it is sleepy and yet will 'not go to sleep' (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea), or when it is 'fractious' for not having had *enough* pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear, that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair, will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back, and jolting of its very soul out, will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation, prostrate across the nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with 'brats,' and 'drat it,' and 'was there ever such an 'obstropulous' little devil!' while her lips are loud in deprecation of the 'naughty milk, or the 'naughty cot' which is to be beaten for its ill-behaviour); and 'Dordie' (Georgy) is told to 'go' to a mysterious place, called 'Bye-Bye,' or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of 'Was it a poppet then?' and 'Did it break its pretty heart?' up to the future glories of 'Shall it be a King then?' 'Shall it be a King Pepin?' 'Shall it be a Princy-winchy?' a 'Countess?' a 'Duchess?' 'Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?' In the midst of tragicomic burlesque of this sort, have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shakspeares."

By this time we think even our *unmarried* readers may have acquired some notion of the "sort of animal" that may be expected to present itself under the designation of a "Monthly Nurse."

As a piece of broad—very broad—burlesque, Jerrold's delineation of Mr. Redbreast, the Auctioneer, is sufficiently forcible. We wait for the conclusion of Mr. Whitehead's "Tavern Heads;"

the Landlady, and the Parlour Orator, to be followed, we are led to expect, by Susan Hawkins, the Parlour Maid, and Thomas Trotter, the Pot Boy.

*Domestic Homœopathy.* By P. F. Curie, M. D. Formerly Surgeon in the Military Hospital of Paris; Member of the Parisian Homœopathic and Gallican Societies; Physician to the Dispensary; Author of "The Principles of Homœopathy;" "The Practice of Homœopathy," &c. 18mo. Hurst. 1839.

WE have seen much, heard much, read much, and we know much relating to Homœopathy—to the science which, in opposition to Allopathy, assumes for its motto and leading principle, the words *Similia similibus curantur*, or like will cure like; and it is not improbable that, at a future period, we may feel disposed to institute an inquiry into its origin, nature, and mode of operation. It is one of those subjects upon which many persons, even of the medical profession, frequently talk "an infinite deal of nothing," without understanding it—without having possessed themselves of its simplest elements. We profess ourselves to be of the old school in most things, consequently, not great admirers of innovation; yet we hold it to be the bounden duty of every professional man to make himself master of whatever new theory may present itself, so far at least as to be enabled to judge of its soundness or unsoundness, its probable advantages and disadvantages. If novelty were invariably to be rejected on the ground of its being new, what progress would science ever be able to make? Why, instead of being convinced, with Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, that the earth has an annual motion and a diurnal motion, we should still be grovelling in the dark, taking it for granted, that we are inhabitants of a fixed plane, and that the sun, moon, and stars perform their wondrous evolutions simply for our benefit and amusement. It was not thus that Copernicus, Galilei, and Newton, thought, reasoned, and acted; nor was it thus that Hippocrates and Galen studied and practised medicine. It is recorded that when Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood—a discovery which Sir Thomas Browne justly regarded as of more importance than that of the New World—not a single medical man of the time, who had passed the age of 40, condescended to accept the theory! Oh, ye pseudo "lovers of truth for the truth's sake," what a feather this was in your caps! Now, though—fortunately or unfortunately—we happen to be somewhat past the age of 40, we would not, like Dr. Harvey's sage and liberal contemporaries, reject, unheard or unexamined, or until *proved* to be false, *any* discovery or theory that might be advanced by a man of science. On this principle, we hope to see Homœopathy subjected to the closest and severest scrutiny; and, so far as our present opinion stands, we

are not of the belief that it will be "weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

In the Preface to one of his larger works,\* Dr. Curie thus expresses himself:—

"This country, I know, abounds with enlightened medical men, who sensibly feel the low condition of their art, who toil incessantly and honestly in the fields of science, and who consider the acquisition of truth as the highest and most valuable object to be attained: to them, I say, *examine experimentally our facts*; bring with you, if you will, all your preconceived opinions, all the prejudices of your education, and the recollection of all that interested motives can urge against this science; with these in array against us, I will say, *examine*; and by the result of that examination—if conducted with an honest and truth-loving spirit—we are willing to be judged."

With reference, however, to the performance now before us, which is intended for domestic use, in slight cases, or in the absence of medi-

cal aid, we cannot describe its object better than in the words of the author:—

"The aim of this little volume is to place the public in possession of enlightened hygienic rules, applicable to the various periods of life, and referrible as well to a state of health as to that of suffering. From the limited number of homœopathic practitioners, such a book is especially important in the present state of the science.

"We shall point out the earliest attentions to be enforced in cases of severe acute disease, whilst awaiting the aid of the practitioner, and shall rapidly, but as lucidly as possible, indicate the treatment of acute affections which may be less serious and of more frequent occurrence.

"This will enable parties, who may be resident beyond the ready access of medical assistance, either to treat themselves, or confidently submit to the direction of some intelligent friend, who may be otherwise unconnected with the profession of medicine."

We have only to add, that, so far as the writer is concerned, the book has evidently been got up with great care and attention.

\* The Practice of Homœopathy.

## Select Necrology.

### LADY THROCKMORTON.

CATHERINE LADY THROCKMORTON died at Northampton, on Tuesday the 22nd of January, 1839, in the 72nd year of her age.

"Peace to her gentle spirit! for her life  
Was tend'rest care of all —"

This lamented lady, whose perfect feminine character formed a favourite theme with the benign bard of *The Task*, was the widow of the late Sir George Throckmorton, Bart., of Weston Underwood, Bucks. On Tuesday the 29th of January, her mortal remains were brought from Northampton to that beautiful village, the home of her wedded life; around which the moral virtues of its owners, and the recording strains of pity's own poet, have drawn a lasting halo, and endeared it to every British heart.

Amidst the tears of all ranks of its inhabitants, and attended by a train of kindred mourners, (chiefly the young, her own contemporaries being now almost all gone down into the grave); this revered lady was interred in the family vault in the little Parish Church of Weston. Every person present felt that she had died as she had lived; a model of the Christian graces; of eminent yet meek piety; of affectionate munificence, to friends and relatives whom she had tenderly regarded; of comprehensive charity, whose bounteous ministry will not cease its benefits, long as this favoured land hath wisdom to preserve the laws, which maintain alike the

rights of the poor and of the rich. Her coffin was placed by the side of her husband's: and not far off, lie those of his true British ancestors; men, who, in the noble simplicity of the *Old English Gentleman*, first rendered their birth-place an object of exemplary notice to the landholders around; and then an attractive subject of song for the most lovely of moral poets—William Cowper.

There were two successive Baronets of the family, his friends (who were brothers), and their two ladies; all of whom his lyre has especially celebrated.

Sir John Throckmorton, the eldest brother, and the poet's first friend, he commemorates under the title of *Benevolus*. His lady, the "gracious Maria," he describes as adorning the winter tea-table:

"—crown'd queen of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the peaceful roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement can bestow!"

She was a daughter of the ancient house of Giffard, whose princely ancestors in times back were Earls of Buckingham; and the person and mien of their fair descendant appears to have inherited much of the dignity of her race. The present heir to the Baronetcy of Throckmorton is the son of a younger sister of this lady.

After an almost constant residence of nearly

thirty years in the venerable mansion at Weston, Sir John died in the month of January, 1819; and, being without issue, was succeeded in his title and hereditary property by George, his second brother; who, like his immediate predecessor, fixed himself in this revered place of his birth; though he possessed several fine old Halls on his Estates in Warwickshire and Worcestershire; and a stately modern one in Oxfordshire, built by his grandfather, (the fifth Sir Robert of the name,) who had travelled in youth, and was famed for his taste in pictures and classic architecture.

Sir George did not fall behind his *virtuoso* progenitor in these accomplishments; neither in the still more important patriotic qualities bequeathed to him by sires and brother. And in all he was most diligently seconded by his excellent lady, whose recent lamented death is the text of our theme.

She was the daughter and heiress of the Stapletons of Carlton, in Yorkshire; (an old Catholic descent, loyal to their king, as faithful to their Church); and the "fair Catherine," having been a frequent visitor at Weston before her marriage, became, both as maid and wife, the admired subject of Cowper's verses. Possessing a voice of uncommon melody, she often set them to music, and sang them to him; an honour, which he celebrates thus:—

"My numbers, this day she hath sung!  
And gave them a grace so divine,  
As only her musical tongue  
Could infuse into numbers like mine.  
The longer I heard, I esteemed  
The work of my fancy the more,  
And e'en to myself never seemed  
So tuneful a poet before!

Since then, in the rural recess  
Catherina alone can rejoice,  
May it still be her lot to possess  
The scene of her sensible choice!  
To inhabit a mansion, remote  
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds;  
And by Philomel's annual note,  
To measure the life that she leads!

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,  
To wing all her moments at home;  
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
As oft as it suits her to roam;  
She will have just the life she prefers,  
With little to wish or to fear;  
And ours will be pleasant as her's,  
Might we view her enjoying it here!"

This invoked happiness, the poet did enjoy to nearly his latest breath. He was a constant guest at the table of Sir George, and by his evening hearth; and not less often the companion of his lady, in her summer or her winter walks. In the latter, not seldom witnessing with her the doling out from the bounteous hall, those comforts to the families of the labouring poor, and to the destitute way-faring travel-

ler, which want may need, but cannot reach, but through Him "who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him." Cowper speaks of Sir George, and his "responsive Catherina," thus:—

"Graceful and gracious, in all they did!  
Blessing and blest, where'er they moved!"

Sir George died in the summer of 1826, fuller of virtues than of years, and was buried at Weston. On this bereavement, his widow retired to a house of her own in Northampton, where she spent the residue of her pious and ever useful life, beloved and revered. Her own death taking place this year, she has thus survived her lamented husband nearly fourteen years; and now, re-united in the grave, (or rather *beyond it!*) their honoured remains "fill up one monument!"

Having left no offspring, Charles, the third brother of the two preceding Baronets, became the lineal successor; inheriting their urbane characters with the honours and property of his race. He likewise claimed connection with the memory of the bard of his "natal domain!" For, while merely a younger brother, Sir Charles had often visited his native Weston; and being of a meditative mind, and an ardent lover of the beautiful and the sublime in nature, he esteemed the muse, and gained the friendship of the "poet of nature, and of nature's God!"

Cowper is no more! and "the Hall, and its Tenants," of which he sang, are no more! But the storied wood-walks and the animated groves his genius consecrated, yet remain. There, the pedestals, and the votive tablets, raised and sculptured at the poet's wish, are still preserved from the spoiling hand of time, or of school-boy's predatory violence, by the affectionate reverence of Sir Charles Throckmorton.

On the decease of Sir George, it had been deemed necessary that the old house itself, being much decayed, should be pulled down. It was done. But the gifted beings who had inhabited there, yet abide in spirit in its meads and groves; and still more, in the cherishing cares of their present venerable representative.

He came himself to Coughton Court, an ancient castellated mansion of his family's, in Warwickshire; of an equally old date with that of Weston, in Bucks, (both having been heir-looms since the reign of Henry VI.) but being of greater stability in its structure, he resolved to redeem it from the sort of waste, which desertion of it as a place of residence for nearly a century, had contracted around it. This, by indefatigable exertions, he promptly effected. And, having since been upwards of a dozen years his constantly inhabited possession, it now stands amidst its fertile fields; no longer a crumbling ruin, nor an embattled stronghold against foreign or domestic disturbers of the peace; but "a Tower of Strength!" "like a lodge in a garden of fruits," for spade and plough-holders to rally under—the poor man's

refuge-place for honest labour; and the old man's beneficent asylum, when, with him, the power of labour is no more.

#### THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

HIS Grace, Richard Temple Nugent Brydges Chandos Grenville, Duke and Marquis of Buckingham and Chandos, Earl Temple, Earl Temple of Stow, and Viscount and Baron Cobham of Kent, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Earl Nugent in Ireland, K.G. and P.C., Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Bucks, Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia, D.C.L. and F.S.A., expired at Stowe on the morning of Saturday, January 17, 1839. His Grace was born on the 20th of March, 1776; succeeded to the Marquisate on the 11th of February, 1813; married on the 16th April, 1796, Lady Anne Elizabeth Brydges, daughter and heir of James, third and last Duke of Chandos, and co-heir with the Marquis Townshend of the Barony of Bourchier. By her Grace, who was born on the 27th October, 1779, and died on the 16th of May, 1836, the Duke had issue, Richard Plantagenet, Marquis of Chandos, who succeeds to the family titles and estates;—Lady Anne Eliza Mary, born in 1820;—and Richard Plantagenet Campbell, Earl Temple, born in 1823.

The Duke of Buckingham, when Earl Temple, was one of the joint Pay-masters General, during the administration of Lord Grenville; and, in 1806, whilst still a member of the House of Commons, he made a motion for expelling the celebrated John Horne Tooke, in consequence of his being in Priest's orders. This, however, was commuted with respect to Mr. Tooke, by Mr. Addington, the then Premier, proposing a vote, which was carried, restricting persons in holy orders from sitting in Parliament in future.

On Friday the 25th of January, the remains of his Grace were interred in the family vault, at Wotton (seventeen miles from Stowe). Agreeably to his desire, only his family and those friends who were visiting Stowe at the time of his Grace's decease, and the Buckinghamshire tenantry (about 450 in number) followed his remains to their last home. The service was performed in the most impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Hill, and the coffin, which was of fine Spanish mahogany, covered with crimson velvet and gilt ornaments, was then deposited in one of the catacombs, erected by the late Marquis of Buckingham, in his family mausoleum.

His Grace, the present Duke, who, as Marquis of Chandos, has for many years been distinguished as the friend of the agricultural interest, was born on the 11th of February, 1797, and married on the 13th of May, 1819, Lady Mary Campbell, second daughter of John, first Marquis of Breadalbane, who was born on the 10th of July, 1795. The issue of this marriage is, first, Lady Anna Eliza Mary, born on the 7th of February, 1820, and second, Richard Plantagenet Campbell, Earl Temple (now Mar-

quis of Chandos), born on the 10th of September, 1823.

#### SIR JOHN ELLEY.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR JOHN ELLEY, the veteran of a hundred battles, died on the 23rd of January, at his seat, Ampton House, near Andover, Hants, at the age of 75, having been born on the 9th of January, 1764. He was born at Leeds, in Yorkshire, his father being a respectable paper manufacturer of that town, who gave his son a good education, and placed him with a solicitor, in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where he completed the term of his articles. He was returning to his native town, when, on passing through Northampton, he first saw the Blues on parade in the market-place of that town; he was so much struck with their very noble appearance, that he removed his luggage from the coach, and was enlisted as a private trooper by Corporal Francis Mather, on 5th November, 1789. He was promoted to Troop Quartermaster, 4th June, 1790, and was Acting Adjutant in the campaigns of 1793, 4, and 5, in Flanders, and was present at most of the battles fought, and at the siege of Valenciennes, &c. He was appointed Cornet, 6th June, 1794; and the 26th of January, 1796, he obtained a Lieutenantcy in his regiment; 24th of October, 1799, he was appointed Captain-Lieutenant; 26th of February, 1801, Captain; Major, 29th of November, 1804; and Lieutenant-Colonel, 6th of March, 1806. He served as Assistant Adjutant-General to the cavalry in Spain, in the campaign of 1808 and 1809, and was present at the affair of Sahagun, Majorca, Benevente, and Lugo, and in the battle of Corunna. As an Assistant Adjutant-General, he was attached to the cavalry in Spain and Portugal, during the campaigns of the following years; was in the battle of Talavera; had the command of the rear-guard of cavalry, which covered the advance corps of the army when it retired over the Albuera; was in the battles of Fuentes D'Onor, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, and Toulouse; in every action of importance; and finally served in the Netherlands, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. For his services on these occasions, he was appointed a K.C.B., and received a cross, and two clasps, from the British government. He was also appointed a Knight of the Austrian Order of Maria Theresa, and a Knight of the fourth class of the Russian Order of St. George. He obtained the rank of Colonel in the Army, 7th of March, 1813; 12th of August, 1819, that of Major-General; and 10th of January, 1837, that of Lieutenant-General. He was appointed Colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons, 23rd of November, 1829. Sir John represented Windsor in Sir Robert Peel's Parliament, of whose party and politics he was an active supporter. It is recorded of Sir John Elley, in Scott's "Letters to his Kinsfolk," that there were found on the field of Waterloo more than one of Napoleon's Cuirassiers cleft to the chine by the stalwart arm of this gallant Officer."

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

We have no recollection of a theatrical season in which so little variety has been brought forward at the large theatres as the present. The pantomimes, mediocre, as they were, have hardly yet accomplished their tour; and an opera at Drury Lane, and a mixed drama at Covent Garden, are all that we have had to succeed them.

The opera at Drury Lane is entitled *Farinelli*, and is founded on some of the leading incidents in the life of that amiable man, and accomplished singer. With a complicated plot, borrowed, almost as a matter of course, from the French, the dialogue is just the most contemptible that can be conceived. The music by Barnett is of a much higher order; indeed, it is universally pronounced to be Barnett's chef d'œuvre. The instrumentation is particularly good, and all the concerted pieces tell with considerable effect. The single songs are less successful, and the less that may be said of them the better. Balfé personates, the hero of the piece; Stretton, king *Philip the Fifth*, of Spain; Giubilei *Don Gil Bío*, or The Court Physician; Miss Romer, the *Queen of Spain*; and Miss Poole, the wife of Farinelli. The piece has been well received, and seems likely to have a successful run.

At Covent Garden, Macready has brought out in excellent style, a drama called *The King and the Duke*, or the *Siege of Alençon*. The plot of this piece also is exceedingly complicated; but it presents some fine situations, and was admirably played throughout. The music, by T. Cooke, is very spirited and effective, particularly two choruses, and a song very finely given by Miss Rainforth.

The manager of the Adelphi is never idle. However, the only novelty of note recently produced, is a very disagreeable drama, entitled *Jane Lomax*; vamped up from Mr. Smith's particularly disagreeable novel of the same title. It is, we suppose, what is termed a domestic tragedy; in which we find a domestic Lady Macbeth, in humble life. This character (*Jane Lomax*) is most powerfully and quite as painfully sustained by Mrs. Yates. For our own parts, we think there is quite a sufficient quantity of misery and wretchedness in real life,—too frequently, alas, at our own fire-sides,—to render it necessary for us to go to the theatre to have our nerves shattered and our feelings torn to tatters, by the well depicted agonies of either innocence or guilt. Shakspeare's dramas, thanks to the right feeling of the author, do not thus torture the sense of those who witness their exhibition.

We had almost forgotten to mention a slighter production at this theatre, called *The Foreign Prince*, a thing of the moment, just for the purpose of placing our old acquaintance, Jim Crow, in a new light.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Madame Vestris is alive and active in her management, success, as usual, crowning her every exertion. Her most recent production is *Our Cousin German*, a piece formerly known at the Adelphi under the title of *Best Intentions*. Its chief merit is the op-

portunity which it affords for a display of Mr. Charles Mathews's talents.

J. Vining appears as the manager of the Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham Street; and on the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, Madame Vestris and her troop are performing there with sufficient advantage.

We cannot but avail ourselves of the present opportunity to enter our protest against the absurdity and injustice of the existing laws for the regulation of theatrical performances during Lent. At the chief theatres, and every where within a certain jurisdiction, performances are peremptorily forbidden on the Wednesdays and Fridays; while on the south side of the water, and to the north of Oxford Street, &c., managers may exhibit what they please on those nights. Play-acting on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent is either wrong or right: if wrong, let it be universally suppressed; if right, let all the theatres be thrown open alike: it is palpably unjust, and as stupid as it is unjust, to make fish of one and flesh of another.

The *Concerts à la Musard*, which have been very successful at the Lyceum, were to be transferred to Covent Garden Theatre during the non-dramatic performance nights in Lent; but this arrangement was prevented, as it is said, by the authorities.

It should have been mentioned, that as Madame Vestris and her corps migrate to the Queen's Theatre on the evenings alluded to, Yates and his corps from the Adelphi pass over to the Surrey in St. George's Fields.

The St. James's Theatre, (Braham's,) has been opened by Mr. Hooper, and, with several of our old favourites, promises to be tolerably successful. Downton, F. Mathews and his wife, Mrs. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, Miss Jane Mordaunt, Miss Williams, Miss Turpin, Miss Holmes, Miss Stanley, &c. are brought forward on this occasion.

By introducing a Forest of Wild Beasts, Mr. Hooper has seemed disposed to commence a rivalry with the respectable menagerie exhibitor of Drury Lane. So far, however, he has failed; for the brutes of Drury are more fierce and magnificent than those of St. James's. Moreover, the former are specially patronized by her Majesty, who is said to experience great delight in witnessing their nightly banquet. That they really are brutes, however, at the St. James's, may be inferred from the fact that, in a bonâ fide battle, the tiger, or one of the tigers, has killed a panther. One of the exhibitors too, has been very seriously injured by one of the exhibited. On the other hand, it has long been a matter of notoriety, that "there is one person more intelligent than the rest of his species, who has gone to the pit of Drury Lane every night since Van Amburgh commenced, lest he should miss the night on which the beasts devour Van Amburgh himself."

As we have intimated, however, the beasts are not the only attraction at the St. James's Theatre. On one night alone, Mr. Hooper produced no fewer than three new pieces: *The Young Sculptor*; *Friends and Neighbours*; and *A Troublesome Lodger*. There is evidently no want of spirit in the management.

For our young friends there is nothing more desirable or more instructive at the present season than the Orreries and Astronomical Lectures of Mr. Adams at the Haymarket, and Mr. Howel at the Queen's Theatre. But where is Dean Walker,

the original and the Master of our Astronomical and Philosophical Lectures?

If our musical friends think proper to be a little more attentive to us, we shall be most willing to return the compliment.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It is now nearly four and thirty years since the British Institution was founded; and, within that period it has accomplished more for the progress of art and for the advantage of artists, than all the other Institutions in the kingdom put together, the Royal Academy alone excepted. It affords to students the opportunity of studying and copying from the finest productions of the old masters; it awards premiums; and it facilitates the exhibition and sale of new pictures.

For the excellence of its light, the judicious manner in which the paintings are arranged, and for the general comfort and enjoyment of visitors in its suite of rooms, the gallery of the British Institution is unrivalled in the metropolis. We have not here, as we had at Somerset House, to ascend and descend a wearisome flight of stairs, and to poke our heads into dark rooms and corner cup-boards; nor are we at all apprehensive, as in the apartments allotted to the Royal Academy, in that nationally-disgraceful structure, nick-named the National Gallery, of being suffocated or crushed by the lowness of the ceiling. On entering the gallery of the British Institution, we always feel airy and buoyant—every thing is light and cheerful around us—and good pictures are always sure to be found in good places. In such a gallery we almost invariably, at the first glance, form a just estimate of the general character of the Exhibition. This year, we are glad to say, the impression produced by that glance was a most favourable one. Taking into account the pictures that were in the last exhibition at the Royal Academy, and the new ones of merit that are seen here for the first time, we regard the present assemblage as the finest we have witnessed for some years. However, as we have been enabled to take only a cursory glance ourselves, we cannot offer the readers of the *ALDINE MAGAZINE* more. In our hasty tour of the rooms, we shall point out a few of the new pictures which most forcibly arrested our attention, and reserve some remaining strictures for the ensuing month.

On entering the North Room, the first picture of size that catches the eye is *Christ in the Wilderness, Meditating on the Means of Redeeming the World*, (10), by Wilhelm Hensel, chief painter, as we understand, to the King of Prussia. Most decidedly do we object to the title of this picture, as derogatory from the attributes of the Saviour. "*Meditating on the Means of Redeeming the World!*" Was it for the Almighty ever to entertain a doubt upon the subject? However, the picture itself, which professes to be founded on a passage in *Paradise Regained*, is painted with great breadth and firmness: it is a fine study from the old masters. The same remark applies to (382), the *Rejoicing of Miriam and the Jewish Women on the*

*over-whelming of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea*, also by Mr. Hensel. But this painting is of a higher order, evincing far greater originality of conception, and upon the whole, a greater power of execution. Mr. Hensel has evidently devoted his days and nights to the study of the Italian painters. The *Miriam* is at the extreme end of the South Room.

No. 1 is a small view of Basle, in Switzerland, by G. Jones, R.A., who has four other pieces, (2, 35, 309, and 310,) in the Exhibition. In contemplating the productions of this artist, the educated eye can never fail of being gratified.

The *Rival Performers* (2), by J. Callcott Horsley, is a beautiful illustration of the fable of the *Flutist and the Nightingale*; the bird exhausting itself, and falling to the earth in contesting the palm with human skill. In the picture, however, there are two figures—lovers, no doubt: the lady enraptured with the bird; the gentleman enraptured with the lady. The idea is extremely well carried out.

The *Woman taken in Adultery*, (45), by Morris, although the production of a Royal Academician, and generally speaking a very able artist, we must regard as a failure. The conception is commonplace and even mean; and the features of the Saviour are petty and insignificant; and the countenance of the Woman does not betray the slightest shade of that over-whelming shame which, to all but to the most abandoned of the sex, must have been inevitable on such a discovery. The other figures are mere copies; and the whole is without a single trait of originality.

Then we have *Turner's Fountain of Fallacy*, (58), one of this artist's very best in his peculiarly unnatural and peculiarly objectionable style. It is glowing and gorgeous—a bright and glorious vision of fancy or fairy-land—but nature never beheld anything like it.

A *Dutch Family*, (65), by W. Simson, is a well-painted picture of its class; and, when its colours shall be mellowed by time, it will be infinitely more admired than it can be now.

Mrs. Soyer's *Italian Boys*, (91), have much of the *Murillo* spirit.

The *Lost Game*, (102) by C. W. Cope, is a very cleverly conceived little picture. The game—chess—is between two lovers; no wonder, therefore, that the gentleman has suffered himself to be check-mated.

There is but one *Edwin Landseer* in the world. No pencil ever did more for dogs than his has done in (119). A large, noble, majestic, Spanish blood-hound is looking out from his kennel, with his paw resting on the outside. On his left is a small, white, wire-haired Scotch terrier, with his cropped



ears pricked sharply up, his black eyes sparkling with life and intelligence, his nose almost equally black and glossy, the point of his tongue darting side-wise from his mouth. On looking at this picture we almost seem to doubt whether some deception may not have been practised—whether some living little wretch of a terrier may not have been thrust through the canvas to make fools of us.

The history of Rembrandt's Mill is curious. "This building was erected in the year 1593, as a magazine for powder, on the banks of the *Old Rhine*, at Koukerk, near Leyden. It was soon after converted into a corn-mill; and at the time of Rembrandt's birth, in 1606, was in the possession of his father, Herman Gerritz van Rhynn, from which period, to the time when these pictures were painted, 1838, it has been constantly employed for the purposes of a corn-mill." We have made this quotation in order that the reader may form some idea of the interest attaching to four admirably-painted views by E. W. Cooke; (132) the Mill; (131) the upper floor of the mill; (141) the lower chamber of the mill; and (384) the interior of the mill. It would have been difficult for Mr. Cooke to have selected a more gratifying subject, or for any artist to have treated it in its different phases more successfully.

Rothwell, almost adjoining that charming production of his, "A Remembrance," (147) which appeared last year at the Royal Academy, has a most sweet portrait disguised under the title—"A Study—What's in a name?" (151) It is the portrait of a gentle girl seated with a bouquet in her hand,—her eyes closed—"her bosom locked in memory's spell."

A Flower Girl, (206) by Gaugain, is very sweet and pretty.

No. 265, a Head of Cupid, by Wood, though not actually the god of love, is a very charming boy.

Lance is eminently successful this year. He has four pictures, one of which only can we at present notice: it is a large piece, *English Fare*, (263) in three compartments: Fish, Fruit, and Game. It will make the mouth of many an epicure water.

Buss is making very rapid strides in his profession. His Christmas in the reign of Elizabeth, (354) is far beyond anything of the same class that we have seen from the easel of M'Clise. The colouring is rich and mellow, without any of the rawness and meretricious glare of that of the artist whom he seems disposed to follow. We may, perhaps, again turn to this picture, which is full of interesting detail. "The time selected is after dinner, while the guests are in the midst of their gambols, and kissing under the mistletoe; to the right is the cushion-dance, and in front, on the platform, or dais, the Wassail bowl is being presented to a lady; at the side is a party enjoying a game at snap-dragon, and behind is the Kyng of the Bean, &c."

Christ Crucified, (410) by a young artist of the name of Elmore, is a picture which we must take an opportunity of examining hereafter. It has points of extraordinary merit, and must interest if it do not invariably satisfy the critical eye.

In sculpture we find only ten specimens, but most of them are, especially those by Lough and Mac Dowell, of a higher order of merit than usual.

## LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, & MISCELLANEOUS MEMORABILIA.

### LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

In the House of Commons, on the 12th of February, 1839, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd moved for, and obtained, leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Law of Copyright; and a Bill, prepared by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, the Right Hon. Mr. Spring Rice, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and Lord Viscount Mahon, was brought in accordingly. Of the chief clauses of this Bill, the following is a brief abstract:—

3. Copyright in any book hereafter to be published to endure to the author for life, and for sixty years, commencing at his death.

4. In case of subsisting copyright in the author or his representative or assignee in consideration of natural love and affection, such copyright shall continue for sixty years from the author's death.

5. In case of subsisting copyright when an author has assigned a moiety or other portion of his entire term, such copyright shall continue for sixty years from the author's death, and belong to the author and the assignee in the same proportions as the subsisting copyright.

6. In cases of subsisting copyright which has been absolutely assigned by the author, the assignee shall enjoy the same for the term of twenty-eight years, and of the author's life, if he survives twenty-eight years, and no longer.

7. In cases where, after the expiration of the term of twenty-eight years, or the author's life, a

book shall be out of print, and five years shall elapse without the appearance of an edition, it shall be lawful for any person, after certain notice, to republish such book, and to enjoy the copyright therein.

8, 9, and 10. One copy of every book to be delivered at the British Museum; and a copy within a month after demand for the following libraries:—Bodleian Library; Public Library at Cambridge; Advocates of Edinburgh; Trinity College, Dublin.

11. Publishers may deliver the copies to the libraries instead of the Stationers' Company.

12. Penalty for default in delivering copies.

13. Book of registry to be kept at Stationers' Hall.

14. Party making or causing to be made a false entry in the book of registry to be guilty of a misdemeanour.

15. Entries of copyright may be made in the book of registry.

16. If any person be aggrieved by an entry in the book of registry, he may apply to the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, Vice-Chancellor, Court of Law in Term, or Judge in Vacation, who may order such entry to be varied or expunged.

17. Remedy for the piracy of books or parts of books by action on the case.—Proviso for Scotland.

18. In actions for piracy, the defendant to give

notice in writing of the objections to the plaintiff's title on which he means to rely.

19. Mode of proving the publication and identity of books in proceedings for piracy.

20. No person shall import into any part of the British dominions for sale any book first composed, &c., within the British dominions and reprinted elsewhere. Penalty on importing, selling, or keeping for sale any such books, forfeiture thereof, and also 10*l*. and double the value. Books may be seized by officers of Customs or Excise, who shall be rewarded. Not to extend to books not having been printed in the United Kingdom for twenty years.

21. Copyright in encyclopædias, periodicals works, and works published in series, to be in the publisher or conductor thereof, and proof of payment to the parties employed by him to be *primæ facie* evidence of his property in their articles. Proviso securing the right of authors who have reserved the right of publishing their articles in a separate form.

22. Proprietors of encyclopædias, periodical works, and works published in series, to be at liberty to enter at once at Stationers' Hall, and thereon to have the benefit of the registration of the whole work.

23. Term of the exclusive right in the representation of dramatic works extended to that of authors.

24. Where the sole liberty of representing a dramatic piece now belongs to the author, it shall endure for his life and for sixty years from his death. And if the author is dead, his representatives shall have it for sixty years from his death.

25. When the right of representing any dramatic piece shall have been assigned, the right shall continue in the assignee for twenty-eight years, or for the life of the author, and no longer.

26. The proprietor of the right of dramatic representation shall have all the remedies given by the Act 3 and 4 William IV.

27. No assignment of copyright of a dramatic piece shall convey the right of representation unless an entry to that effect shall be made in the book of registry.

28. Act of 5 and 6 William IV., c. 65, respecting lectures, extended to sermons.

29. Power to grant injunctions in case of piracy.—Proviso for Scotland.

30. Mode of proving copyright, &c. in colonial Courts.

31. Books pirated shall become the property of the proprietor of the copyright, and may be recovered by action, or seized by warrant of two justices.

32. No proprietor of copyright, commencing after this Act, shall sue or proceed for any infringement before making entry in the book of registry.—Proviso for dramatic pieces.

33. Clergymen may lawfully dispose of copyright or copies of books of which they are the authors.

34. Copy shall be personalty

35. Saving the rights of the Universities and the Colleges of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester.

36. Proviso for saving all rights and all contracts and engagements subsisting at the time of passing this Act.

#### NEW ART OF SUN-PAINTING.

THE Literary and Scientific Journals have for some time past teemed with accounts of two very extra-

ordinary discoveries which have been brought forward, almost simultaneously, in Paris and in London; in the former by M. Daguerre, the celebrated inventor and painter of dioramic views; in the latter by H. Fox Talbot, Esq., a Member of the Royal Society. These discoveries, though essentially similar in some respects, are essentially different in others. We must endeavour briefly to indicate the nature of each.

M. Daguerre's invention enables him to combine with the *camera obscura* an *engraving power*—that is, by an apparatus, at once to receive a reflection of the scene without, and to fix its forms and tints indelibly on metal in *chiaroscuro*—the rays of the sun standing in the stead of *burin*, or, rather, of acid—for the copies thus produced nearly resemble aquatints engravings exquisitely toned. As to the precise details, M. Daguerre objects to impart them to any one, till he has received some definite answer from the Government, with whom he is in treaty for the sale of his secret: the value fixed upon it is said to be three hundred thousand francs.

It is necessary, observes M. Arago, to see the works produced by the machine, which is to be called the *Daguerotype*, fully to appreciate the curiosity of the invention. M. Daguerre's last works have the force of Rembrandt's etchings. He has taken them in all weathers—at all hours—a sketch of Notre Dame was made in a pouring rain, (the time occupied by the process being lengthened under such unfavourable circumstances,) and a sketch was procured by the moon's light, which required twenty minutes for its completion. As might be suspected, the invention fails where moving objects are concerned. The foliage of trees from its always being more or less agitated by the air, is often but imperfectly represented. In one of the views a horse is faithfully given, save the head, which he never ceased moving—in another a *decrotteur*, all but the arms, which were never still. The invention will be chiefly applicable to still life—that is, to architectural subjects, &c. M. Daguerre describes the process as very simple, and completely attainable by any person of common judgment, and with reasonable care. The machine, too, is so little cumbrous, that he says he has stood upon the bridges to use it, and been hardly noticed by the passers by.

Mr. Talbot makes no secret of the nature of his discovery; and when we consider the means employed, and the limited time—the *moment of time*, which is often sufficient—the effects produced are perfectly magical. The most fleeting of all things—a shadow, is fixed, and made permanent; and the minute truth of many of the objects—the exquisite delicacy—can only be discovered by a magnifying glass. Mr. Talbot proposes for this new art the name of *Photogenic Drawing*. It enables a person, howsoever ignorant of the art of drawing, to obtain faithful representations of objects, and does not even require his presence; so that these pictures may be executed while the operator is himself engaged about other things. Amongst the specimens exhibited at the Royal Institution, observes Mr. Talbot, "were pictures of flowers and leaves; a pattern of lace; figures taken from painted glass; a view of Venice copied from an engraving; some images formed by the Solar Microscope, viz. a slice of wood very highly magnified, exhibiting the pores of two kinds, one set much smaller than the other and more numerous. Another micro-

scopic sketch, exhibiting the reticulations on the wing of an insect. Finally : various pictures, representing the architecture of my house in the country ; all these made with the Camera Obscura in the summer of 1835."—"No matter whether the subject be large or small, simple or complicated ; whether the flower-branch which you wish to copy contains one blossom, or one thousand ; you set the instrument in action, the allotted time elapses, and you find the picture finished, in every part, and in every minute particular."

One of the most obvious differences between the process of M. Daguerre and that of Mr. Talbot, is, that the former employs metal plates, whereas the latter uses prepared paper. There can be no question as to the superior advantages of the latter ; for it would be most inconvenient, if not wholly im-

practicable, for the traveller to carry about with him several hundred metal plates.

#### WINDSOR CASTLE AND THE COURT JOURNAL.

We observe, with pleasure, that the spirited proprietor of that deservedly popular paper, *The Court Journal*, is gratuitously presenting to its readers a series of original and extremely well engraved *Views of Windsor Castle*, in its different aspects. These views, accompanied as they are by copious historical and descriptive accounts of the noblest of our regal palaces—in fact, of the *only* palace in the kingdom that is worthy of a British monarch—cannot fail of greatly extending the circulation of a Journal that has long enjoyed the highest aristocratic patronage.

### BOOKSELLERS' AUTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATIONS.

It was intimated in our last *Monthly Part*, that arrangements were in progress for a *Series of Interesting Illustrations* ; and that, with an accession of literary talent, the plan of *The Aldine Magazine* would be extended, and rendered more full and comprehensive in its details.

We trust that we have this month redeemed our pledge.

Our first plate of the *Autographs of Booksellers, patronising The Aldine Magazine*, cannot fail of exciting a lively interest throughout the "*Trade*." There are many others to follow in the train.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THANKS to "N." for his friendly and obliging communication, which we shall endeavour to render available at a future period.

We can have nothing to say to "THE CUSTODY OF INFANTS," as treated by one of our very attentive correspondents.

To one or two of our very kind friends, we cannot refrain from saying—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

We regret our inability to meet the wishes of the author of "*The Social System*."

"*Rome in the Year 1839*," in our next.

Also, "*The Aldine Triumvirate*."

"*The Inauguration of the Statue of Guttem-*

*berg, from the Notes of a Lady of Rank*," shall appear next month.

We agree with much that "*ERGO*" has advanced "*On the Patronage of Foreign and Native Talent* ;" but his facts and strictures are deficient in novelty, and have the air of being brought forward to answer special purposes. Nevertheless, we shall be glad to see his promised "*Sketches*."

"Mrs. Clarke's Tales and Sketches," "*The Pictorial Shakspeare*," "*Billings's Temple Church, &c.*," for review, unavoidably stand over ; also, a "*Memoir of the late Edward Chatfield, Esq.*," &c.

We entreat our friends to forward their new works as early in the month as possible.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

In weekly and in monthly parts, imperial octavo, "*Shakspeare for the People* ; from the Text of Johnson and Steevens : with Annotations, and Introductory Remarks on the Plays, by many distin-

guished Writers : and a Life of the Author, and an Essay on his Writings, by Douglas Jerrold : illustrated with nearly one thousand Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Kenny Meadows.

#### BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Royal Gallery of Pictures, No. I. royal 4to. 21s. ; proofs, 31s. 6d. sewed.

The Prince and the Pedlar, 3 vols, post 8vo. 24s. bds.

Turner's Chemistry, Part III. No. I. 3s. 6d. sewed.

Hood's Comic Annual, 1839, 12s. half bound.

Memoirs of John Bannister, by J. Adolphus, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. boards.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana, third division, 'History,' Vol. IV. 4to. 42s. boards.

Readings in Prose, new edition, fcp. 4s. 6d. cl.

Readings in Poetry, new edition, fcp. 4s. 6d. cl.

The Child of the Atlantic, by Charlotte Adams, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Horne on the Scriptures, 4 vols. 8vo. eighth edition, 68s. boards.

Horne's Manual of Bibliography, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Martha, by Dr. Reed, 12mo. third edition, 6s. cl.

Gutzlaff's Three Voyages along the Coast of China, third edition, royal 12mo. 7s. cl.

Ricardi Divisiensis Historia Ricardi Primi, with English Notes, by Stevenson, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Neville's Defence of Paley, 12mo. 4s. cl.

Cherville's First Step to the French, second edition, 12mo. 3s. cl.

Our Wild Flowers, by L. A. Twanley, crown 8vo. 21s. morocco.

- The Sunbeam, Vol. I. 4to. 15s. cl.  
 L. E. L.'s Poetical Works, 4 vols. fcp. 28s. cl.  
 Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s. boards.  
 Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. CXI. 'Phillips's Geography,' Vol. II. 6s. cloth.  
 Pardoe's Romance of the Harem, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. boards.  
 Shelley's Poetical Works, Vol. I. fcp. 5s. cloth.  
 Drutt's Surgeon's Vade Mecum, fcp. 8s. 6d. cloth.  
 Hades, a Poem, by W. B. Scott, 12mo. 3s. cloth.  
 Crosby's Builder's Price Book, 1839, 4s. sewed.  
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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF

Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

## MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD AND THE NEW COPYRIGHT BILL.

REGARDING it as equally useless and unjust—valueless to the author and injurious to the bookseller—we disapproved the principle of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's New Copyright Bill, as brought forward in the parliamentary session of 1838. Moreover, we disapproved the spirit of the Bill, because it appeared to partake largely of the nature of a job; of a job which, under the pretence of improving the position of the literary class in general, was not in reality calculated to benefit one individual in five hundred. Further, whilst it affected to protect the author, and to promote and extend his interest, it, by an intended *ex post facto* operation, was so constructed as to engender differences between authors and their publishers, and grossly to violate the interest of the latter. We consider it to be quite as expedient, and quite as just, that a bookseller should be protected in the possession of his vested rights, as that the author should be protected in the possession of his property against the selfishness or dishonesty of an overreaching bookseller.

It appeared to us last year—and our opinion upon the subject has not undergone the slightest change—that, in the great majority of instances, it could import little to an author, or to an author's posterity, whether the term of copyright should continue at twenty-eight, or should be extended to sixty years. Probably, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the author assigns his copyright in perpetuity to the bookseller, for a valuable consideration, or the two contracting parties agree to hold the copyright conjointly and share the profits of sale. In this view, where is the publisher who would give, or would be justified in giving, sixpence more for the assignment of a copyright of sixty years' duration, than for one of twenty-eight years? The case is self-

evident: not one book in fifty can hope for an immortality of more than eight-and-twenty years. Even Sir Walter Scott's works, had they rested upon their *intrinsic merit* for their popularity, would never have attained the height at which, *pro tempore*, they stand. However, they are rapidly descending to their just level.

It was perfectly natural, and even laudable, on the part of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd—himself a poet, and the associate of Poets—the friend of Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, Coleridge, Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Procter, and Sheridan Knowles, &c.—that he should be desirous of promoting the interests of literature and of literary men. It is for his attempt to legislate in favour of the few, without benefitting the many, and for his giving an *ex post facto* character to the operation of his last year's Bill, that we feel disposed to blame him. However, Mr. Talfourd has derived advantage from experience; and, in his Bill of the present session—an abstract of which we gave at page 189—he has wisely abandoned the *ex post facto* clauses. By this abandonment, Mr. Tegg's *brutum fulmen* of the 20th of February, levelled against those clauses, fell to the ground. On the 27th of that month Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, on moving the second reading of the Bill, delivered a very able speech; and, on a division, the second reading was carried by 73 votes against 37. That the measure should have been opposed by such mockery of argument as that which was adduced by the Solicitor General in favour of "cheap literature"—that it should have been opposed by men of such intellectual calibre as Messrs. Hume, Baines, Warburton, &c.—were amongst the strongest proofs presumptive that could be offered of its genuine importance. For our own parts, we have only to say, that, if the few can be

benefitted without injury to the *mass*, in Heaven's name let the Bill be passed. It may operate as a salutary stimulant to many, whilst, to one in a million, it may produce a princely reward. We do not believe that either printers, booksellers, bookbinders, paper-makers, type-founders, or any other trade or class connected with the bookselling and printing business, will be injured, to the extent of a shilling, by the passing of the Bill. On the contrary, such is the increasing love of reading—such the increasing thirst for literary and scientific knowledge—that we firmly hope, and as firmly believe, that, for many a long year to come, the advancement of literature and the arts, and of every profession and trade connected with literature and the arts, will exhibit the most gratifying aspect.

It has often, and as truly as often, been said, that "quantity deteriorates quality." And never was the truth of this position more forcibly exemplified than by the overwhelming masses of waste paper, which, under the false designation of "cheap literature," have been hurled upon us within the last twelve or fifteen years. Within that period the Society for the Diffusion of Useful (?) Knowledge has inflicted more injury upon genuine literature and art, upon their professors, and upon the public at large, than will be repaired in a century to come. The Society has inflicted the injury complained of, not only by its own multiplication and spread of inferior works at a *low* (not at a *cheap*) price, but by exciting a spirit of emulation amongst individuals to produce works of a still lower grade, to enable them to compete, in the market, with the would-be monopolists. By these means just such approximations have been made, at a *low price*, to the *appearance* of excellence, as have sufficed to preclude the production and sale of works of a high order of literary merit. Precisely the same remarks apply to the productions of the graphic art. The judgment and taste of the majority of purchasers are not yet sufficiently correct and refined to appreciate the difference in value between a print, the engraving of which may have cost a hundred guineas, and one for which not more than sixty may have been paid; consequently, as the latter may be sold with more advantage to the proprietor for six or eight shillings than the former can for ten or twelve, it is clear that the *low priced* (not the *cheap*) print will obtain preference with the multitude.

We believe that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's abandonment of the *ex post facto* clauses of his Bill for the protection and extension of copyright has perfectly satisfied the *respectable* booksellers and publishers. Not so, however, those who, like obscene birds, watch for the moment of an expiring copyright, to pounce upon it as their *legal* (not *moral*) prey.

Mr. Tegg, or some person assuming his name (we should be glad, for Mr. Tegg's sake, to find the signature a forgery) has put forth a letter upon the subject of copyright, and upon the *immense* remuneration derived by literary men from their labours. If Mr. Tegg be not the author of this letter it is incumbent on him to disavow it; if he be—we are sorry for the writer; for a mass of error and misrepresentation more gross it was never our fate to encounter. To many of the items, confused and mystified as they are in Mr. Tegg's statement, we could, and *would*, give the most express contradiction, were it not that, by so doing, we should violate private confidence. To say nothing of the unfairness, and (we speak advisedly) untruth of Mr. Tegg's assertions respecting editorial payment, in reference to the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and Blackwood's and the New Monthly Magazines, let us glance for a moment at some of his "modern instances." We are told that for Fox's "Fragments of English History," Lord Holland received 5000 guineas; that, for that very infamous and utterly talentless production, the "Life and Times of George IV." Lady C. Bury obtained 1000 guineas; that Bulwer received from 1200*l.* to 1500*l.* a-piece for his novels; that Maryat's novels produced him from 1000*l.* to 1200*l.* each; and that for Mrs. Trollope's "Factory Boy" the sum of 1800*l.* has been paid!!!

If a bookseller did give 5000 guineas for Fox's book, it must have been on account of the author's *name*, and most lamentably must he have burnt his fingers by the purchase. *Without* a name the work would not have been worth a moiety of 5000 shillings; and even *with* a name, it was in a short time to be bought at the common stalls for little more than the price of waste paper.

We believe Mr. Colburn to be much too good a general to have given Lady C. B. 1000 guineas for the copyright of the "Life and Times of George IV." Did that unfortunate lady ever produce a work, of any description, worth 500*l.* to a bookseller?



We shrewdly suspect that, to the history of the book in question, a curious sequel might be appended.

As for Bulwer, if he received 1000*l.* for any one of his novels, he well deserved it; that he got *so much* as 1000*l.* for *each*, or that he had *more* than 1000*l.* for *any one* of them, we have good reason for disbelieving. Without specific application to Sir E. L. Bulwer, or to any one else, let us, for the sake of illustration, imagine a case. An author's former productions have been eminently successful—the publisher, in consequence, can afford a handsome price—and he agrees to give him 1000*l.* for a new work. "Well, now, Mr.—, this is a large sum—a very large sum—that I am paying you for this—and its all speculation—I am sure I do not know how I am ever to get my money back. But, now, just—just—it won't do you any harm—in fact, it will be of service to you, if you ever engage with another publisher—and—and, it will serve me, too, in a parti-

cular quarter—just—I give you 1000*l.*—its a very large sum, but, just—just write me a receipt for 1500*l.*, will you? I am sure it will do you good as well as me." The request is, of course, acceded to—bookseller and author are both delighted, and—the public are gulled!

With reference to Captain Marryat's 1000 and 1200 pounders, recent proceedings in the Vice Chancellor's Court have blown all that story up.

For the "Factory Boy," 1800*l.*! For a work which, judging from its first specimen, is *all* bad, without one solitary redeeming trait of merit, 1800*l.*!! The work is proposed to consist of twenty numbers, of two demy octavo sheets each. Why, this is *only* at the rate of 45*l.* per sheet; each sheet averaging in quantity about five-and-a-half, or six pages of *The Aldine Magazine*!! Mr. Colburn, we apprehend, knows much better how to dispose of his money. Ө

## THE FATE OF LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

*Fiat justitia, ruat calum.*

THE following Letter has been addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe, by the Duke of Normandy. A Copy of it has been delivered to all the Ambassadors of the Foreign Powers in London, and one has been transmitted to her Majesty's Secretary of State, Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

### TO ALL THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

PRINCES OF EUROPE!—Called to a destiny more exalted than the Crown of France, which by legitimate right belongs to me, I alone am able to restore peace to Europe and to my country; I say emphatically, *and to my country*, for there is seated the focus of those corrupting doctrines which poison all that is true, to destroy all that is just. I cannot explain my meaning more clearly, for my enemies are yours. As for you, you are protected still by their policy, but that policy is more dangerous to you than the assassins by whom they persecute me.

Princes, you are deceived with respect to me; and those who work upon you, by exciting your prejudices against me, are, for the most part, members of a Machiavelian Association, in the bosom of which are organized those plots which are intended to dethrone you.

There are others, persons of good faith, whom the artifices of these wretched beings have united in their intrigues.

Their motive for upsetting your thrones is not the welfare of the people, who are happy by your means, so long as you are just. And who is there among you, unwise enough to discard the justice of God, since it is the Most High who has placed you where you are, for the interest of the nations who are committed to your keeping, that you may protect them by your justice against the wickedness of those who know not God, nor his justice.

For this reason they seek to mislead you, and turn you away from that which is true and just, that they may draw down upon you the hatred of those who ought to esteem you.

It is well known that the affections of your people can alone afford stability to your thrones; for goodness and truth, mercy and justice, are the surest safeguard of a King, and the most solid basis of his power; but his enemies, by deep-laid stratagem and perfidy, endeavour to make him wicked, deceitful, and cruel. And instead of approving as a wise friend would do, his

ideas of clemency, and counselling his exercise of justice and moderation in his public and private acts, they urge him to a system of government, the issue of which is injustice, which they make him countenance under the fallacious appearance of preserving the dignity and rights of his Crown—they justify all by what they call policy.

By similar means your real enemies have kept you back from administering that justice which is due to the Orphan of the Temple, who is myself. Myself, who so many years have cried out to you, "Judge my cause."

But, deaf to my words, you have only listened to my foes, my political persecutors, and you have judged me according to their infamous calumnies, without asking them for the proofs of what they advance against the Son of that martyr King, who was your brother.

You have abandoned the unfortunate Orphan of the Temple, who is your equal, and have rendered ignominious the Son of the Daughter of the Cæsars, without considering that my opprobrium is the shame of your Crowns; and the unhappiness of my six innocent children will be the opprobrium of your own.

Such are the consequences of the pernicious counsels of your Cabinets, which tell you that you cannot now recognize me, without losing the honour and confidence of the nations.

If in default of other resources, there only remains to you unjust words, and deeds of injustice, towards the innocent Son of the King of France—finish your work of destruction, by stopping the last pulse of the heart of him who summons you to justice.

Precipitate his head, whitened with sufferings, into the same tomb which covers his father, his mother Marie Antoinette, and Marie Elizabeth.

Perhaps your counsellors, and their agents will know how to save your honour, by the moral assassination of my six children, for there lies the aim of the policy of my persecutors and your enemies.

If they shall say to you we cannot wage war with France on account of one man, I acknowledge the truth of the declaration, but at least *do justice to me*. What have you to fear. If hypocrites and traitors have deceived you with regard to me, you are innocent, and your honour, which they made you believe would be lost by your recognition of me, will be saved.

Your silence attests to the *contrary*, and raises against you the reprobation of all honourable men, so that the hatred borne towards you already, will only be augmented in every loyal heart. That is the end sought to be attained by my adversaries, who are inimical to you also.

Sooner or later they will turn to their own advantage your conduct towards me, and they will reproachingly say to you, "What have we to expect from you, who would not do justice to your equals."

Think you, that my recognition would be the means of exciting a war in France, attended with peril to your own States? I repeat, that I

am ready to sacrifice my own person for the happiness of my country; but be just towards my children, for whom I demand nothing but the civil inheritance of my parents.

Do you think that my own good-will towards France would not be sufficient, after the acknowledgment of my identity?

But the all-powerful God who placed you on your thrones, is living. Do you think that he has need of your recognition, to establish my identity?

Is your policy stronger than he who makes Kings and Emperors disappear with all their dynasties? If their God exists, and the rights of Kings are derived from his justice, why have you no confidence in his justice? Do you flatter yourselves that you are wiser than he who made you, and whose you are? Do you not know, that in spite of yourselves, his power urges you forward, whither you willingly would not go? I declare the truth (*Je suis la Vérité*); and, therefore, I place my confidence in God. I am just, and, therefore, I am the friend of justice; if then, the French nation is informed of the whole truth, as from the voice of God, let her pronounce between me and him, who has usurped my inheritance through your political machinations; if she universally declares for the King of the French, I, the sole legitimate King of France, have a heart sufficiently magnanimous to submit to that manifestation of the national will; and I will yield to my country my rights, and those of my children, in order to consolidate for ever the welfare and prosperity of France, who is worthy, and to whom belongs the pacification of Europe.

The Son of Louis the XVI. never would, by intrigue, by force, nor by any species of perfidy, oppose a denouement, which would be to him the judgment of the Almighty, and he would be happy to die in peace with his own family, in a land which has, so to speak, been moulded (*façonnée*) by his ancestors, for the welfare of the French nation, who certainly would not refuse to receive among them in peace the last descendant of their Kings. I beseech you then to put me on my trial; if you reject my last entreaties, may God judge you according to your works, and your children will reap the fruits according to his unerring justice. I have summoned Madame Duchess of Angoulême to meet me at London, to discuss our rights before the Judges of Great Britain, in default of those in France, from whose presence I have been violently expelled. Oh, that she may come, that we may finally be judged; if not, I shall, in three months, have the means afforded me of restoring strength to my country,\* and she will demand a recompense at the hands of those who have denied me justice, and by that means destroyed her peace.

CHARLES LOUIS,  
Duc de Normandie.

London, Feb. 18, 1839.

\* 'Je saurai rendre la force à ma patrie.'

## MOORISH BALLADS.

No. I.

MORĀYMA.

ALL helmed in gold and girt in gold, like one encased in flame,  
Forth from Granada's royal towers the king Boabdil came ;  
The diamond-hilted by his side, the spear of proof in rest,  
The foremost of his chivalry, El-Chico proudly press't ;  
And thousands girt his standard round, the crescent's flashing pride,  
And like the sea-waves after him poured on their sparkling tide ;  
" Down with the Cross ! " El-Chico cried, " down with the cross ! " arose,  
And cymbals clashed and trumpets brayed red vengeance to their foes.

All hearts had but one ocean pulse fierce heaving up the deep,  
And every eye flashed like a star in midnight's purple steep ;  
But there was one, The Beautiful, all palm like in her grace,  
Who ere the train departed clung unto the king's embrace ;  
Her raven hair was streaming in the wild breeze of her fears,  
And the long thin lashes of her eye were wet with pendant tears ;  
And her voice, her sobbing voice came forth like lute string when it breaks,  
And her look was like the dreamer's who in agony awakes.

" Too dearly loved, my life, my lord, my beautiful, my brave,  
" Why leavest thou Granada's walls ? lies love within the grave ?  
" Is true affection in the sword, or in the war's alarms ?  
" A thousand fold thou'lt find it strong in Morayma's arms.  
" Within the Alhambra thou art safe, safe in its halls divine ;  
" No shield is like a woman's love, and that, all, all is thine.  
" Give me thy sword, give me thy spear, nor let my tears be vain,  
" O let me nestle in thy heart, for ever, once again.

" What is the pride ambition brings ?—a demon to devour ;  
" What is the honour glory gives ?—the death-light of an hour ;  
" Dost want a shield ?—behold my heart, an ever throbbing shrine ;  
" My lord, my loved, my beautiful, it has been, still is thine ;  
" Our sky is bright, our bower is bright, wilt shade them with my fears ?  
" The Prophet aid me, for mine eye is dimmed with my sad tears ;  
" So let it be, be blind for aye, so thou dost not depart,  
" For I shall have thee, hold thee still, and feel thee in my heart."

Uprose the mother queen, uprose Ayeexa fierce and loud,  
The flash of her dark eye came forth like lightning from a cloud :  
" Daughter of Ali Atar, why flow those wretched tears of thine,  
" Unworthy of a warrior sire, unworthy of thy line ?  
" Thy love should nerve the kingly heart, as it should do thine own,  
" The sword unsheathed that won the crown, unsheathed must guard the throne.  
" 'Tis in the field, and by the spear, and with the sword so keen,  
" The king is worthy of the crown, the wife to be the queen.

" Go lure the slave with silken ties, with kisses to decoy,  
" My son was born a warrior-king, and not a woman's toy ;  
" More perils fence the coward round than ever battle brings,  
" The bright sword is a warrior's trust, and thine my son's a king's ;  
" Then pass thou forth Granada's chief, the morion on thy brow,  
" Thy father's glove is red with blood, go make it redder now.  
" Go, or I curse thee !"—and her word fell like a thunder blow !  
He sprang upon his battle-steed and rushed to meet the foe.

Within the Alhambra's walls there sits and weeps a lady fair,  
And like the sea-foam heaves her breast, she weeps in her despair ;  
Within the Alhambra's walls there treads the offspring of her kings ;  
The brow with haughty fierceness frowns, the eye defiance flings ;  
The one, a fading flower droops down her agonized head,  
The other looks as if she loved to feed on foemen dead ;  
'Tis Morayma weeping for her own beloved one,  
But in the mother's heart revenge toils for her CAPTURED SON !

II. C. D.

# THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING BLIND.

## IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

To ordinary apprehensions, that organic malady which is supposed to shut out the anterior world, and for ever to conceal from us the glories of the creation, leaving us in possession of only four senses, and shorn of the fifth, and this, if possible, the most important of the whole—with due and special exceptions to the gourmand, who would sooner lose his sight than his palate, *i. e.* his plate; to the snuff-taker, whose nose would be at a considerable discount; to the ear, into whose charmed hollow the whispered breathings of the lip steeped in passion are poured; and to that young child of modern educational tactics, whose fingers are most mischievously employed in doing duty for our own within the sanctum sanctorum of our pockets; to ordinary apprehensions we repeat, the deprivation we are alluding to would be considered as a just reflection, to be a most grievous calamity. And so it is, but not to the extent that has been supposed; whilst many of the advantages have entirely eluded notice, which would otherwise have afforded no small measure of consolation; more especially that species of blindness to which we shall hereafter allude, and which is not exactly of the kind our opening might lead the reader to suppose, but which, nevertheless, is blindness, as dark and impenetrable, as if the head were eyeless, and the soul were in a total eclipse.

But as we progress, we think we ought to confess to three kinds of blindness ordinary; the blindness extraordinary it not being our immediate purpose to discourse upon.

Of these three, there is 1stly, the blindness natural; 2ndly, the blindness accidental; and 3rdly, the blindness unnatural.

The blindness natural, is that affliction which precludes man from having any visual knowledge of the works of his Creator, and of his own species, by the primary ordina-

tions of Providence. This state, apparently so afflicting, is in reality, if we may by examples, most felicitous, offer an opinion, always possessed of a temper, a contentedness, a passiveness, a patience that is more eloquent than all language, and a temperament such as angels may be supposed to have, and few else. This may be accounted for to a very great extent: there can be no doubt, that temptation, ocularly presented in a thousand shapes and modes, is the Great High Priest of the passions; the adumbration of virtue, which excites evil to murder good, and which summons to its aid all the darker elements of man's nature, converting them to instruments of its ambition and appetites. These, agitating the nervous system, create perturbation of mind and body, which ultimately preys upon all peace, turning our sustenance into bitter ashes, and our libations into gall and wormwood. The sight then is the great organ or vehicle of the passions; by it the faculties of feeling, hearing, tasting, and smelling, are first actively and trenchantly excited; their previous existence being of the simplest order, and for the simplest purposes. In one sense, therefore, the eye is the great enemy of man; the cause of his unrest; the physical telescope of evil; and it is just the absence of this magnetic opera glass, that renders the individual sightless, sunless, starless, and kindless—tranquil, passionless, powerless to evil, yet accomplished to good; and that infuriates another to all mad feelings, with as much facility as a "*coup de soleil*" boils the brain, or by the aid of a lens ignites and explodes a barrel of gunpowder. For, after all, man's heart is neither more nor less than a compound of charcoal and saltpetre, morally, as the other is scientifically.

Turning our attention unto him who is in the condition we have first noticed, we unhesitatingly declare, that of the two

states, he who is born absolutely blind, is a better and a happier man, than he who can either stare death, or the sun in the face; and that he who is the victim of accident, is in many respects, and after a certain probation, the next in the scale of felicity to the first. Of this 2nd class, more anon.

Plato considered man a feathered biped: we ever deemed this celebrated comparison of the great heathen philosopher, an extremely absurd one—we are free to confess our entire obtuseness to its merits, or even to its common sense. What there is in a plucked cock any more than in a plucked turkey, or in an alderman similarly circumstanced, we pretend not to know: it is one of those superfine sayings, which sometimes drop from the lips of superior beings, and prove that however near they may approach to the fountain of the soul at times, the dust and ashes of the flesh lure them back to earth, and ally them to its greatest fools; for it is a truth, that when great mental power is foolish, it is generally so most completely. There is more affinity between mind and madness, than the mere alliteration; and the “brain in fine frenzy rolling” does not oftener carve dragons in the clouds, than your staid philosophers, who turn men into monkeys, like Lord Monboddoo, or into plucked cocks or capons, like Plato:—

“He that spins his thread too fine, will break it.”

“Perdam sapientiam sapientum, et prudentiam prudentium reprobam.”—

—“vis animai  
Conturbatur—et divisa sursum  
Disjectatur eodem illa distracta veneno.”

And when Cicero says, “Nihil tam absurdè dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum,” he had no doubt Plato in his mind.

It is clear beyond all manner of doubt, that a man blind from his birth had never committed so absurd a mental blunder, as the great Plato did in this instance, when he merely defined man to be a “two-legged animal;” for in the first place he would not have known what an animal meant, and in the second, what a pair of legs were like. These, it will be admitted, are very great advantages; for if they prohibit the “advancement of learning,” they preclude the manifestations of intellectual absurdity. Original blindness then is an

adversary to original folly; and although the faculties are dormant to a very great extent, they are more so to evil than to good; for the good is their own, and the evil is other men’s.

Another distinguished advantage of this original blindness is, that by the deprivation of the outward sense, the inward senses are all amazingly strengthened—it is wonderful how acute these become. Limited in their extent, and operating upon a narrow surface, they possess not only the power of large reflective comprehension, but have also a singular microscopic one; the sense of hearing becomes wonderfully refined, and all the subtle tones of voice through all its varied emotions as the vehicle of the feelings, is seized by it in a manner utterly inconceivable by those who have not given their attention to it; whilst, if one may so apply the term, all the delicate and invisible harmonies, the *aroma* of melody, are collected with a magical perception, which they whose souls are not imprisoned by darkness are not capable of to near by so minute an intenseness. The sense of feeling too is equally augmented in its nervous sensibilities. The commonest observer must have witnessed the marvellous manner with which blind people perform operations of daily life, by means of it alone. They must have witnessed females performing all the manipulations of needle-work. But, perhaps, the most wonderful power of all is, their perception of colours, which is attained solely by the sensibilities of the touch; hence, in truth, the fingers of a blind person are his eyes, so that he has within his limitation a double advantage over those whose visual organs are unimpaired, as he has not only the augmented intensity of the organ of feeling for all the ordinary necessities, but he can convert them for many practical purposes into a real optical power.

We could make similar observations upon the organs of smelling and of tasting; but space being limited, we must so far desist, and recall to our reader’s attention, the general advantages blindness gives to all the moral perceptions, summoning forth in greater strength, and beauty, and purity, all the nobler and holier essences of our nature, and resolving our souls into mirrors of intellectual contemplation of all the bounties and blessings of the Deity. Tranquillity of mind is one of the greatest of felicities; contentedness is another; grati-

tude, thankfulness, submissiveness, humility, gentleness, and all those virtues which bring a man near to his God, are others of those blessings which the blind enjoy, with increased force and energy, and which are unto them their real and true light, the eyes of Heaven. It may be said with some plausibility, these are no merits under the circumstances, for not being able to be tempted by the vices, they have no other employment than cultivating the virtues. We could, if we would, quickly expose this fallacy; but it will be sufficient for our purposes, even to admit it, for it will at once prove our original position of the *advantages* of being *blind*.

We are also about to assert that which may at first startle our readers; we say then most distinctly, that in one, and a perfect sense, a blind man is not blind. He who has never known light, is no more in darkness than heaven itself, which has no sun; and yet heaven, we apprehend, is not dark, but lighted up by a light within, of what kind we know not, but with which neither our light nor our darkness can have the least affinity. God is light, but not such as we conceive, because it is said, the sun is his shadow. It might as well be affirmed, that man has no soul, because we cannot see it, as to say, a man who never had what we term the organs of sight, is blind to what we denominate light, because he never saw it. Light is but a word conveying the idea of the impressions of a certain element, and nothing more. The same may be said of the expression "darkness," which

means merely the absence of the impression of the element called light; but abstractedly speaking, there is neither the one nor the other—the blind man so designated, has his intimate and internal light, as much as the other has his intimate and external light. To the blind man darkness is light; it is emphatically *his* light; his light on earth, and what is of far greater moment, his light to heaven. The Unknown, to him who knows it not, exists not; light to the born blind is unknown, and, therefore, to him exists not; and its very non-existence gives him this great additional superiority: he is essentially an immaterialist, and dwelleth on things immortal. What Bishop Berkeley truly believed with his eyes, the blind know and believe without them. Who will after this deny the advantages of being blind, and not confess how mighty and varied are the blessings of God towards all his creatures; and that in proportion to their privations, he bestows upon them other mighty and counterbalancing mercies; and that though

"The common light that shines on all,  
Diffused around the whole terrestrial ball,"

radiates not through the brain of the blind, to him are given constellations revolving internally, which are ample compensations for that of which he has no earthly knowledge, and is most happy in not knowing? "Sicillatim mortales, cunctim perpetui." He who receiveth the light of the sun, has more of the particular mortality; he who receives it not, of the immortality general.

H. C. D.

## APRIL,

BY MISS PARDOE.

April! thou art come again,  
With thy fitful showers of shining rain,  
Veiling the sunny beam;  
With thy laughing mock of steadier spring,  
Thy bright capricious blossoming,  
And thy wild unsteady gleam.  
Life's emblem art thou—every hour  
Changeful, uncertain as the wind;  
Driven onward by a mighty pow'r  
No force can stay, no bonds can bind:  
Now struggling with the blasts that sweep  
O'er the vexed bosom of the deep,

Now laughing with the light that lies  
Upon the early blossom's dies—  
The plaything of each passing cloud,  
Now calm and bright, now dark and loud—  
We blame thy fitfulness, nor see  
Our poor selves mirrored out in thee.  
Like change, like chance, indeed are ours,  
As fortune sways us to and fro;  
Now gilding bright our sunny hours,  
Now weeping o'er our overthrow—  
Man's fate is but continual strife,  
And one long APRIL all his life!

# ANNALS OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

## LETTER XI.

### MR. JOHNSON, OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AND HIS LITERARY CONNEXIONS.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, London, Feb. 22, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

The ANNALS of AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS and BOOKSELLERS are so interwoven with each other, that every interesting object connected with literature must emanate from them, collectively or individually.

Greater interest, perhaps, may be attached to the individual and his connexions, that I am about to pourtray, than can be met with in the circles of a court, or amidst the splendour of the wealthy, or those generally employed in mercantile and trading speculations. The person to whom I allude, was the late Mr. Joseph Johnson, bookseller, for nearly fifty years resident at an old fashioned house, and long narrow shop, in St. Paul's Church Yard, where several thousands of pounds have since been expended on the front alone (including two other houses in front, and premises of six other occupants) in converting it into one of the greatest emporiums of female fashion in the British metropolis.

Mr. Johnson was a small, plain, unassuming man, of a strong well informed mind, and of temperate habits, but of so delicate an appearance, that his life may be said to have hung in a very doubtful scale for many years. He, however, evinced much talent, and possessed so clear an intellect that it might be said of him, as was said by the late Dr. Parr, in speaking of a favourite pupil,\* that "He had the body of a butterfly, with the head of an elephant."

"Mr. Johnson (according to his biographer, Dr. Aikin) was born at Liverpool, in November, 1738, of parents who were dissenters, of the Baptist persuasion. He was sent to London at the age of fourteen, and was apprenticed to Mr. George Keith, of Gracechurch Street. He began business for himself in a shop on Fish Street Hill, a situation he chose as being in the track of the medical students resorting to the

hospitals in the Borough, and which probably was the foundation of his connexions with many eminent members of that profession. From that place he removed to Paternoster Row, where he lived some years in partnership, first with Mr. Davenport, and then with Mr. John Payne. His house and stock were entirely consumed by fire in 1770, after which misfortune he removed to the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, in which he thenceforth carried on business (for nearly forty years) without a partner to the time of his death, Dec. 20th, 1809, an event greatly regretted by his numerous friends: he had for some years past been considered the father of the trade."

It was on the 8th of January, 1770, the fire mentioned above broke out, and not only entirely consumed the house and stock of Messrs. Johnson and Payne, but also the house of Mr. Cocks, printer, and damaged the house of Mr. Crowder, bookseller, (where the Aldine Chambers now stand). One thousand pounds' worth of bibles and prayer books belonging to the proprietors of the Oxford press were destroyed.

"The character of Mr. Johnson (continues Dr. Aikin) established by his integrity, good sense, and honourable principles of dealing, soon raised him to eminence as a publisher; and many of the most distinguished names in science and literature during the last half century appear in works which he ushered into the world. Of a temper the reverse of sanguine, and with a manner somewhat cold and indifferent, and with a decided aversion to all arts of puffing and parade, the confidence and attachment he inspired were entirely the result of his solid judgment, his unaffected sincerity, and the friendly benevolence with which he entered into the interests of all who were connected with him. Although he was not remarkable for the encouragement he held out to authors—the consequence of his being neither sanguine nor pushing—yet it was his invariable rule, when the success of a work surpassed his expectations, to make the writer a partaker in the emolument, though he lay under no other obligation to do so than his own notions of justice and generosity. The kindness of his heart was equally conspicuous in all the relations of life. His house and purse were always open to the calls of friendship, kindred, or misfortune; and perhaps few men of his means and con-

\* Mr. James Belcher, a bookseller, in Birmingham.

dition have done more substantial services to persons whose merits and necessities recommended them to his notice.

"It is well known that Mr. Johnson's literary connexions have lain in great part among the free enquirers both on religious and political topics. He was himself on conviction a friend to such large and liberal discussion as is not inconsistent with the peace and welfare of society, and the preservation of due decorum towards things really respectable. But these were limits within which, both by temper and principle, he wished to see such discussion confined; for turbulence and sedition were utterly abhorrent from his nature. When, therefore, for the unconscious offence of selling a few copies of a pamphlet of which he was not the publisher, and which was a reply to one of which he had sold a much larger number, the opportunity was taken of involving him in a prosecution that brought upon him the infliction of fine and imprisonment, it was by many considered as the ungenerous indulgence of a long-hoarded spleen against him on account of publications not liable to legal censure, though displeasing to authority. It is gratifying, however, to relate, that during the height of party animosity, so little was he regarded personally as a party man, that he continued to number among his intimate friends several worthy persons of opposite sentiments and connexions, who, with himself, were capable of considering a man's performance of the duties of life apart from his speculative opinions.

"Although the majority of his publications were of the theological and political class, yet the number of those in science and elegant literature was by no means inconsiderable. Besides all the scientific writings of Dr. Priestley, he published many important works in Medicine and Anatomy, and others in different branches of knowledge. Two poets of great modern celebrity were by him first introduced to the public—Cowper and Darwin. The former of these, with the diffidence, and perhaps the despondency, of his character, had actually, by means of a friend, made over to him his two volumes of poems on no other condition than that of securing him from expense; but when the public, which neglected the first volume, had discovered the rich mine opened in "The Task," and assigned the author his merited place among the first-rate English poets, Mr. Johnson would not avail himself of his advantage, but displayed a liberality which has been warmly acknowledged by that admirable though unfortunate person.

"It is proper to mention that his true regard for the interests of literature rendered him an enemy to that typographical luxury which, joined to the necessary increase of expense in printing, has so much enhanced the price of new books as to be a material obstacle to the indulgence of a laudable and reasonable curiosity by the reading public. On this principle he usually consulted cheapness rather than appearance in his own publications; and if authors were sometimes

mortified by this preference, the purpose of extensive circulation was better served.

"Mr. Johnson was of a weak and delicate frame of body, and was much afflicted with asthmatic complaints, which visibly gained ground upon him as he advanced in years. The immediate cause of his dissolution was a pleuritic attack, under which he quietly sank after three days of patient suffering. His remains were deposited in the churchyard of Fulham, in which parish he had a country house. He was never married."

Some further particulars and minutiae are entered into by another biographer, who, according to Timperley, states that—

"Joseph Johnson was the younger of two sons of a farmer at Everton, near Liverpool, where he was born, Nov. 15, 1738. He was apprenticed, at a suitable age, to Mr. George Keith, a bookseller, in Gracechurch Street, who had married the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Gill. It was about the year 1760 that Mr. Johnson first entered into business for himself, in partnership with a Mr. Davenport; and nearly at the same period he contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter. The partnership with Davenport being dissolved, Mr. Johnson formed a similar connexion with Mr. John Payne; and their business was carried on in Paternoster Row, till nearly the whole of their property was consumed by fire in 1770, no part of it being insured.

"By this time Mr. Johnson had acquired the highest character with those who knew him best for integrity and a virtuous disposition; and now that he was on the ground, 'his friends,' as he expressed it to a particular acquaintance, 'came about him, and set him up again.' On this occasion he removed to the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he dwelt for the remainder of his life. A short time after this epoch in his affairs, he became closely connected with the most liberal and learned branch of the Protestant dissenters in England. He published, in 1772, the poems of Ann Letitia Aikin, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld; and nearly at the same time was placed in the same relation of publisher to Dr. Priestley, whose numerous writings were brought up by Mr. Johnson from that time forward. In 1774, when Theophilus Lindsey came to London, having given up a living of £400. per annum and rich expectancies, because he could not reconcile his conscience to the Articles of the Church of England, he immediately formed a strict intimacy with Mr. Johnson. Mr. Lindsey's circumstances became greatly straitened by the sacrifice he had made; and Mr. Johnson procured, and caused to be fitted up for him, as a chapel, the great room in the house of Mr. Paterson, in Essex Street, in the Strand, and was extremely active in procuring subscriptions, and forming a regular religious establishment in that place, which he constantly attended as long as Mr. Lindsey continued to officiate there. Mr. Johnson was so fortunate (and this is one of the



greatest honours that can fall to a bookseller) as to have been publisher to many of the most eminent authors of his time.

"In May, 1788, he began a periodical publication, called the *Analytical Review*. Mr. Johnson was a man remarkably superior to mercenary views. He often proposed and entered into the reprint of books, which he considered as conducive to the best interests of his species, without the possibility of being reimbursed but in a very long time, and probably not at all. He often purchased the manuscripts of worthy persons in distress, when he had no intention ever to send them to the press. His benevolent actions are much too numerous to be related in such a work as this. His mind was of so admirable a temper, as almost never to be worn out with importunity; and he was not to be turned aside by the ingratitude of those he benefited from doing that which he judged to be right. In his latter years Mr. Johnson was uncommonly reduced by a series of infirmities: he walked with difficulty; his frame was worn to a shadow; and, having mentioned on some occasion that it was his desire to be borne to his grave by four poor men, he added, that in reality two would do, for 'they would have nothing to carry.' Yet his faculties and his power of conversation remained; and he scarcely remitted his attention to business, and not at all his disposition to be serviceable to others. He was always found an advocate on the side of human nature and human virtue; recommending the line of conduct which springs from disinterestedness and a liberal feeling, and maintaining its practicability.

"A handsome monument, in the north-east corner of Fulham church, is thus inscribed:—

'Here lie the remains of

JOSEPH JOHNSON, late of St. Paul's, London,  
who departed this life on the 20th day of December,  
1809,  
aged 72 years.

A man equally distinguished by probity, industry, and disinterestedness in his intercourse with the public, and every domestic and social virtue in private life; beneficent without ostentation, ever ready to produce merit, and to relieve distress; unassuming in prosperity, not appalled by misfortune; inexorable to his own, indulgent to the wants of others; resigned and cheerful under the torture of a malady which he saw gradually destroy his life.' "

So far proceed Mr. Johnson's biographers, but who, perhaps from motives of delicacy, or not viewing him through all the operations of his transactions with his brethren in trade, as well as with numberless authors (including Dr. Aikin and his family) have not entered sufficiently into the extensive merits of his conduct and character—or an enumeration of the talent that was brought forward, and rewarded in the most liberal manner through his penetrating mind and kind auspices. Under his roof were, perhaps, as much genius, taste, and talent

combined among the distinguished writers who assembled at his weekly literary parties, as at any house in the kingdom. Here the productions of Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld,\* (his sister,) Dr. Beddoes, Bonnycastle,† Cowper,‡ Dr. Darwin, Dr. Disney, Enfield,§ Geddes,

\* Ann Letitia Barbauld was the sister of Dr. John Aikin, and born at Kibworth, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743. About 1774 she married the Rev. Rochmont Barbauld, a dissenting minister at Palgrave, Suffolk, and died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825. She employed her excellent genius to the noblest ends, in exciting infancy to virtue, and maturer age to a love of freedom.

† John Bonnycastle, a celebrated mathematician, died at Woolwich, May 15, 1821.

‡ Mr. Johnson first obtained the copyright of *Cowper's Poems*, which proved a source of great profit to him, in the following manner:—A relation of Cowper's called one evening, in the dusk, on Johnson, with a bundle of these poems, which he offered for publication, provided he would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author to have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson having, on perusal, approved of them, undertook the risk of publishing. Soon after they appeared, there was not a review that did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemned them to the butter shops. In consequence of the public mind being thus terrified or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop, as an unsaleable pile, for a long time. Some time afterwards, the person appeared with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author, which were offered and accepted on similar terms. In this fresh collection was the admirable poem of the *Task*. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured as he was of their great merit, he resolved upon publishing them. Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion, and Johnson immediately reaped the fruit of his undaunted judgment. In 1815 the copyright was put up to sale among the members of the trade in thirty-two shares. Twenty of these shares were sold at £212. per share, including printed copies in quires to the amount of £82., which each purchaser was to take at a stipulated price; and twelve shares were retained in the hands of the proprietor. The work was satisfactorily proved, at the sale, to net £834. per annum. It had only two years of copyright, and yet this same copyright, with printed copies, produced, estimating the twelve shares which were retained at the same price as those which were sold, the sum of £6764.

§ Dr. William Enfield was born at Sudbury in 1741, and educated at Daventry. He died at Norwich, Nov. 3, 1797. His *Sermons*, with

Godwin, Dr. John Hunter, Rev. Dr. Hunter, Lavater, Lindsey,\* Howard, Dr. Lardner, Newton, Nicholson, Priestley, Horne Tooke,† and endless other works of the first rate authors and artists, were arranged and brought forward with almost unprecedented success. Among the most eminent artists and engravers employed by Mr. Johnson were Fuseli, Sharp, Holloway, Heath, Neagle, &c. The entertainment afforded in the brilliant conversation and flashes of wit between Fuseli, Horne Tooke, and others, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it and have survived them. Fuseli‡ was always a welcome guest at Mr. Johnson's hospitable board; and I believe the only picture that ornamented his plain old dining room was Fuseli's original painting of the Nightmare, which Dr. Darwin in his Botanic Garden thus so beautifully characterises:—

"So on his nightmare, through the evening fog,  
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;  
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid, with sleep oppress'd,

Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.

— Such as of late, amid the murky sky,

Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye;

Whose daring tints, with Shakspeare's happiest grace,

Gave to the airy phantom form and place.—

Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head;

Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;

While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,  
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death."

Mr. Johnson's business was for some time conducted by a person of the name of Redman, who had, I believe, originally followed the profession of a schoolmaster, and retained the cross habits and manners of the pedagogue, from perhaps the anxiety and

care which the calling of the schoolmaster sometimes creates. He was a clever, steady, well conducted man. If I mistake not, he emigrated to America, where he turned farmer.

Subsequently Mr. Rowland Hunter, a nephew of Mr. Johnson's, who, possessing the amiable quiet manners of his uncle, conducted the extensive business for many years with the greatest integrity, was universally esteemed, and succeeded to the business. However, as many of the leading authors had died during Mr. Johnson's life time—the copyrights being necessarily disposed of—and the position of writers greatly changed, as well as the trade itself, it unfortunately did not lead to the advantages that were contemplated. Besides, Mr. Johnson left the bulk of his personal and general property to other relatives, who have in the most spirited manner employed the fruits of his industry with their own good fortune, in trade.

I could dilate and dwell upon the subject of Mr. Johnson and his connexions far beyond the limits of a few columns in the *Aldine Magazine*, for perhaps there never was a more considerate or indulgent friend than he was, in the most trying occasions of his brethren in trade. He has been heard to say, that he would have retired from business many years before his demise, but from a consciousness of the numerous persons, authors and artists, as well as traders, who would have been injured by it. The numbers of medical and scientific books and distinguished periodicals that he published would form an extensive catalogue.

He was from habit and necessity extremely temperate; and his quiet, shrewd, yet agreeable manners were sure to please; and the wit of Horne Tooke, and more particularly that of Fuseli, frequently created the greatest delight and good humour at his table. Godwin was also a frequent, but rather silent guest. As to poor Mary Wolstoncroft, she never met with a more kind hearted, liberal, and friendly adviser than in Mr. Johnson; who reaped a golden and richly deserved harvest from the combination of talent engaged in the literary connexions which he had formed during his long and useful life.

I was often surprised at the quiet comfort, and ease with which he entertained the characters who assembled at his literary parties, which were held every Wednesday for

his life prefixed, was published by Dr. Aikin, in three volumes.

\* Theophilus Lindsey was born at Middlewich, Cheshire, June 20, 1723, and died November 3, 1808.

† John Horne Tooke died March 18, 1812, aged seventy-six years. His valuable library was sold by Messrs. King and Lochée in the course of the following year.

‡ Henry Fuseli, R.A. was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, and was the second son of Gaspard Fuseli, bookseller. At an early age he came to England, and by the encouragement of Sir Joshua Reynolds devoted himself to painting. One of his greatest efforts was the production of the Milton gallery, which was publicly exhibited in 1799. He died April 26, 1825.

several years, in a plain moderate sized room, where, at other times, important transactions took place, and immense sums were paid to authors, artists, stationers, printers, and others concerned with him in trade; all of whom were so satisfied with his straightforward character and conduct, that perhaps, if the hopes and success of all were not realised, his own mental feelings suffered more in the anxiety and care of a business in which the interest of so many were concerned, than the parties themselves felt.

Mr. Johnson was the invariable and confidential friend of the late George Robinson, sen. whom I have so recently described.

I knew Mr. Johnson from 1785 to 1805, and cannot conclude without paying a tribute to his kindness to me nearly forty years since—when I had a considerable sum to pay him, which I could not immediately accomplish. He handed me a check on Coutts for upwards of 300*l.*; told me to take what I required, bring him the difference, and pay the remainder as soon as I conveniently could. Subsequently he gave me the most friendly advice, to which I strictly adhered.

Yours, my dear Son,

Ever affectionately,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

## LETTER XII.

ADDISON, POPE, STEELE, SWIFT,  
&c.; THE LINTOTS, JACOB TON-  
SON, ANDREW MILLAR, &c.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, March 22, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

You will perceive that I have placed in juxtaposition Authors, Artists, Books, and Booksellers: permit me to impress upon your mind, whatever the world may say to the contrary, that every thing interesting in literature originates in one or the other of these sources. I ought, perhaps, to have commenced my biographical and bibliographical sketches with the above sentence; as my earliest connexions and recollections are associated with them, or at least with their successors in the field of literature, in which it is delightful to range or to dwell. Of the Lintots I have

much to say; and of those who followed in their wake, perhaps still more.

It is somewhat remarkable that three of the most eminent booksellers of their day, expired nearly at the same period—viz., Jacob Tonson, on the 31st of March, 1767; Thomas Osborn, on the 21st of August, in the same year; and Andrew Millar, on the 8th of June, 1768.

From, perhaps, adventitious circumstances, the Lintots claim the precedence; and how admirably Nichols has pourtrayed their character, as he has every thing else—with touches of a master hand!

Respecting Barnard and Henry Lintot Mr. Nichols, in the first number of his *Essays and Illustrations*, says—

“Of these very respectable booksellers, father and son, the little that is known being principally through the dense and partial mediums of ‘*The Dunciad*,’ I feel a peculiar pleasure, as a brother of the craft, in endeavouring to vindicate their memories.

“BARNABY\* BERNARD LINTOTT, son of John Lintott, late of Horsham, in Sussex, Yeoman, was bound apprentice at Stationers’ Hall, to Thomas Lingard, Dec. 4, 1690, turned over to John Harding 1691; and made free March 18, 1699. He soon after commenced business as a bookseller, at the sign of the Cross Keys, between the Temple gates, where he was patronised by many of the most eminent writers of a period which has been styled the AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.”

It appears that the first work published by Lintot was a volume of *Miscellanies* in prose and verse, in 1702 (at the Pestle and Mortar, without Temple Gate, where he dealt largely in law books), and consisted of contributions from the first wits of the age, as well as translations and maxims from the ancients. The principal contributors were—The Marquis of Normanby, the late Lord Rochester (Earl of Dorset), Mr. Waller, Mrs. Wharton, Dr. King, &c. He subsequently published some of Dryden’s poems singly, and others for Lady Chudleigh, Pope, Gay, Farquhar, Fenton, Parnel, &c.

In 1704 he published a *Collection of Tales*, Tragical and Comical, by Thomas D’Urfey, Gentleman, dedicated to the Duke of Argyll, in which he thus compliments his grace’s excellent consort my Lady Duchess—“whose singular virtue and beauty had

\* This was the name under which he was bound apprentice; but he soon dropped Barnaby; and after some years wrote Lintot, with a single [t] at the end.

raised her to so happy a sphere, which nothing but your grace's affection could give addition to."

Bernard Lintot continued to publish extensively for upwards of twenty years after the above period. In 1709 "The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems" made their appearance, and it seems were chiefly written by Fenton, Prior, Hopkins, Phillips, Gardiner, Sir John Denham, Lord Halifax, Dr. Sprat, Dr. Yalden, &c. &c. A similar volume appeared in 1712, in which are contained two "copies of verses" addressed to Bernard Lintot on the publication of the Miscellanies; one of them, as it afterwards appeared, by Swift, who subsequently enlarged them—the other by a nameless, but not inelegant bard, perhaps Dr. King, of the Commons. The latter we insert as illustrating the fancy of the age in publications of this class.

On a *Miscellany of Poems*—To Bernard Lintot. *Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.*—PLIN. *Epist.*

"As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,  
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,  
With due proportion and judicious care  
He fills his dish with diff'rent sorts of fare;  
Fishes and fowl deliciously unite,  
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight;  
So, Bernard, must a Miscellany be  
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;  
The Muses' Olio, which all tastes may fit,  
And teach each reader with his darling wit.  
Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,  
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,  
Let all the muses in the piece conspire;  
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;  
Heroic strains must here and there be found,  
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;  
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,  
And fill some pages with melodious woe.  
Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,  
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;  
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage  
May lash the madness of a vicious age!  
Satire—the muse that never fails to hit,  
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.  
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,  
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:  
Let short breathed epigram its force confine,  
And strike at follies in a single line.  
Translations should throughout the work be sown,  
And Homer's godlike muse be made our own;  
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,  
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue;  
Let Ovid tell Corima's hard disdain,  
And at her door in melting notes complain!  
His tender accents pitying virgins move,  
And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.

Let every classic in the volume shine,  
And each contribute to thy great design:  
Through various subjects let the reader range,  
And raise his fancy with a grateful change;  
Variety's the source of joy below,  
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow:  
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,  
And only change th' expiring flame renews.  
Where Buckingham will condescend to give,  
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;  
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,  
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings;  
Anacreon lives! they cry; the harmonious swain  
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain;  
'Tis he!—our lost Anacreon lives again.  
But, when the illustrious poet soars above  
The sportive revels of the god of love,  
Like Maro's muse, he takes a loftier flight,  
And towers beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight.  
"If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,

And of all others be reputed best,  
Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,  
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.  
Let Prior's muse with soft'ning accents move,  
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:  
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,  
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;  
Prior th' admiring reader entertains  
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spencer's strains.  
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings,  
With Waller's hands he strikes the sounding strings,  
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,  
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.  
On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,  
And silence guards the place while he repeats;  
His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,  
Whether she paints the god of love or arms:  
In him, pathetic Ovid sings again,  
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.  
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,  
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;  
Great Phæbus in his learned son we see,  
Alike in physic, as in poetry.  
When Pope's harmonious muse with pleasure roves  
Amidst the plains, the murmur'ing streams and groves,  
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,  
Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;  
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,  
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,  
And early in the youth the God appears."

In 1714 Lintot reprinted his "Miscellanies," in which he displayed the names of the several writers, among whom were Pope—whose Rape of the Lock appeared in it; also—An Ode for Music; on St. Cecilia's Day; Windsor Forest, An Essay on Criticism, &c.

And in the same year as above, Lintot entered into a very liberal agreement with Pope for his translation of HOMER'S *ILIAD*, the printing of which was soon after began by Mr. Bowyer, and diligently attended to by all parties. Mr. Gay, in a letter to Congreve, April 7th, 1713, facetiously says, "Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying. This gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness; who is now endeavouring to engage the curate of the parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on." Pope made upwards of 5000*l.* this year, but Lintot lost a large sum from a bad arrangement, and from the work being pirated in Holland and smuggled into this country. His biographers say, in the years 1715-16 we find Mr. Lintot pursuing his profession on the River Thames;

"In this place *Bowyer* plies; there's *Lintot's* stand."

He subsequently published *Poems on Several Occasions* by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Wycherly, Lady Winchelsea, Sir Samuel Garth, Nicholas Rowe, &c., dedicated by Fenton to the Earl of Orrery.\* Immediately afterwards Mr. Lintot, with Jacob Tonson, was appointed printer of the *Votes*, &c. of the House of Commons.

There does not appear to have been any altercation between the bookseller and the author, during the period of the publication of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, which continued till 1725; but from whatever cause it may have arisen, the friendship between Pope and his publisher appears to have terminated with the conclusion of Homer.

In an undated letter, addressed by Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington about that period, his description of his old friend, *Bernard Lintot*, is given with the most exquisite humour. "I know of nothing in our language," says Dr. Warton, "that equals it,\* except perhaps Mr. Colman's description in a *terra filius*, of an expedition of a bookseller and his wife to Oxford."

\* MY LORD,

"If your mare could speak, she would give you an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do I will. It was the enterprising Mr. Lin-

tot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a — horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare), overtook me in Windsor Forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

"I asked him where he got his horse?—he answered, he got it of his publisher. 'For that rogue, my printer, (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in a good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricasee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there a copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me; he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the devil is a fair conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise; if you have any more bags he shall carry them. I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.'

"Mr. Lintot began in this manner:—'Now, d— them!—what if they should put it into the newspapers, how you and I went together to Oxford?—what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that! If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by — I would keep as good company as old Jacob.'

"Hereupon I inquired of his son. 'The lad now (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministers came out of it, so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.'

"Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?' 'To what purpose? (said he). The Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.'

"As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle; for which I expressed some solicitude.—'Nothing (says he), I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods.' When we were alighted—'See here what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket!—what if you amused yourself in turning an Ode till we mount again! Lord! if you pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours!' 'Perhaps I may (said I) if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very

\* I shall give my readers an opportunity of judging.

much awakens my spirits; then jog on a-pace, and I will think as hard as I can."

"Silence ensued for a full hour, after which Mr. Lintot hugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, 'Well, Sir, how far have you gone?' I answered seven miles. 'Z—ds, Sir, (said Lintot) I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldisworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon-hill, would translate a whole Ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldisworth (though I lost by his Timothy), he translates an Ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses, in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak; and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a job.' 'Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your mode of managing them?' 'Sir, (replied he) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry—Ah! this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end—B—. I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself: but this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author, my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.' 'But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you?' 'Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not. I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S. for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what do you think I did?—I arrested the translator for a cheat, nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.' 'Pray, tell me, how you deal with the critics?' 'Sir, (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction; this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town. As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar,

came to me t'other day, he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. 'One would wonder (said he) at the presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task that every stripling, every versifier'—he was going on, when my wife called to dinner. 'Sir, (said I) will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?' 'Mr. Lintot, (said he) I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book; I am really concerned on your account.' 'Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding'—'Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning'—'Sir, the pudding is on the table, if you please to go in'—my critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me, in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent! Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. 'This may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by —, if he is not I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.' These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you will discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton. The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

"A. POPE."

Mr. Pope conceived Lintot had risen *above his proper level*; for it appears that early in 1726, having by successful exertions in business acquired a decent competence, and made some additions to his paternal inheritance in Sussex, he was desirous of tracing the origin of his family, and for that purpose consulted Humphrey Wanley, who had then the custody of the Earl of Oxford's Heraldic MSS., and in whose diary is the following memorandum:—"Young Mr. Lintot, the bookseller, came enquiring after arms, as belonging to his father, mother, and other relations, who now, it seems, want to turn *gentlefolks*. I could find none of their names."

Mr. Pope had at this period undoubtedly conceived a very ill impression of his *quondam* bookseller; and in 1727 vented his indignation without mercy in the "*Dunciad*."\*

\* I should rather imagine that Pope's jealousy arose from the actual independence of Lintot, for he amassed much wealth, and left an independent fortune.

His principal *delinquency*, however, seems to have been, that he was a stout man, clumsily made, not a very considerable scholar, and that he filled his shop with *rubric posts*. Against his benevolence and general moral character, there is not even an insinuation. In the first book, he is thus ungraciously introduced—

"Here miscellanies spring, the weekly boast  
Of Curll's choice press, and Lintot's rubric post."

With regard to the rubric posts, or rather slips of flat timber painted in alternate spaces of red and white, &c., with the names of authors, or celebrated works, inscribed in red, I recollect several persons to have sported them, even in my day. Among the latest were James Buckland, at the sign of the Buck, in Paternoster Row; John Sewell, in Cornhill; and Brown, in the Strand.

To return to *Curll* and *Lintot*, or rather to *Lintot* and *Curll*. Although *Lintot* adorned his shop with titles in *red letters*, he was not fined, as *Curll* was, in the Court of King's Bench, for selling *obscene books*.

In the race described in the second book of the *Dunciad*, in honour of the goddess of dulness, *Lintot* and *Curll*\* are entered (*improperly*) as rival candidates:—

"But lofty *Lintot* in the circle rose;  
'This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;  
With me began this genius, and shall end!'   
He spoke: and who with *Lintot* shall contend?  
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,  
Stood dauntless *Curll*;—'Behold that rival here!  
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;  
So take the hindmost, Hell!' (he said) and run.  
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,  
He left huge *Lintot*, and out-strip'd the wind,  
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse  
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;  
So lab'ring on with shoulders, hands, and head,  
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,  
With arms extended *Bernard* rows his state,  
And left-legg'd *Jacob*† seems to emulate."†

*Bernard Lintot* appears to have soon after

\* *Curll* is again honoured in the *Dunciad* as contending with *Osborne*. See *Nichols*, Vol. 3, p. 649.

† *Jacob Tonson*, of whom see an account following that of *Lintot*.

‡ In the *Gulliveriana*, a fourth volume of *Miscellanies*, being a sequel to the three volumes published by *Pope* and *Swift*; to which is added, *Alexandriana*, or a Comparison between the Ecclesiastical and Poetical *Pope*, &c. In 1728 appeared the following lines, under the title of "*Lintot's Lamentation*:"

relinquished his business to his son *Henry*, and to have retired to *Horsham* in *Sussex*, for which county he was nominated high sheriff in November, 1755; an honour which he did not live to enjoy, as his death happened Feb. 3, 1735-6, at the age of 61. In the newspapers of the day he was styled "Bernard Lintot, Esq., of the Middle Temple, late an eminent bookseller in Fleet Street."

*Henry Lintot*, his only son, was born about August, 1709; was admitted to the freedom of the Company of Stationers, by patrimony, Sept. 1, 1703; obtained the livery the same day; and from that time their business was carried on in the joint names of *Bernard* and *Henry*: but the father passed the principal part of his time in *Sussex*.

Two days after the death of *Bernard*, *Henry* was appointed high sheriff for that county, where his residence was at *Southwater*, in the Rape of *Bramber*, about two miles from *Horsham*. He married, first, the daughter of *Sir John Aubrey, Bart.*, of *Llantrythed* in *Glamorganshire* (whose mother was *Margaret*, daughter of *Sir John Lowther, Bart.*); by whom he had an only daughter and heiress, *Catherine*, who was married Oct. 20, 1768, with a fortune of 45,000*l.*, to *Captain Henry Fletcher*, at that time a Director of the *East India Company*. *Mr. Lintot* married, secondly, *Philadelphia*—by whom he had no issue. He died in 1758; and his widow, Jan. 31, 1762.

From an old account book of *Bernard Lintot* the following information respecting the prices paid, heretofore, for the copyright of plays is obtained. Tragedies were then the fashionable drama, and obtained the best price. *Dr. Young* received for his *Busiris*, 84*l.*; *Smith*, for his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, 50*l.*; *Rowe*, for his *Jane Shore*, 50*l.* 15*s.*; and for *Lady Jane Grey*, 75*l.* 5*s.*; and *Cibber*, for his *Nonjurer*, obtained 105*l.* About the middle of the last century, one hundred crowns were paid in *Paris* to the author of

"Well, then! all human things, henceforth  
avast!

*Sawney the great* is quite cut down at last.  
But I must say, this judgment was due to him  
For basely murdering *Homer's sacred poem*:  
Due, too, from dropping me and running mad,  
To fall so foul on ev'ry friend he had.  
So Fate and Jove require,\* and so, dear *Pope*,  
Either thy razor set, or buy a rope."

\* See *Dunciad*, Book I.

a successful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired that a farce might be given after the first representation of his *Romulus*. The example became universal.

Whatever Pope's opinion may have been of Lintot, it is evident that Lintot and his son increased in respectability, and rose to great eminence as booksellers—as the foregoing will testify. The talented and venerable Mr. Nichols, who has given so excellent an account of Lintot, says that many months after the article in his *Literary Anecdotes* on the Lintots was printed off, the unwearied researches of Mr. D'Israeli brought to light a small memorandum book of those enterprising booksellers, entitled, "Copies, when purchased;" and, from this document, his "Quarrels of Authors" are illustrated by some very interesting particulars respecting Pope and other writers. But the plan of his publication not admitting of *minutiae*, which may be pardonable in his desultory pages, Mr. Nichols then, from a MS. from which he obtained permission, from the late

Mr. James Nunn, bookseller, to copy the particulars of Lintot's purchases of copyright from authors and brethren in trade, enumerates the whole of them, alphabetically, for a period of twenty-five years. They form about a dozen pages, with notes on two hundred and fifty different works, the purchases of which, by Lintot, amounted to about 10,000*l.*, out of which he paid 4,271*l.* 6*s.* 7½*d.* to Pope for his various productions, besides the rights that Pope retained in copies and in subscriptions, while poor Broom appears to have received only 35*l.* from Lintot for his *Miscellany Poems*! Surely, then, Pope seems to have had little cause of complaint against his bookseller; particularly as it has always been stated that he received upwards of 5000*l.* in the year that his *Homer* was completed, from the right he retained in the quarto and other editions. Poor Broom appears to have deserved more consideration, from the too frequently quoted lines of Dr. Johnson:

"Pope translated Homer, but they say  
Broom went before, and gently swept the way."

I AM, &c.,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

#### BILL OF PARCELS OF JACOB TONSON THE BOOKSELLER

*From the Original in the Collection of a Lady.*

To Sr Wm Trumball	
October 28 1694	
1 Cooks Detection 2 Volls . . . . .	0 : 7 : 0
1 Temples Introduct: pl . . . . .	0 : 3 : 0
ffeb 5 <sup>th</sup>	
1 Wingate's Abridgment }	0 : 9 : 6
1 Washingtons Abridg <sup>mt</sup> }	
1 Polyanthea lit . . . . .	0 : 14 :
Received the full	1. 13 6
contents of this Bill	
Pr me	
Jacob Tonson	

#### IMPROMPTU. ON THE ALDINE POETS.

The Aldine Poets!—why so called?

Although I can't divine—

May *Al*-dine Poets *always* sell,

And Poets *al*-ways dine!



## POINTS OF THE MONTH.

### APRIL.

From the intelligent pages of a contemporary, we transcribe an account of some of the numerous derivations which have been adduced of the name of the generally lovely, soul-inspiring, life-invigorating month of April.—“From the verb *aperire*, ‘to open,’ because, at this time, the earth seems to be opening and preparing to enrich us with its gifts; according to Varro, from Aphrodite, because April is consecrated especially to this goddess; or (which is much the same) according to Macrobius, from a Greek word signifying *aphrilis*, or descended from Venus, or born of the foam of the sea, because Romulus is said to have dedicated the month to Venus. The first of these derivations appears the best, for April is truly the spring of the year, in which the earth is nourished by alternate rains and sunshine. The temperature advances this month; and, upon an average, April is considered to have not more than six frosty nights. Its mean temperature is  $49^{\circ} 9'$ ; highest,  $74^{\circ}$ ; lowest,  $29^{\circ}$ .” This year, indeed, throughout the whole month, friend Murphy says not one word about frost at all. On the contrary, he assigns us sixteen days *fair*; six, *rain*; three, *rain*, with *wind*; two, *rain*, with *storm*; and only three *changeable*, in the entire *changeable* month of April. Very civil of you, indeed, Master Murphy.

A modern poet has remarked, that  
“Beauty’s tear is lovelier than her smile.”

We deny the truth of the position; or, at the most, allow it to be only partially correct: for instance, when it is the overflow of love or of pity, of benevolence, or of any other kindly feeling; or when it is elicited by fictitious rather than by real woe. April generally blends her tears and her smiles so sweetly, that we love them both; nevertheless, we like not the former to preponderate.

April, as the precursor of May, is the nurse of flowers,—of young, tender, gentle, modest flowers; the violet, hyacinth, cowslip, wall-flower, and the peerless primrose; the laurel, blackthorn, almond, apple, pear, &c. And April too, brings forward the swallow, the cuckoo, the nightingale, and

numerous other birds of song, rendering the air vocal. “Friend” Howitt could write a charming volume on this subject alone.

The Easter holidays commence on Monday, *the first of April*; and that many a fool, of both sexes, will be *made* on that day, in addition to those who were *born* fools, there cannot be a doubt.

Three naval victories are intitled to commemoration this month: that of Blake, over the Spanish fleet, on the 20th, in 1657; that of Rodney, over the French, on the 12th, in 1782; and that of Nelson, at Copenhagen, on the 2nd, in 1801.

Blake had been a distinguished soldier not only in his youth, but in his manhood; and he was more than fifty years of age when, relinquishing land-fighting for sea-fighting, he took an admiral’s command, and, under Cromwell, carried the naval power of Britain to a greater height than it had ever reached before—to a greater height than naval power had ever before been carried, in any age or nation. Blake shrank from no attempt howsoever desperate: the very temerity of his enterprises struck terror into the enemy, and more than half achieved the victory.

Nelson—the great, the glorious, the immortal Nelson—was the Blake of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Nelson, the victor of a hundred fights, has been dead more than three-and-thirty years; and yet—“Oh, Shame, where is thy blush?”—the metropolis of the first naval nation that ever existed remains without a monument to record his name! This is the more offensive—disgusting is the more suitable word—when it is remembered that, within that period, Britain has honoured a *Sailor King* upon his throne. At length there is an understanding, that, in Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, there is to be a something erected—not, we fear, to honour the name of Nelson, but rather to disgrace the country. A pitiful sum has been collected,—a committee has been appointed for the management of the business—competition of artists has been invited—a swarm of pitiful models and drawings has

been submitted for inspection—and, from the multitude, one has been *selected* by the *committee of taste* (!!!) a post, with an image on the top of it, which, should it unfortunately be erected, will remain for ever—so long, at least, as it may last—"a fixed figure for the hand of Scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at." In architecture and sculpture, how much longer are we doomed to remain the laughing stock of the nations? \*

Five-and-twenty years will have elapsed on the 6th of this month, since Buonaparte's first abdication; and, to this moment, in the reign of the third king of the restoration, France is a divided kingdom—a kingdom split into half a dozen factions: those of Louis Philippe, the young Buonaparte, the Republicans, Henry V., Louis XIX., and Louis XVII.

Volumes, as it has been observed, "might be written on the exploits of St. George of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England, whose festival is held on the 23rd

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\* Since the above was written, the committee of noblemen and gentlemen appointed to examine the various models and designs for the Nelson monument, have had the good sense to reject them *all*, in their present form—to order them to be returned to their respective authors—and to direct that they, in an amended state, may, with such new ones as may be produced in the interim, be again submitted to the consideration of the committee on or before the last Saturday in May. The feeling of the public has evidently been aroused upon the subject; and thus a hope of escape from the grasp of ignorance, barbarism, and jobbery, may yet be indulged.

Some of our readers will recollect, that, on the approach of the first opening of Drury Lane Theatre, many years ago, the managing committee offered, by public advertisement, a premium for the best poetical address that might be submitted for the occasion. Numbers were, of course, sent; but the committee, believing, or assuming them to be *all* BAD, rejected them *all*—in disgraceful violation of their pledge, to give a premium for the *best*, awarded *no* premium—and wisely set Lord Byron to work to write an address, which turned out to be far worse than most of those which had been rejected! The Nelson monument committee have acted very differently, and very honourably: they offered three premiums, and three premiums have been awarded and paid: the 1st to Mr. Railton, for a Corinthian column of 174 feet in height, surmounted by a statue of 17 feet; the 2nd to E. H. Baily, Esq., R. A., for an allegorical monument in bronze; the 3rd to Messrs. Fowler and Sievier, for a sepulchral monument, partly architectural, partly sculptural.

of April; but the leading events of his life, especially his triumphant conflict with the dragon of Sylene, stamped on the golden coin of our realm, are familiar even in the nursery. The fullest and the most favourable account of St. George—who perhaps, like many other saints, was no better than he should be—is to be found, we believe, in the celebrated golden legend (*Legenda Aurea*) written in Latin by Jacobus de Voragine, archbishop of Genoa, about the year 1260. This curious production was, in the fourteenth century, translated into French by Jean de Vigney; and from the French it was transferred to our language by the industrious and indefatigable Caxton, in 1493. Gibbon, also, in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has amused us on the subject; and St. George has not wanted biographers of every possible class and description." Three or four seasons ago, through the genius of Stanfield, and the talents of Ducrow and his horses, we had a capital scenic illustration of his prowess at one of the winter theatres. Retzsch's Outlines, also, exhibit a noble graphic record of his story.

In its birth-days, April may be deemed sacred to the memory of genius, science, literature, and art. Shakspeare, the world's wonder, was born on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, 1564; and he died on the 23rd of April, the anniversary of his birth, in 1616. And it deserves to be mentioned, that Cervantes, second to none but Shakspeare in the lofty aspirations of mind, died also on the 23rd of April, 1616.

Henry Fielding, another "bright and particular star" amongst the literary worthies of Britain, was born on the 22nd of April, 1707. Distinguished as was Fielding by his knowledge of human nature, and by his skill in her portraiture—distinguished also by the number of dramatic pieces which he wrote—eight-and-twenty—the only one ever heard of now is the sublime *tragedy* of *Tom Thumb*!

The writer of these notes remembers holding a brief conversation, several years ago, with Mr. Fielding, one of the police magistrates of the Queen Square office, and a nephew of the *great* Fielding; the only material point of which was, the inveterate prejudice that the worthy magistrate entertained against, and the utter contempt in which he held, all modern literature. There had not been a book

written, since the days of his uncle, that was worth reading!

Raffaello Sanzio, the prince of painters,—“so called, because he possessed the greatest of requisites for the art of painting, in their highest characters, particularly that of expression, or the power of exhibiting the thoughts and emotions of men in the face and figure”—was born on the 7th of April, 1483. Within that lapse of time—356 years—what progress, it may be asked, has been made in the art of painting? What do our artists of the present day know, or what have they performed, beyond what Raffaello knew and performed? Nothing! With the exception of here and there a bright spirit, they have retrograded rather than advanced.

Socrates, who has been justly designated as “the founder of the philosophy of good sense, who taught us what to do in our houses and social intercourse, not forgetting the hopes to which Nature herself, and a sense of the invisible world, incline the aspirations of men,” was born at a village near Athens, on the 6th of April, B.C., 468, now 2307 years ago. It is no less remarkable than true, that minds of the loftiest and sublimest power have often been superstitiously inclined. Such was the case of Socrates, who, with all his philosophy, insisted that an invisible genius constantly attended him, warning him of danger, and directing him in the course of life he should pursue.

René Descartes, a philosopher of a different stamp, was born at La Haye, in Touraine, on the 1st of April, 1596. Descartes, unintentionally, laid the foundation of modern scepticism. It has been remarked, that, while Descartes created a world of his own, Newton explained the laws of the universe as it came from the hands of the great Creator. Descartes, who visited England in the reign of Charles I., and was invited by that sovereign to remain, established a correspondence with Mr. Cavendish, Hobbes, Sir Kenelm Digby, Dr. Henry More, &c.

Dr. William Harvey, a contemporary of Descartes, was born on the 2nd of April, 1578. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was the friend of Cowley, the poet; and so enraptured was he with Virgil, that, at times, whilst reading him, he would start up and exclaim—“He had a devil!” Descartes contributed greatly to the fame of Harvey, by asserting

the truth of his doctrine respecting the circulation of the blood. Harvey was a man equally pleasing in manners and generous in sentiment. Though suffering dreadfully from gout, he lived till nearly the age of ninety.

Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, another of the contemporaries of Descartes, was born on the 5th of April, 1588. A man of much learning, more thinking, and some knowledge of the world, he was desirous of striking out new paths of science, government, and religion, and of removing the landmarks of former ages. His translation of Homer was a ridiculous mistake. His numerous metaphysical and philosophical works have generally been regarded as eminently pernicious, morally, religiously, and politically. Evidently a vain man, Hobbes was much pleased with the following epitaph, which was written for him a considerable time before his death:—

*“This is the Philosopher’s Stone.”*

Hume and Gibbon, two other mischievous philosophers, and the chief historians of the eighteenth century, were born in the month of April: the former on the 26th, in 1717; the latter on the 27th, in 1737.

April has been extensively the grave as well as the cradle of genius; many, especially of our own poets, philosophers, artists, &c., having paid the great debt of nature in this month.

Goldsmith, the sweet, the gentle bard of “Auburn,” died on the 4th, in 1774. Young, the poet of death and the grave, who is said to have written his “Night Thoughts” by the light of flambeaux, in an apartment hung with black, gave back his spirit to its Creator on the 12th, in 1765. Byron, the great poetic luminary of our own, and a writer “for all time,” will have been dead fifteen years on the 19th. Sir William Jones, author of much graceful and elegant verse, and the finest oriental scholar of the past generation, on the 27th, in 1794. Otway, on the 14th, in 1685. Darwin, the author of that fantastical and dazlingly splendid poem, the “Loves of the Plants,” immortalised in its exquisite parody, the “Loves of the Triangles,” by George Canning, on the 17th, in 1802. Farquhar, the most brilliant dramatist of the early part of the eighteenth century, on the 30th, in 1707.

George Farquhar, who died at the early

age of twenty-nine, was as gay in his character and conduct as in his dramatic productions. He commenced and finished his comedy of *The Beaux' Stratagem* in about six weeks, during his last illness; although he, for a great part of the time, was sensible of the approach of death, and even foretold what actually occurred—that he should die before the run of it was over. The vivacity and eccentricity of his character are further illustrated by one or two incidents, an account of which is worth transcribing. While the *Beaux' Stratagem* was in rehearsal, his friend Wilks observed to him, that Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt too freely with the character of *Mrs. Sullen*, in giving her to *Archer* without such a proper divorce as might be a security for her honour. "Oh!" replied Farquhar, "I will, if you please, save that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond that she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight."

Mr. Wilks, after his death, found amongst his papers the following laconic and very curious note, addressed to himself:—

"Dear Bob,

"I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine.

"GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Wilks, to his honour be it recorded, paid the most punctual attention to the request of his departed friend.

John Stow, the celebrated historian of London, who was bred a tailor, died on the 5th of April, 1605. In his old age he was reduced to the necessity of soliciting charity by means of a brief.

John Leland, another celebrated antiquary and poet, who was born in London about the end of the reign of Henry VII., died on the 18th of April, 1552. He was educated under the famous Lilye, and he studied successively at Cambridge, Oxford, and Paris. He was librarian to Henry VIII.

Daniel Defoe, or Foe, the son of a butcher, the keeper of a hosier's shop in Cornhill, and the author of that glorious romance, "*Robinson Crusoe*"—the delight of young and old, and a never-failing source of profit to the booksellers—died on the 24th of April, 1731. Defoe was the author of various other works; amongst which in particular

should be mentioned "*A Journal of the Plague in 1665*," purporting to be from the pen of a supposed witness of it. Two or three years ago, Mr. Brayley, one of the ablest antiquaries of our own time, published a new edition of this work, with a vast mass of curious and valuable information. Numerous have been the imitations of "*Robinson Crusoe*;" but the only writer who ever caught the spirit of that noble fiction, is Miss Porter, in her exquisitely conceived and equally well composed "*Adventures of Sir Edward Seaward*."

On the 3rd of April, 1617, died John Napier, laird of Merchiston, in Scotland, the inventor of logarithms, and, as a mathematician, one of the greatest men of his age. Lilly, the astrologer, states that Briggs, the famous mathematician, went into Scotland on purpose to visit the inventor of the logarithms; and that, at the interview between these great men, each was so overcome by the consciousness of the other's presence, that neither of them could speak for nearly a quarter of an hour! This must be taken, we imagine, *cum grano salis*. For once Napier's powers of calculation failed him: he bewildered himself in a commentary on the Apocalypse, and predicted that the world would last precisely ninety years! He ought to have had an opportunity of shaking hands with Burnett the geologist.

John Opie, a *protegé* of Dr. Wolcot, *alias* Peter Pindar, and one of the ablest painters of his day, died on the 19th of April, 1807. His widow, Amelia Opie, the author of several attractive literary works, still survives, and has become a member of the "*Society of Friends*." Mrs. Opie is the daughter of the late Dr. Alderson, a physician of eminence in the city of Norwich.

Thomas Stothard, R. A., who, if he had never produced any thing but the "*Pilgrimage to Canterbury*," would have been immortalised as a painter, died on the 27th of April, 1834, at the age of 79. Independently of his larger performances, perhaps no artist ever lived who illustrated so many works for the booksellers: Shakspeare, Milton, Cervantes, Bunyan, Defoe, Bell's British Poets, Rogers's Italy, and hundreds of others, bear living testimony to his genius. In the aggregate, he is thought to have produced more than 5000 designs. The artistic character of Stothard is thus briefly but admirably summed up, in

Maunder's valuable little *Biographical Treasury*;—"So fertile was he in resources, that it was a matter of little moment to him what the nature of the subject was that he might be required to illustrate; whether pastoral, historic, humorous, pathetic, or sublime; but it is generally allowed, that his *fêtes champêtres* were among his most happy productions; there—beauty, joy, serenity, innocence, modesty, and loveliness of form are all combined."

Another great and extraordinary painter, who may almost be claimed by Britain as one of her own favoured children, was Henry Fuseli, who died on the 16th of April, 1825. Fuseli was a native of Zurich; was originally intended for the church, was an intimate friend of Lavater's, and became enamoured of literature. The mastery that he obtained over the English language was astonishing. He translated the tragedy of *Macbeth* into German. It was Fuseli who suggested to Alderman Boydell the idea of forming his *Shakspeare Gallery*; for which he painted eight of his best pictures. He was born in 1739, came to England in 1763, and became a Royal Academician in 1790; after which he painted a series of forty-seven pictures, which were exhibited as the *Milton Gallery*. The splendour and power of his imagination were vast. In painting he was what may be termed a severe and too palpable anatomist. He piqued himself, moreover, on leaving nature behind—"she always put him out"—and on being able to swear in half-a-dozen different languages. Amongst the profession, his edition of Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters* is in high estimation. When Fuseli, soon after his arrival in England, showed some of his drawings to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the president exclaimed—"Young man, were I the author of those drawings, and were offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." Reynolds was right: if genius ever existed in man, it existed in Fuseli. It is remarkable, that he *finished* with his left hand. We well know an accomplished and popular artist of the present day, who can draw and paint with both hands at once.

Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor, a pupil of Scheemaker's, died on the 23rd of April, 1823. He was a great favourite with George III. Offensively avaricious, and with many peculiarities of character, his works were distinguished by a careful and

accurate imitation of nature. His old and attached *friend*, honest "Tom Smith," of the British Museum, wrote a strange life of him; evidently the result of pique at not finding himself heir to his wealth. Smith appears to have been ill used.

Three English royal deaths are on record in April: Richard I., on the 6th, in 1199; Edward IV. on the 9th, in 1483; and Henry VII. on the 22nd, 1509. Devoted to the glory of the crusade, Richard Cœur de Lion was only eight months in his kingdom, during a reign of ten years. He was killed by an arrow from the castle of Châlons, and was interred at Fontevraud. There is an ancient painting of Edward IV. at Kensington Palace; and in painted glass, in a north window of Canterbury Cathedral, are portraits of Edward IV., his queen, his son, Edward V., and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Let us cross the water for a change.—George Louis Le Clerc, Count de Buffon, the celebrated French naturalist, died on the 16th of April, 1788. Jacques Bernardin Henri de St. Pierre, his equally celebrated countryman, the author of those delightful works *Etudes de la Nature*, *Paul et Virginie*, *La Chaumière Indienne*, &c., died on the 29th of the month, in 1743. Splendid editions of the two last-mentioned performances, illustrated by many hundreds of highly finished engravings in wood, have lately been published both in this country and France.

Dominique Vivant, Baron de Denon, who accompanied Buonaparte in his Egyptian expedition, who alternately wielded the pen, the pencil, and the sword, and whose "*Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt*," have secured for him an imperishable fame, died on the 28th of April, 1825, at the age of 78. Lady Blessington, in her recently-published "*Idler in Italy*," speaking of Denon, says:—"Delighted with himself, and grateful to all who seem to participate in his self-adoration, he is the most obliging of all egotists; and, what is rare, the least tiresome, '*L'Empereur et moi*' forms the refrain of most of his monologues; and it is evident that he thinks one in no degree inferior to the other." Her Ladyship also relates the following very pleasant anecdote:—

"He told me that, on one occasion, Napoleon wished him to make a sketch of Marie Louise, for a statue, which he intended to have executed by Canova. She was to be represented as a

Roman Empress, with flowing drapery, bare arms, and a tiara. Denon was in her apartment, endeavouring to place her in a graceful posture; to accomplish which he found to be, if not an impossible, at least a difficult task. Napoleon, who was present, appeared mortified at the total want of natural grace of the Empress; and when he next met Denon alone, remarked, that it was strange that a person so perfectly well shaped should be so remarkably stiff and *gauche* in all her movements. May not grace (adds Lady Blessington) be considered to be the *esprit* of the body?"

Joseph Jerome le François de Lalande, considered to be the most distinguished luminary of science that France ever produced, died on the 7th of April, 1807, at the age of 75. At the time of his death he was a member of the French Board of Longitude, a member of the Legion of Honour, and an associate of all the most learned academies of science in Europe. His works upon astronomy, &c., amount to more than sixty volumes.

Four hundred and ninety-one years ago, on the 6th of the present month, died Laura de Noves—Petrarch's Laura—at the age of 44. Petrarch and Laura!—ah! what glorious names of love, and life, and love after death are these! It was Francis I., who gallantly—poetically, it may be said—compared a court without ladies to a spring without flowers, that caused Laura's tomb to be opened, and threw upon her remains verses complimentary to her beauty, and to the fame which she derived from her lover's praises. Was Laura worthy of the love—the absorbing, life-enduring, death-surviving passion of Petrarch? We doubt it.

But the world has known other lovers besides Petrarch and Laura. Abelard and Heloise, immortalised by their fatal passion—in their own soul-thrilling letters—in the undying song of the bard—were amongst the brightest ornaments of the twelfth century. Peter Abelard was born at the village of Palais, near Nantes, in Brittany, in 1079; his worshipped and worshipping Heloise drew her first breath in Paris, in 1101. Abelard died in the priory of St. Marcel, near Chalons-sur-Saone, on the 21st of April, 1142—survived by his beloved one twenty-two years. The remains of Abelard were deposited, by Heloise, in the convent of the Paraclete, founded by her, and of which she was at that time abbess. Her ashes were there united in the grave with his. In the year 1800, 636 years after the interment of Heloise, they were taken to

the Museum of French Monuments in Paris; and on the destruction of the Museum, in 1817, they, with the ancient monument under which they had rested, were removed to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. On visiting the hallowed spot, a few years ago, our invaluable correspondent, L. S. S., wrote the following lines, which deserve to be immortal as the loves they celebrate:—

Blessed dead! blessed dead!—I have seen the shrine

Where your fond hearts rest from their mortal woes;

And a thousand hearts seemed to throb in mine,  
When I gazed on the scene of your calm repose!

When mine eyes first beheld the graceful fane  
That uplifts its head where your ashes sleep,  
I said to my soul—"Yet they loved in VAIN!"—  
And silently bowed down my head to weep.

"Not in vain—not in vain!" proud Hope replied;  
"Though their tide of affection had darkly run—

Though they loved to the death—when those true ones died,  
The life of the Spirit had but begun.

"Not in vain—not in vain!—This world's bleak clime

Is no fitting home for love's heaven-born flower;

The exotic droops, 'mid the wilds of time,  
To expand its leaves in a brighter hour.

"Be the fears of thy coward soul at rest!  
The wealth it yet grasps with a miser's care,  
And the treasures that lie in earth's deep breast,  
Shall be thine—shall be thine, in a day more fair.

"Thine—thine shall the hearts be that now are cold—

The hearts that ne'er, *living*, were cold to thee;—

Thine, thine, the commerce of minds, that of old  
Met the kindred mind in communion free.

"Thine, thine too, the love that is beaming bright

In the tender smile—and the brimming eye  
Thou art gazing upon with sad delight—  
Oh, cheer thee! the spirit shall never die!"

We have yet one great name in art to mention. Born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, 1471, Albert Durer, the celebrated engraver in wood, and the father of the German school of painting, died on the 6th of April, 1528. One hundred and four engravings on copper, six on tin, a great number on wood, and six etchings, are yet extant by this master. Some years ago Mr.

Ottley, in his "Origin and Early History of Engraving," published four specimens of the works of Durer, from the original blocks : The Last Supper, Christ before Pilate, Christ taken down from the Cross, and The Ascension. Durer was the son of a goldsmith, and at a very early age he had made great progress in the arts of painting and engraving. On visiting Venice, for the purpose of obtaining redress for an injury which a piratical artist had inflicted upon him by forging his well-known stamp, he was introduced to Raffaello; and, in the simple fashion of the times, the two friends exchanged their portraits. Durer's paintings are scarce, and rarely to be met with but in the residences of the great and noble.

Various specimens of his engravings are to be found in the British Museum, and in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. One of Durer's best pieces in wood is that of St. Herbert at the Chase; and the most remarkable of his prints is the one entitled *Melancholy*, which represents that allegorical personage as the mother of *Invention*. Durer was the author of seven treatises, most of them on the metaphysics of art. His wife, though a woman of talent, was little better than a fiend; and, by her infernal temper, he was prematurely sent to the grave. It would require a volume, with numerous illustrations, to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the vast genius and skill of Albert Durer.

## ROME IN THE YEAR MDCCCXXXIX.

(FROM THE OLD BOOKSELLER'S SON.)

*Rome, Jan. 18, 1839.*

You ask me for some description of the Roman Wonders: the greatest wonder in Rome at present is the English multitude, which fills every hole and corner of it that can be had "for love or money." Enormous prices are asked, and given for places, that the same people would not be seen going into in England. The Italians are wonderfully puzzled at this immigration, which, however, they ascribe to their "*bel cielo*," their clear azure sky for weeks together, when all with us, at home, is certainly dull enough; but as Satan is not quite so sooty as those whom he honours with a sitting generally think proper to paint him, so our English "*cielo*" is far superior to the odd notions the Italians have formed of it, by reading occasionally some account of a November fog, copied from the London papers, in the usual strain of—"yesterday evening the fog was so dense, that the mail coaches, &c." Such I have found, in nine cases out of ten, is the climate they give us all the year round; and they imagine that we have about the same portion of sun that the inhabitants of the polar regions are blessed with.

Geography, too, as regards the bearing and extent of countries, is a branch of education of which they appear to have no knowledge whatever. A Florentine artist, finding that I had never heard of certain

rich individuals, (Irish) said, with surprise, "*how large then is Ireland!*"

The Russian prince is one of the principal lions at present. He has given numerous commissions to English, German, and Italian artists, Thorwaldsen, had he been here, would probably have had a very extensive one, if able to undertake it. His health, however, is uncertain. This fine old man is perfectly adored by the German artists, amongst whom he is like a father, entering into all their sports and amusements with as much relish, as if yet a youth. His countenance is particularly pleasing and open: eyes, light blue; nose, rather flat; and cheeks rather high—three peculiarities of the Germans also. His long grey hairs float down over his shoulders, and he receives his visitors in his private rooms on Sunday mornings, in a large dressing-gown, trimmed with furs, his feet wrapped in immense list shoes over his ordinary ones, to protect him from the cold of the brick-floors; for we have not an atom of carpet or rug in the place. His rooms are filled with pictures by modern artists, of all countries, but principally Germans; also prints—antiquities—his own sketches in clay, &c. all *pêle-mêle* together. No German student's bedchamber can be more plainly furnished than his. A fine drawing by Raffaello, hangs at the head of his little iron bedstead, and the walls are covered with pic-

tures. A withered crown of ivy leaves that had been presented to him by the ladies, lay on a chair; and I could not for the life of me, refrain from purloining a leaf, as a relic, to preserve.

When I saw Thorwaldsen last, his medical attendant had forbidden him to take any more commissions, as he said his heart was affected; however, he looked ruddy and well. I endeavoured to cheer him by saying so; but he shook his head, and replied that his doctor had given him little hopes. He is now on his way back from Denmark, where all the papers have long since given an account of the splendid reception he met with from the King. All the German towns through which he passes are vying with each other to entertain him. I only hope they will not kill him with kindness. He is my near neighbour and friend, and I hope to see him again before I leave Rome for Venice. Although there are so many of the nobility here, few or no commissions have as yet been given. Gibson is to execute another statue of Huskisson, for the Exchange at Liverpool. He is a fine generous character, much to be respected. He took the Duke of Devonshire to Hogan's studio a few days ago, and spoke of him in the most handsome manner; or, as Hogan expressed it, "said so much that he was quite ashamed." The modest retiring manners of the latter, however, have in fact prevented his experiencing the same good fortune as others much less deserving. He

has just finished an admirable bust of "Father Prout," which is much admired. His monument of Bishop Doyle is advancing rapidly, and will do him much credit. The Bishop is in a supplicating attitude, one hand raised to heaven, the other resting on a personification of Ireland, kneeling by his side.

Hogan, like most others, who have been any time in this glorious city, is so much attached to it, that he will probably never reside elsewhere. Several artists have been here nearly twenty years, without revisiting England once during that time. It is in fact a place above all others in the world for them. A short walk gives them all the materials, whether in art or in nature, that any branch of painting can require. Libraries, Museums, and Academies are freely opened to their use; and their living models are considered the finest in the world. The climate of Rome is also peculiarly adapted to their sedentary occupation, whether indoors or out; and its clear sky gives them always the bright light they require. Altogether it is a country that every person who has a spark of feeling makes a resolution, on leaving it, to return to at some period of his life if possible. I even heard of an instance of an old gentleman in the West Indies, nearly seventy years of age, who affirmed that he should be most unhappy, if he thought he should die without seeing Italy once more.—ADIEU!

### SONG.

One day the goddesses three,  
Names well that both I and you know,  
Sat under a heavenly tree,  
Venus—Minerva—and Juno!  
And they quaffed the ruby wine,  
Pressed from wild Bacchus's bushes,  
Till their eyes began to shine,  
And their cheeks were red as blushes.  
When fair Juno, half-seas over,  
To Venus essayed to stutter:  
"Let's each drink," she cried, "a lover!  
"Whilst we have the power to utter—  
"To the plume of Mars we quaff!"  
"Mars dost thou say?" says Venus;  
"Madam, you're too good by half—  
"Not that there's aught between us."

Then she raised the sparkling brim,  
To the font of smiles, and sighing,  
"Here's to—you know well—him!"  
"By Mars, but Wisdom's flying!"  
"Minerva!" they both exclaim;  
"Minerva!" reeling they shout her;  
"Let her go, the sulky dame!  
"We can do better without her."  
So they laughed and quaffed and sung,  
And toasted a thousand Heroes;  
Till the heavenly welkin rung,  
With their wild—"dum spiro-speros."  
But Wisdom!—she flew away,  
Overwhelmed and melancholy;  
And ever since that sad day,  
LOVE has been married to FOLLY!

### MORAL.

My readers, all the moral of this song,  
Though very sober is not very long;  
'Tis simply this—I learnt it when at Scarborough—  
LOVE lives with FOLLY, for she lives with H—h.

H. C. D.



## HISTORIC ROMANCES.

### MRS. BRAY'S "TRIALS OF THE HEART."\*

If ever woman deserved well of her country—of her contemporaries and of posterity—for the genuine excellence of her writings, Mrs. Bray is nobly entitled to high and honourable record in the temple of fame. If an author may be judged by his, or her works (and the affirmative is an article of our creed) Mrs. Bray must be one of the best, the most amiable, the kindest-hearted, the purest-minded, the most benevolent women in existence.

One of the best proofs that can be adduced of the general merit of Mrs. Bray's historic romances, is the lively and extensive interest which they have excited upon the Continent as well as at home. In France, they are both pirated and translated on the instant of their arrival; in Germany, there are at this time two, if not three, distinct editions of the entire series—upwards of twenty volumes—; and in the title-page of one of these editions the author is designated the "Female Walter Scott!" It may be mentioned, too, in further proof of the celebrity which they have acquired, that several successful dramatic pieces have been constructed from them in various parts of the Continent.

The present may justly be termed the Augustan Age of female authorship. Numerous and brilliant, however, as is the list of female contemporary writers, there are but few who may compete with Mrs. Bray, in variety of reading, in depth of research, in comprehensiveness of mind, in dramatic power, in rich and expansive glow of imagination. The artist-like eye with which she contemplates all that is beautiful, grand, sublime, in nature or in art, is equalled only by the graphic skill she displays in picturing to the reader's mind all that may have interested her own.

Sir Walter Scott has been unjustly regarded as the originator of historic romance in this country. He is not entitled to this praise. To say nothing of Miss Lee's

splendid romance of *The Recess*, very faulty yet very beautiful, that noble and magnificent epic poem in prose, *The Scottish Chiefs*, by Miss Porter, was in the zenith of an undying fame long before the appearance of *Waverley*. But there was no mystification about Miss Porter, or about her works. She stood boldly and honestly forward: no mystification was resorted to, for the purpose of stimulating a morbid appetite, and bolstering up the credit of her writings: her productions were not paraded as those of a "Great Unknown," whom everybody knew, or affected to know: Miss Porter never descended to the moral baseness of denying the authorship of her works. On the other hand, with reference to the *Waverley Novels*, every mean art of the most trickish puffery and mystification was resorted to—direct and unqualified falsehoods were pronounced by the last man in the world who ought to have pronounced them; and, for what? Why, as we have said, to stimulate a morbid appetite, and thereby to enhance the temporary fame of an author, and, above all, *to put money in his purse!* One of the consequences of this was, that Scott bore away the credit of being—what he was not—the originator of English historic romance.

Now, without intending to institute a comparison between Mrs. Bray and Sir Walter Scott, it may not be altogether irrelevant to remark, that the former possesses many distinctive qualities (mystification not included) in common with the latter. For instance: extensive historical reading—a deep love of antiquarian and legendary love—an almost devotional leaning towards ancient superstitions—eminent descriptive powers, at all times evincing a most accurate knowledge of the *locale*—much skill in the delineation of characters—a strong feeling for the picturesque, and also for the dramatic. Nor are these the sole recommendations of Mrs. Bray's writings. Her plots are generally well and effectively constructed, invariably keeping the reader in a state of interesting doubt and excitement respecting the catastrophe. Above all, she is the most indefatigable but unobtrusive inculcator of the purest morality, of the most genuine piety,

\* *Trials of the Heart*. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Trelawny," "The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," "The Talba," "The White Hoods," "Warleigh," &c. 3 Vols. Longman and Co. 1839.

of the simplest and holiest religion, untainted by the faintest indication of sectarianism or cant.

In noticing a former production of this lady's, in another periodical, we took occasion to remark, that "the page of romance ought to be the page of truth, equally with that of history. Historical fact, correctness of costume, *vraisemblance* of manners, should never be violated. A perfect romance would be a perfect transcript of nature, animate or inanimate, in all its forms and variations. Whenever real characters may be introduced, in a work of fiction, historic fact should constitute the frame-work—the grand outline from which not the slightest deviation should be tolerated. We do not mean by this *dictum* that the genius of the writer should be cramped, or condemned to the recapitulation of dry detail. Heaven knows, there is somewhat too much of this even in what is denominated history itself. All that we wish to insist upon is, that real personages should not be made to say or do what they not only did not say or do, but what it was impossible they should ever have said or done. By the practice of which, by implication, we complain—a practice of error from which Sir Walter Scott himself was not free—the reader is ridiculously mystified, and induced to receive for truth, that which is neither more nor less than direct falsehood. Taking fact for the basis of romance, and respecting it equally as the outline of his superstructure, the architect has ample scope for the exercise of his inventive powers. All that is required is, that his incidents and characters be preserved in keeping—that nothing may be presented but what might have actually taken place, or what, for aught that we know to the contrary, actually did take place. If this rule be adhered to, the reader can never be misled, or induced to entertain erroneous views of facts, persons, or manners. Thus it is evident that no one can be qualified to set up for a romance writer, unless he bring to the task a discriminative mind, richly stored with reading and observation."

These remarks were induced by a full recollection of the merits of the whole of Mrs. Bray's works; and we can safely affirm, that we are unacquainted with any other writings that present so full an exemplification—so complete a realization—of our own notions on the subject.

Allusive to the *title* of the volumes before us Mrs. Bray remarks, in her preface, that—

"Some few of her personal friends, whose tried affection has stood the test of years of weal and woe, who have known her intimately from early youth, and who are well acquainted with many of the severe trials and calamities with which it pleased Almighty God to visit her, at various periods of her life, will be at no loss to guess whence she has derived her experience of the sufferings of the heart—of a heart that feels acutely all those ills that 'the flesh is heir to'—connected in divers ways with the deepest affections, and the dearest and most sacred ties, of our nature. And it has also so chanced that, in her progress through life, an intimate and affectionate intercourse with some of those very friends has been the means of affording her opportunities of experience, respecting the trials of the heart in others, which, though widely differing in circumstances, have, in some instances, been no less severe than her own.

"Friends, to whom these things are known, will feel that the writer has had for many years that book of nature spread before her, which is never studied without profit when the overruling providence of God is ever borne in mind as the comment and the key."

Also :—

"Many characters in these and in her former writings (though introduced under fictitious names and events) have had living models, from which she has painted with freedom, but still, she trusts, without any unworthy or ungenerous motives."

Unlike her former publications, these volumes do not consist of one continuous narrative. On the contrary, they embrace five distinct tales : The Prediction, The Orphans of La Vendée, The Little Doctor, Vicissitudes, and The Adopted. Of these, The Orphans of La Vendée, and The Adopted, are strictly of the character of historic romance; The Prediction, The Little Doctor, and Vicissitudes, are more immediately associated with our feelings of domestic life.

The Prediction is a fearful story, written with great beauty and power, in illustration of a sentiment thus expressed :—

"What an anxiety do we witness in some minds respecting futurity! with those who have quick susceptibilities, a melancholy feeling of heart (which, more or less, ever accompanies the susceptible), high aims and generous motives, with whom the world is new; how morbidly painful does the obscurity of the future often appear to such; how eager are they to penetrate into the mysteries of human life, to withdraw the veil, and to refer all things to destiny. They are glad to be rid of their own responsibility; and to fancy such events must happen, such circumstances must lead to them, because a conviction of this nature enables

them to meet more calmly the evils they cannot but feel — evils too often the result of their own ungoverned imaginations and imprudent hopes, that end in disappointments felt with double bitterness, because they arise from objects that ought never to have been pursued. Minds so constituted, when encountering misfortunes of such a nature, are apt to seek relief by casting their cares on the delusive creed of fatality."

The interest of the tale arises out of a "prediction," by an astrologer, who was said to have told the fortunes of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) when a very young man, that, "when a funeral bell rung at a bridal, Charles should have cause to sorrow;" and that "he was to suffer by water the last evil of man." In the composition, there is just enough of a leaning towards the side of superstition to excite an intense interest in the mind of the reader. Charles Edwards loves, and is beloved by, a most excellent and accomplished woman; but insuperable obstacles preclude the possibility of their union. By the accidental circumstance of an idiot boy gaining access to the belfry, at the time of the *bridal* of his beloved, the *funeral bell* is rung. The most disastrous events ensue; and here is the final catastrophe:—

"*'I shall perish,'* he replied firmly; '*it is FATED:*' and, saying this, he let go my hand, leaped into the boat, and, in another minute, that slight and fragile thing was cleaving her way over the angry and agitated waters. The moon was up, but not now did she float through the azure sky in that serene majesty,

'When out of sight the clouds are driven,  
And she is left alone in heaven;  
Or, like a ship, some gentle day  
In sunshine, sailing far away—  
A glittering ship, that bath the plain  
Of Ocean for her own domain.'

No: the moon seemed only to look forth through the dim, heavy, sulphurous clouds that floated near her, round her, athwart her, to send an occasional gleam that made but too distinct the roaring Severn, covered and quivering with foam, as every wild wave came rushing in, as if chased by the Furies, who, on this night, had lent their unmitigable rage to the winds, the waves, and the tides, in that forlorn hour, for the ruin of that forlorn bark. Heavy clouds were in the distance; they seemed to fall, to rest upon the hills, and to look on the dreary waters, whilst they bore along their prey as mourners, who, in fixed silence and in gloom, watch the progress of some stern decree of fate, whose end is death. Suddenly the air became more dense, and a distant peal of thunder rolled away among the mountains of Wales, as one brief bright flash shot from east to west, and gave once more to my sight the little bark, dis-

tinct in its outline, and surrounded by the disturbed, the all-devouring waves. How shall I speak the sickening of my soul; the sense of horror that thrilled through every vein, when I beheld that bark, so frail, so small, so ill-governed by the hand of a boy, reeling in the midst of the eddies, and driving on towards the sunken rocks; the boat, too, overbalanced by an outspread and straining sail! 'Great God! be merciful,' I exclaimed, 'or he is lost!' A dreadful conviction of impending evil seized on my mind; my head grew dizzy, my trembling limbs almost refused me their support, and my eyes closed, as if to shut out the fearful spectacle that in another moment would meet their agonized gaze. I could not, dared not look up; I could only fervently and mentally ejaculate a few broken sentences, imploring the mercy of Him who can calm the raging of the tempestuous waters, or the storm of human passions, by his will, by his word! How deeply, how fervently, did I offer up that agitated petition—that Heaven would spare! But the winds were pitiless,—the waves were wild,—they did their work; for God, whose will is higher than that of man, inscrutable as the mysteries of his creation; He was deaf to the cry of nature, to the voice of prayer, in that awful, that fatal hour. 'Lost, lost; struck on the rocks,—down,—sunk—Good God! the poor boy's mother!' These were cries which, in hurried and strange accents of affright, met my ear on every side, as I stood watching on the shore. Such cries, indeed, first announced to me that all was over, that all earthly hopes of aid were alike vain. The boat, my unhappy friend, and the presumptuous boy who had undertaken its guidance in such peril, had found one and the same grave."

The story of *The Orphans of La Vendée* is altogether of a different class; as we have said, strictly historic in character. The heroine, Jeanne Lobin (sister of Pierre, the hero), inspired by the character of Joan of Arc, becomes, under the most agonizing circumstances, another Joan of Arc herself. Some idea of Mrs. Bray's artist-like feeling, and power of description, may be conceived from the following scene—a scene such as Claude might have been proud to have painted:—

"The scene was one such as I shall never forget: it was on an evening in the month of September; the day had been sultry and oppressive, but as it declined, a gentle breeze arose from the water, that was very refreshing: the sun was going down in the west with indescribable glory: a few clouds were in the azure dome, they seemed to advance, and finally to fall around the lord of light, as if to environ him in a regal shroud of purple fringed with gold. The Loire, which was here broad and expansive, was not in the least ruffled by the evening air: near the banks, the rising tide sent a few slow

and lapping waves to the shore, that scarcely disturbed by their motion the profound stillness which hung around: there was one bright glowing line of light upon the surface, where it reflected the setting sun; for the rest, the river lay clear and cold, gliding on through the valley, that was bounded on either side by a chain of low and picturesque hills, now of one deep and uniform purple; they seemed to look down, as if watching in silence the river that brought them health and fertility in its course. A ruined convent, ivy-grown and melancholy, stood a little above on the opposite shore: no vesper hymn now came floating over the tide,—that had long been silenced, when the poor inmates of that dwelling of peace and of devotion had been driven out by the sounds of war, as the ringing of the tocsin came far and wide to call the bold peasantry to arms. A village and the village church, seen beyond the convent, were in one glow of red, almost, as if on fire, from the ardent reflection of the sun. Some boats were gliding down the Loire with people in them, carrying vegetables and fruits to a distant market: every stroke of the oar could be distinctly heard; so great was the stillness, and so slight the breeze, that the boatmen assisted the sails of their little vessels with rowing them along. One of the men was singing an air—an air I had often heard whilst in this country: the melody was very simple, but full of energy: no wonder it was so, for it was Vendean."

The interview between Jeanne Lobin and the curé of her parish, previously to her joining the royal army, to which her brother had devoted himself, and the signal vengeance she inflicts upon Varras, the republican destroyer of her brother, are scenes of extraordinary power, and soul-thrilling effect. Indeed, the entire fable is wrought up with classical severity, and the utmost intensity of feeling. Within our narrow limits, however, it is impossible to extract a passage that would not lose infinitely by the transfer.

The Little Doctor is a story of every-day life, involving much tender and gentle pathos in its details. In Vicissitudes, a tale abounding in varied and extraordinary incident, we find a gypsy sketch—a fortune-telling anecdote—altogether as unaccountable in its nature, and as remarkable in its consummation, as the "prediction" previously noticed. Illustrations and descriptions of the manners and costume of the inhabitants of Sweden, in the reign of Gustavus III. (assassinated by Ankerstrom) are here very felicitously introduced. On these, however, neither time nor space will permit us to dwell.

The Adopted, the fifth and last tale of the

series, may be regarded as forming a grand climax. The scene is chiefly laid in Brittany, in the early period of the French revolution. The notorious Mirabeau is exhibited, though only upon one occasion, with much dramatic and characteristic force. The scenery of Brittany, and the character, costume, manners, superstitions, &c. of its inhabitants, are portrayed with an accuracy and skill which, superadded to the finest judgment and discrimination, evince a consummate knowledge of history, of the appalling events of the period, and of every minute locality in point.

Pressed as we are for room, we yet feel it impossible to resist the temptation of detaching the following just tribute to the character of woman; more especially as it may serve as one example, from a thousand that might be selected from Mrs. Bray's writings, of the justness of her thinking.

"A woman's heart was made as a storehouse of the affections. Take from her these, or fancy that the almighty Creator of all things designed her to be the equal of man in her intellectual powers, or to be what he is in a public career, in one of government or rule, and you would change her very nature. You would counteract the very designs of God himself. He has said woman was made for man. Home is her sphere; the affections her highest and noblest distinction, and in them alone is she the superior of man; for in them is she more tender, more devoted, more spiritual than himself.

"And how wise is that ordinance of God, that whilst man is called on to fulfil the most arduous and laborious duties both of body and of mind, allots to him a fellow-being, of a gentler nature than his own, to soothe his cares, to watch over his infant years, to glad his home, and to open to all who may need its consolation, a heart whence springs, at the call of misery, like the waters from the living rock, a fount of pure and renovating affections. That enduring constancy of attachment which is not to be shaken by change, not even to be eradicated by injury, is found alone in woman: she pities and forgives; for in a truly amiable woman there is something of heaven—to say so is no fable. The utterance of the heart is all her actions: she does not wait the slower dictates of the judgment; for, as the poet sings—

'And following promptly what the heart thinks best,

Commits to Providence the rest;  
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise  
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise."

SOUTHEY.

"The heart of woman delights in the finer and the more minute shades of sympathy;—that heart yearns for an object of affection at every period of its being. So little is there of

selfishness in woman, that her own happiness is often sought by the happiness of another, in which she can take no part, excepting by the tenderness of her character, that places her in that other's place, and makes her feel what he feels, by the finest emotions of a generous and unerring sympathy."

There is such oneness in the story of "The Adopted" that we find extreme difficulty in transferring to our pages a single passage, sufficiently isolated in its character, to convey to the reader even a tolerably just idea of the writer's power. We make an experiment, though, we are conscious, without success.

"It was Mirabeau who now led forth Philippe to enter on that career which he had already chalked out for him. They were joined by the Count de Josselin, and made their way, with all haste, to the hall of the commons, the place usually occupied by the three estates of France. The workmen were busied in preparing the arrangements necessary for the king and court at the purposed royal sitting. The members of the national assembly, who had already refused to listen to the king's command to suspend their meeting, were now pressing on, headed by Bailli, their president, to take their seats. They were repulsed from the doors of the common hall, by an armed guard of some strength.

"In this state of exasperated feeling, they rushed, with one accord, to a common tennis-court, hard by, there to debate "on matters deep and dangerous." But scarcely had they assembled, when a storm of thunder and lightning poured down upon them with terrific violence. It was an awful hour. The clouds that had been gathering throughout a still and sultry day, now hung black and motionless over Paris. It seemed as if the evil genius of that devoted city had reserved, for the day of this tumultuous assembly of the national representatives and their partizans, in direct opposition to the will of the sovereign prince, the first indication he chose to make manifest of that "moral tempest," so soon destined to shake the whole kingdom of France, and to overthrow both the throne and the church in its career.

"As the members assembled, their wild enthusiastic demeanour, and the ferocious countenances of many among them, seemed even yet more terrific by the shadow and the gloom that fell upon them by the darkness of the hour. There was, also, that density of atmosphere which makes men breathe with difficulty, as if a weight oppressed their bosoms: a density arising from the electric fluid in the air that affects the nerves both of animals and men.

"Bailli filled a chair hastily snatched up, and placed at the head of the tennis-court for the president. Seats there were none for the

members, except an old bench or two that would not hold a third part of their number. Mirabeau, the most eloquent, and neither less ferocious nor daring than any of the spirits of the time, rushed forward, and placed himself near Bailli. He was eager to speak, but gave way to the president; and, as Bailli arose to open the meeting, the first forked flash darted from the blackened clouds, and for a moment compelled the leader to place his hand before his eyes; so bright, almost so blinding, was its effects. A peal of thunder, that burst immediately above their heads, followed; and then, by the sudden opposition of darkness to light, the day appeared to be momentarily extinguished, as if there had been a total eclipse of the sun. The heavens now poured down torrents of rain, which the earth seemed to drink up with greediness; and the steeples rocked, and the towers shook, of many an ancient church and convent in Paris, as if trembling for the ravages of the storm.

"It was in the midst of these terrors of heaven and earth, of God and man, that the infuriated assembly took that impassioned oath, never to break up their sittings till the constitution of their country should be based on the solid rock of freedom for all France. Scarcely had the oath passed their lips, when the thunder and the lightning opened on them with renewed and reiterated terrors, and the rain and hail poured down in such torrents as compelled them to retire; yet they did not disperse till Mirabeau and the Count de Josselin (who had both been in league to gain over many of the military to the popular faction) presented Philippe to the most determined of the assembly, as a young Frenchman in whom they would find a spirit devoted to liberty, and whose resolution would never fail in that cause, even if required to meet death in all its terrors of the prison or the field."

And Philippe Clairval, and his hapless mother, *did* meet death in all its terrors, by the guillotine. The prison scene previously to the execution, and the execution itself, when the mother and son, and the abbess of Ploermel and her nuns, and hundreds of other innocent individuals, were remorselessly slaughtered on the scaffold at Nantes, during the bloody reign of Carrier, present instances of such powerful *painting* by the *pen*, as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass.

We console ourselves for the want of farther means to illustrate these attractive volumes, by the satisfactory certainty that they must soon be in the course of general perusal.

## INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF GUTTENBERG.

FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER OF RANK.\*

*Mayence, August 14, 1837.*

I was present at the ceremony of inauguration of the statue of Guttenberg, a native of Mayence, the inventor of the letter-press, from which he produced the first printed Bible. The statue is colossal—of bronze, and just arrived from Berlin, where it was produced. This will remain a monument to the memory of the worthy Guttenberg, who died 300 years ago. In early life he was an apprenticed workman in the then art of printing when his genius suggested a power to facilitate the mode. He was discouraged, and was persecuted, suffered poverty and neglect, till a few enlightened burghers of the town encouraged him to persevere, when, as the first effort of completion in the success of his undertaking, he produced the first printed Bible, and thus changed darkness into light; and the religion of Christ shone forth in the first printed Psalm. Guttenberg became courted—became rich—and soon was master of a pretty house, “the Casino;” where in the small garden attached to it, is now seen a statue in marble of him. Deputies from the many cities of Europe arrived to assist at the ceremony of this inauguration; and the painted banners and arms of these, supported on poles, formed the outward circle of the arena, where the deputies and company were to sit. In the centre was a seat for the then Governor of Mayence, the Hereditary Prince

of Prussia; and in front of the statue was a raised pulpit, from which one of the learned of the students delivered an oration in German. At the close of this, the awning which hitherto had covered the statue, fell, and then sounded all the cannon of the town—the firing of guns, and continued peals of cheering applause. Guttenberg is represented in his age—a round close cap on his head, a full gown falling well from his shoulders, a printing tablet in one hand, and a Bible under his left arm. The orchestra of 800 musicians sang a hymn to the Virgin, and fine music succeeded—then a second oration to introduce the printing-presses in front of the statue, which were put into operation, and whilst they took off 1000 impressions of our national air—God save the King! was sung not only by the 700 voices, which formed a part of the orchestra; but by all the persons—at least 20,000—present. The printed papers were distributed generally, and when one of these was in the hands of the Duke of Cambridge, who was in the balcony opposite with the Electorate of Hesse Darmstadt, Prince and Princess of Prussia, Grand Duke of Nassau, &c., it was easy to perceive our affectionate Prince overcome with the thought of that being the first time of hearing it since he lost his brother William IV. Cannon firing, and general rejoicing concluded the ceremony. The conscious feeling of the inhabitants of Mayence, that they had done their duty to the memory of the man, whose genius had contemplated, and brought to bear, a power which would, under the blessing of God, contribute to enlighten and diffuse the blessings of Christianity to the world.

\* This interesting little narrative is by a lady of taste and feeling—an honour to her sex, and to her country, wherever she travels—but who has never yet allowed her name to appear in the arena of public authorship. By her kind permission, it appears as a private obligation to our pages.—EDITOR OF THE ALDINE MAGAZINE.

### LINES TO—

O fair as fond, and fond as fair,  
Gentle as true, and true as tender,  
Though timid as a fawn or hare,  
Thou art adored, a stern heart-render.

Modest as mild, and mild as bright,  
And bright as blest by God and nature,  
Thine eye, a little orb of light,  
Sheds sunshine o'er each placid feature.

O true as good, and good as just,  
And just as merciful and human,  
Fool that I was in thee to trust,  
For after all thy name is—WOMAN!

H. C. D.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy: a Play, in Five Acts. To which are added, Historical Odes on The Last Days of Elizabeth; Cromwell's Dream; The Death of Nelson.* By the Author of "The Lady of Lyons," "Eugene Aram," &c. Fourth Edition. Saunders and Otley.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER's play, entitled *Richelieu, or the Conspiracy*, was performed, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 7th of March, with unqualified success; Macready, the manager, sustaining the character of *Richelieu* in a style of excellence unsurpassed, if equalled, since the days of John Kemble, in *Cardinal Wolsey*. *Richelieu* is not a tragedy—it is a mixed drama—a piece of that description generally termed "a play." Shakspeare delighted in productions of this class; and many of the most successful efforts of modern dramatists—George Colman the younger, &c., have been "plays." Some of our contemporaries, more squeamish than wise, have protested against the mixed drama; not conceiving it possible that smiles and tears can occur in the same scene, or that tragedy and farce ever jostle each other in real life. We happen to think differently; ergo, we frequently prefer the naturalness of a play to the dull, heavy, formal march of tragedy, with all its murder, and grandeur, and gloom. Our author observes that—

"The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities) Voltaire and history justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilisation, is characterised by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favourite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents; the spy—the mistress—the capuchin; the destruction of feudalism; the humiliation of Austria; the dismemberment of Spain."

Sir Edward Bulwer appears to have written the play of "*Richelieu*," chiefly for the purpose of exhibiting his own fancy portrait of the hero. We term it a fancy portrait, because HIS *Richelieu* is not the *Richelieu* of history. He has laboured exceedingly to render him amiable; yet he has failed to enlist our sympathies deeply in his favour. In fact, the one great defect of this drama is, the almost total absence which it betrays of genuine pathos. It is true, there is

a pretty little love story mixed up with the plot, but it wants force—intenseness—power. On the whole, the character of *Richelieu*, though not a truthful portrait, is in fair keeping; that of the vain, artful, wicked, and ultimately defeated *Baradas* (admirably played by Warde) is a fine sketch; and of the *Chevalier de Mauprat*, the lover and husband of *Julie*, the ward of *Richelieu*—and of most of the other persons of the drama—it may be said that they are well individualised.

As a reading play, *Richelieu* is very tolerable; as an acting play, it is excellent; but, in a literary point of view, it will not eventually heighten the reputation of its author. From the length of the piece, however, many of the finest poetical passages—passages eminently tending to the illustration of character—are necessarily omitted. Abounding in bustle, and incident, and striking melo-dramatic "situation"—heightened by all the beauty, splendour, and richness of costume, scenery, and decoration, that taste, judgment, and skill could devise and execute—exquisitely performed in its chief characters, and well played throughout—"Richelieu" was deservedly received with all the enthusiastic applause that the anxious ears of the most sanguine author in existence could desire. To Macready, it cannot fail of producing what he has most nobly earned—a magnificent reward, in both fame and profit. From the inmost depth of our hearts and souls we rejoice in Macready's success as a manager. Since the days of John Kemble, Macready is the only manager who has achieved aught in support of the legitimate drama—in restoring the character of the stage; his is the ONLY national theatre that has not been degraded into a "Bartlemy Fair" booth—desecrated into a den of wild beasts. *Palmas qui meruit ferat.*

We feel it no part of our duty to sketch the plot of "*Richelieu*," which is somewhat intricate and complicated; but shall submit to the reader's perusal a few isolated passages.

The Iago-like wickedness of *Baradas*, the treasonous favourite of the king—the rival of *De Mauprat*—the determined enemy of *Richelieu*—is here forcibly expressed, on the retreat of *De Mauprat* :—

"Farewell!—I trust for ever! I design'd thee For *Richelieu's* murderer—but, as well his martyr!

In childhood you the stronger—and I cursed you!

In youth the fairer—and I cursed you still; And now my rival!—While the name of *Julie* Hung on thy lips—I smiled—for then I saw, In my mind's eye, the cold and grinning death Hang o'er thy head the pall! Ambition, love,

Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,  
Sit in my house of life! By the King's aid  
I will be Julie's husband, in despite  
Of my Lord Cardinal. By the King's aid  
I will be Minister of France, in spite  
Of my Lord Cardinal; and then—what then?  
The King loves Julie—feeble Prince—false  
master—

(*Producing and gazing on the parchment.*)

Then, by the aid of Bouillon, and the Spaniard,  
I will dethrone the King; and all—ha!—ha!—  
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal."

*Richelieu's* reproof of *De Mauprat's* dissipation, &c., is highly dramatic:—

"RICHELIEU. I might, like you,  
Have been a brawler and a reveller;—not,  
Like you, a trickster and a thief.

DE MAUPRAT (*advancing threateningly*). Lord  
Cardinal!

Unsay those words!

(*Huguet deliberately raises the carbine.*)

RICHELIEU (*waving his hand*). Not quite so  
quick, friend Huguet;  
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
And he can wait!—

You have outrun your fortune!—  
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—  
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, Sir,  
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false  
monies

Out of that crucible, called DEBT. To live  
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,  
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets; all  
Not yours—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for;—  
This is to be a trickster; and to filch  
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,  
Life, daily bread—quitting all scores with—  
'Friend,

'You're troublesome!'—Why this, forgive me,  
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—  
Plain folks call 'Theft!'—You owe eight thou-  
sand pistoles,

Minus one crown, two liards!—

DE MAUPRAT (*aside*). The old conjuror!—  
Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups  
I drank at dinner!

RICHELIEU. This is scandalous,  
Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, Sir,  
That you must pay your debts.—

DE MAUPRAT. With all my heart,  
My Lord.—Where shall I borrow, then, the  
money?

RICHELIEU (*aside and laughing*). A humorous  
dare-devil! The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold!

(*Rising, and earnestly.*)

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;  
I am not; I am just!—I found France rent  
asunder—

The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;  
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;  
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws  
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.  
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes

Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass  
Civilization on her luminous wings  
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?  
Genius, some say—some Fortune—Witchcraft  
some.

Not so; my art was JUSTICE!—Force and Fraud  
Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!  
My champion you! You met me as your foe;  
Depart, my friend—you shall not die. France  
needs you.

You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be hon-  
oured,  
Be great."—

The subjoined, illustrating the superiority of  
the pen to the sword, "tells" well; though so  
far as manner is concerned, we doubt its truth to  
nature:—

"Reach me yon falchion, François,—not that  
bauble

For carpet-warriors,—yonder—such a blade  
As old Charles Martel might have wielded when  
He drove the Saracen from France.

(*François brings him one of the long two-handed  
swords worn in the Middle Ages.*)

With this  
I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage  
The stalwart Englisher,—no mongrel, boy,  
Those island mastiffs,—mark the notch—a deep  
one—

His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist!  
A toy—a feather—then!

(*Tries to wield, and lets it fall.*)

You see a child could

Slay Richelieu, now.

FRANÇOIS (*his hand on his hilt*). But now, at  
your command

Are other weapons, my good Lord.

RICHELIEU (*who has scouted himself as to  
write, lifts the pen*). True, THIS!

Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold  
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—  
But taking sorcery from the master-hand  
To paralyze the Cæsars—and to strike  
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the  
sword—

States can be saved without it!"

These lines from the mouth of *Richelieu*—  
the love of *Age* for *Youth*—are good:—

"I love the young!

For as great men live not in their own time,  
But the next race,—so in the young, my soul  
Makes many Richelieus!"

The following (part of a scene between *Richelieu*  
and *Julie*, after the latter has escaped from  
the palace) is highly effective in represen-  
tation:—

"RICHELIEU. Ha!—

You did obey the summons; and the King  
Reproach'd your hasty nuptials.

JULIE.

Were that all!  
He frown'd and chid;—proclaim'd the bond un-  
lawful:



Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,  
And there at night—alone—this night—all  
still—

He sought my presence—dared—thou read'st  
the heart,

Read mine!—I cannot speak it!

RICHELIEU. He a King—  
You—woman; well,—you yielded!

JULIE. Cardinal—  
Dare you say 'yielded?'—Humbled and abash'd  
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis;  
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded! Ah!

More royalty in woman's honest heart  
Than dwells within the crowned majesty  
And sceptred anger of a hundred Kings!"

We close with the following lines, detached  
from one of the finest portions of the drama—a  
soliloquy at midnight:—

" *Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle.—A Gothic chamber.—Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.*

RICHELIEU (reading). 'In silence, and at  
night, the conscience feels  
That life should soar to nobler ends and power.'  
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!  
But wert thou tried?—Sublime philosophy,  
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,  
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!  
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,  
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*  
" Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,  
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein  
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take  
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?  
Oh! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;  
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life  
Gives battle to the elements,—and man  
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose  
weight

Will bear but one—while round the desperate  
wretch

The hungry billows roar—and the fierce fate,  
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the  
surf,

Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,  
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,  
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!  
History preserves only the fleshless bones  
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull  
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!  
Without the roundness and the glow of life  
How hideous is the skeleton! Without  
The colourings and humanities that clothe  
Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
Can make our memory hideous!

\* \* \* \* \*

" I have outlived love.

O! beautiful—all golden—gentle Youth!  
Making thy palace in the careless front  
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul  
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)

Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—  
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,  
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old  
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing  
hair!

Could I recal the past—or had not set  
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea!  
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,  
Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike  
Or day or night—Ambition has no rest!"

*Architectural Illustrations and Account of the  
Temple Church, London.* By Robert William  
Billings, Associate of the Institute of British  
Architects. Royal and Demy 4to. Boone.

THIS is a volume of rare interest to the archi-  
tect, to the historian, to the antiquary. Beau-  
tiful, extensive, varied, and unique in its design,  
and equally rich, elegant, and beautiful in its  
execution, the Temple Church is not, perhaps,  
so well known, even in the metropolis, as it  
ought to be. "It is," as Mr. Billings justly  
remarks, "particularly interesting to the archi-  
tect and antiquary as displaying, in the eastern  
part, the first specimen of the complete conquest  
which the Pointed style had effected over the  
massive Circular or Norman Architecture pre-  
ceding its erection; and as marking, in the Cir-  
cular portion, the different changes which the  
latter style underwent previous to its final sub-  
version." Mr. Billings has selected and arranged  
his historical facts with great judgment. What  
we are chiefly indebted to him for, however, is  
his minutely detailed architectural description of  
the Church, and his numerous and accurately  
executed plates of illustration. Every thing is  
drawn to a scale, and with such extraordinary  
closeness of attention, that, were the church by  
any accident to be destroyed, it might be re-  
edified without the loss or alteration of a single  
feature, interiorly or exteriorly. As objects of  
great curiosity to the general observer, it may  
be mentioned that seven plates are devoted to a  
representation of the series of grotesque heads,  
which decorate the spandrels of the arches form-  
ing the arcade against the wall of the circular  
portion of the building. The original number  
of these heads was sixty-four: two on each side  
of the western doorway, seven in each of the  
four compartments on each side, and two on  
each pier of the entrances of the nave; but six  
of them have been either hidden or destroyed by  
monuments placed before them. Previously to  
the repairs of the church, in the year 1827, they  
were understood to be composed of a coarse kind  
of plaster; but, at that period, when they had  
fallen into such a state of decay that restoration  
became necessary, they were found to be of Caen  
stone. They were re-carved in Portland stone,  
as perfect *fac similia* of the originals; and must  
be admitted in proof of the high capability of  
our modern workmen. It is greatly to be la-  
mented, that, from the great comparative cheap-

ness of what is termed composition, the beautiful art of carving, both in wood and stone, should have been suffered to drop into desuetude amongst us.

Mr. Billings's leading motive for producing this work is thus stated:—

“Although many picturesque views of the Temple Church have appeared at various times, particularly in the ‘*Architectura Ecclesiastici, Londini*, by Charles Clarke, Esq. F.S.A.;’ in ‘*The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, by John Britton, Esq., F.S.A.;’ and, lastly, in ‘*The Churches of London*, by George Godwin, jun. Esq. F.S.A., architect,’ (now publishing); there are not (with the exception of the plan and elevations published by the Society of Antiquaries in the ‘*Vetusta Monumenta*,’) any engraved representations tending to convey a connected idea of it, in an architectural sense, and those illustrations do not embrace the exterior. This circumstance has rendered a work on the subject long necessary, and the present is submitted as an endeavour to supply, in some measure, the former deficiency.”

So far as our judgment goes, no architectural library can be complete—in the church department, at least—without this volume.

To the historical and antiquarian reader, however, the value of the book is greatly enhanced by an Essay of extraordinary research and ability, “On the Symbolic Evidences of the Temple Church,” by Edward Clarkson, Esq., in which Essay is very elaborately discussed the curious question, “Were the Templars Gnostic idolaters, as alledged?”

We regret that our limits will not suffer us to accompany Mr. Clarkson in this inquiry; but we must indulge the reader with a taste or two of his facts and opinions. Adducing the theory of Von Hammer, “that the Eastern Order of the Assassins and the Knights Templars were in some respects connected—in some respects identical,”—he says,

“We are bound to infer, from the facts and evidences produced by Von Hammer, and from facts and evidences which we consider as peculiar to ourselves, that there is this much truth in his propositions; that a large proportion of the body of the Templars were imbued with the Gnostic and Manichee heresies; that they adopted the initiations of a corrupted and mingled Freemasonry, such as was used by the latter; and that they were closely connected with the chief of the Assassins, who occupied strong holds in the immediate neighbourhood of their fortresses in Syria, and who also adopted the initiations of a secret Freemasonry, similarly corrupted, in order to train his fanatical adepts (the *Fedavee*) for the ambitious purposes at which he unscrupulously arrived.”

Further:—

“Von Hammer infers the identity between the two orders from the similarity of their dress (white, with a red cross and a red belt); their

existence in the same vicinities and localities; their internal organization, initiation, and secret doctrines; and their willingness to incorporate themselves with the Templars.” \* \* \*

“Another curious analogy has been suggested. The Syrian fortresses of the Assassins were round towers, like the preceptories in London, Cambridge, Bristol, Canterbury, Dover, Warwick, and other places.”

Again:—

“With regard to the similarity of dress, there is a singular fact with which Von Hammer was not himself acquainted, and which goes to complete his argument, namely, that the monuments of Egypt, which at the present day exhibit the dress of the initiate in Egyptian free-masonry, exhibit him in the *precise dress of the order of the Assassins*, namely, a white tunic with a red girdle knotted in the form of a cross. The ‘King of the Mysteries’ is always represented in this dress. Between this and the order of the Assassins there is no difference. The only difference between the latter and the dress of the Templars was, that the red girdle was exchanged for the red badge.”

On the charge of idolatrous practices:—

“We have in our possession gems, commonly called Basilidian, found in Templars’ houses. They carry with them the full evidence of Gnostic or Egyptian heresy. A jumble of Egyptian or Magian idols appear upon them. The most common symbol is three legs or three arms, united triangularly in a centre. One of the idols has the head of a hawk, holding in one hand the scourge of Osiris, and with his limbs terminating in the folds of a serpent; the mystic letters A O (*I breathe*) in the oval are its only inscription; but another Gnostic gem exhibits the very idol which they were accused, by Philip le Bel and their French judges, of worshipping. It is that of the calf Bahumeth—a figure constructed out of the forms of a calf, a beetle, and a man,—holding between its human fore limbs an open book, and having a female head crowned. It is, in fact, nothing but a variation of the Egyptian sphynx. They were accused of worshipping this idol, while they denied Christ and trampled on the cross.”

*The History of Napoleon Bonaparte*, from the French of Norvins, Laurent, (de l’Ardèche) Bourienne, Las Casas, the Duke de Rovigo, Lucien Bonaparte, &c.; with Abstracts from the Works of Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Sir Walter Scott. Edited by R. H. Horne, Esq., Author of *Cosmo de Medici*, “The Death of Marlowe,” &c. Richly illustrated with many hundred Engravings on Wood, after Designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacque, &c. Part I. Royal 8vo. Tyas, 1839.

THE commencing paragraph of this work promises well for its progress:—

"Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the 15th of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. There is reason to believe that his ancestors, on the mother's side, were Neapolitans, and that on his father's, they were members of certain noble houses of San Miniato, in Tuscany. The majority of his historians and biographers endeavour to show that his descent was illustrious, if not slightly tinged with royalty. The name of *Bonaparte* stands high among the senators in the 'Golden Book' of Bologna; but there is no proof that Napoleon was lineally descended from that family. The fact is not important; for inasmuch as time can easily trace many men back to something of nobility, so the retrospection has only to be extended, in order to prove the origin of all men very humble. Whatever qualities were displayed by Napoleon, he did not derive his power from his family, but from his own nature, his own actions, and the circumstances of which he was the creature and the creator."

We protest, however, against Mr. Horne's orthography of his hero's name—*Bonaparte*; his name was not *Bonaparte*, but *Buonaparte*.—The French, ever notorious for their habit of altering names, as well in orthography as in pronunciation, had a motive in this instance, and Napoleon himself was sufficiently willing, as the imagined founder of a dynasty, to avail himself of the proffered change. The French, anxious to rid themselves of the haunting associations of their subjugator's Italian origin, sank the *u*, and also the sound of the final *e* in his name, and thus the Italian *Buonaparte* was gallicised into *Bonapart*. Englishmen, however, need not wish to forget that *Napoleone Buonaparte* was a Corsican.

Most of the engravings in this commencing *livraison*, if not all, we observe, are of French execution, as well as the designs: they have no pretension to the praise of delicacy or beauty of finish; but many of them exhibit surprising force of character—national character—and feeling. In the charming art of engraving upon wood, our Continental neighbours cannot, for a moment, enter into competition with us. It is probable, therefore, that, in the progress of the work, the reader will have an opportunity of witnessing the superior skill of his own countrymen.

So far as we have yet advanced in the literary composition of the work (the third blockade of Mantua), we may remark, that it appears to be a fair and lucid digest of various previous publications on the subject. It is very handsomely printed, and is to be completed in one large splendid volume.

*The Family Sanctuary*; a Form of Domestic Devotion for every Sabbath in the Year: containing the Collect of the Day, a Portion of Scripture, an Original Prayer and Sermon; and the Benediction. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE nature of this handsome and boldly-printed volume—a volume admirably adapted in all respects for the purposes of family devotion—is exceedingly well explained in its title-page. In cases of personal indisposition, or where the whole of a family may be unable to attend the performance of divine service at church,—or where the church may be at too great a distance to allow of regular and constant attendance, here is, in a single volume, a valuable and unobjectionable succedaneum. The author—we regret that his name is not given to the work—appears to favour the Wesleyan Methodists, who, to their high credit, have "refused to join in the calumnies and misrepresentations of the Established Church;" and in thus declining to unite with them for her overthrow, have hitherto presented an important barrier between the Church and her unreasonable foes. While the author has, therefore, endeavoured to give Evangelical doctrine a place in this volume, to which he thinks it justly entitled, practical doctrine, he trusts, has not been neglected.—Every right-feeling Christian, we are confident, must agree with the writer, in the following observations:—

"Were there no state religion, the observance of the Sabbath, even as a day of rest from worldly labour, would, it is to be feared, by many be no longer continued; the poor would be denied the privilege of having the Gospel preached unto them; a flood of immorality and irreligion would burst upon devoted England, and her honourable name would, ere long, cease to be respected amongst the nations. The manner in which the Sabbath is to be sanctified, is taught in the Holy Scriptures; and, commending to every man their perusal, we shall only remark, that as the religious observance of God's holy day must be beneficial to the soul, so, the neglect of such an observance may, nay, must be detrimental, to our immortal interests."

The sermons in this volume, moderate in length, simple and lucid in arrangement, are all extremely well composed; distinguished also by a strain of genuine piety, free from mysticism and cant. The discourse, "On the Sanctification of the Sabbath," may be regarded as a truly beautiful composition.

*The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare.* Parts III. and IV. *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Love's Labour Lost*. Super-royal 8vo. Knight and Co. 1839.

GLORYING as we do in the very name of Shakspeare, it is matter of delight to us to see this noble edition of the bard advancing in so fine and worthy a spirit. It reflects the utmost credit upon Messrs. Knight and Co.

Of the peculiar merits of the "Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare," we gave a general view in

*Vide p. 40, et seq.*

an extended notice of Parts I. and II. (The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and King John); and in that view we should not to pay a just tribute to the skill of the respective artists engaged in the designs and illustrations. Amongst the designers Harvey stood then, as he stands now, at the head of his beautiful art; amongst the engravers, we specially noticed Orrin Smith, Jackson, Williams, Thompson, &c. Whenever these names appear, in the Parts now before us, the same cordial praise is due. In *Love's Labour Lost*, however, Messrs. Harvey, Jacque, Sargent, &c., find an able coadjutor in Buss. His design of "*Love's Labour Lost*, acted before Queen Elizabeth," (engraved by Landels) is really a very splendid affair. In noticing some of this artist's earlier illustrations of the play, it struck us that he was not quite *au fait* in embodying his ideas upon wood; but, in the design just mentioned, "practice appears to have made him perfect." There is so much broad humour, as well as characteristic force, in all that Buss executes, that, in illustrating the comic productions of our bard, his aid cannot prove otherwise than extremely valuable.

With the editorial department of that most exquisite of love stories, *Romeo and Juliet*—especially as regards the notes, and the "Supplementary Notice"—we are particularly pleased. The admirably philosophical remark of Wordsworth's, that "Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure," is ably enlarged upon, to the complete demolition of the wretched fancies of Garrick, Mrs. Inchbald, and others, who thought that Shakspeare (poor simpleton!) had been *misled* in his catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet*! Kind, critical souls, they were therefore desirous, by substituting horror for pathos, to *amend* the catastrophe! We are told that, once upon a time, a link-boy thus responded to Pope's prayer, "God mend me!"—"Mend *you*; he had better make half-a-dozen new ones!" Now, according to our humble view of the subject, it would be more difficult to mend Shakspeare than it would have been to mend Pope. At all events, the operation would require an artist of infinitely higher powers than either Garrick, Tom Warton, or Mrs. Inchbald.

The aggregate number of illustrations in Parts III. and IV. amounts to fifty-four.

Part V. presents the historical play of King Richard the Second; but we have not yet been able to pay it the requisite attention on which to found our opinion.

#### *Tales and Sketches. Historical and Domestic.*

By Mrs. D. Clarke (late E. A. Ingram). 8vo. Longman and Co.

FROM the preface to this handsome yet unpretending volume, we learn that nearly all its contents "have appeared already in various publications; metropolitan and provincial, but now, for the first time, assume their collective form."

Many of them we recollect having seen in that once elegant and popular publication, *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*. The name of Mrs. Clarke is also familiar to us, as that of a very charming writer in *The Liverpool Albion*, one of the ablest, soundest, (its politics excepted,) best conducted, and most interesting journals in the kingdom. In fact, for copiousness, variety, and literary talent, London can produce nothing like it, in the form of a newspaper.

Thank heaven, however, our fair author does not trouble herself or her readers about politics: judging, no doubt, that we encounter more than sufficient annoyance of that description from the "lords of the creation."

We have only one reason for not quoting largely from the pages of the volume before us—that most of them have already met the public eye. There is a sweetness, a gentleness, a tenderness, a touching beauty about many of these "*Tales and Sketches*," of which we cannot speak too highly. Amongst others, we may particularize as our favourites, *Cœur de Lion's Return*, *The Tournament*, *Mary of Lorn*, *The Days of Wallace*, *James of Scotland in Captivity*, *Tradition of Ludlow Castle*, *The Pilgrimage to Normandy*, *Lochlevin's Flower*, *Henrietta of France*, &c.

In collecting these pieces, and presenting them in a form so attractive, Mrs. Clarke has conferred a great favour upon her friends.

*South Australia. An Exposure of the Absurd, Unfounded, and Contradictory Statements in James's "Six Months in South Australia."* By John Stephens, Author of the "*History of South Australia*." pp. 50. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

THAT Mr. Stephens is perfectly master of his subject, we apprehend we succeeded in shewing, in our somewhat extended notice of his "*History of South Australia*," at p. 178, *et seq.* The immediate consequence of his mastery is, that his "exposure" of Mr. James's "absurd, unfounded, and contradictory statements," is complete and triumphant.

*Heads of the People taken off, by Kenny Meadows (Quizfizz).* No. 5. Tyas, 1839.

MR. Kenny Meadows, no longer a masked executioner, but a much more agreeable operator than the guillotine, takes off four of the "*Heads of the People*," in this number, with his accustomed adroitness: the *Barmaid*, the *Teetotaler*, the *Factory Child*, and the *Conductor*; the *Conductor*, ladies and gentlemen, of that light and airy, elegant and fashionable vehicle, an omnibus. In his operation on the *Barmaid* Mr. Meadows is assisted by Charles Whitehead; on the *Teetotaler*, by Laman Blanchard; on the *Factory Child*, by Douglas Jerrold; and on the *Conductor*, by Leigh Hunt; all of them accom-

plished practisers of the art of literary dissection. The Teetotaler's—

"Doctrine is in favour of extremes meeting; the excellence whereof he illustrates by a reference to the especial pleasantness of whiskey-and-water. To drink water, he conceives is about half of the whole duty of man, which is necessarily of a 'mixed' character. Tea, nevertheless, he will not absolutely decline, even in his non-professional hours, and apart from his avocation as a temperance teacher;—but then he imperatively requires with it a dash of brandy. To him there appears no reason why Mr. Twining should not enter into partnership with Hodges or Booth. This *sine qua non* granted, he will respond in the affirmative to the considerate, but too often satirical, enquiry, 'Is your tea agreeable?' but to expect him to relish Souchong out of the society, to tolerate gunpowder but with a view to going off with a glorious report, is to single out the Teetotaler for a task never imposed upon moralist or agitator before."

Meadows's portrait of the poor Factory Girl is not without a fault: it is not sufficiently miserable and squalid. Jerrold's accompaniment is well sketched, but it does not excite the intense agony that was produced by the horrible details that were given in evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons. However—

"Science may not turn Seven-Dials into the garden of the Hesperides; nor do we look that it should make Holywell Street flow with milk and honey;—but the time is approaching when, by its wise and bounteous nature, the wrongs at this moment eating like ulcers in the social body, will be classed with the cruelties of bygone ages. Another generation, and they who insist on the necessity of the condition of the nine years old Factory Child of our day, will take their places with the admirers of thumbscrews,—the champions of the social value of the steel-boot."

From Mr. Hunt's "noticeable varieties" of the class of conductor, we crib a portion of the first:—

"The Conductor is a careless-dressing, subordinate, predominant, miscellaneous, newly-invented personage, of the stable-breed order, whose occupation consists in eternally dancing through the air on a squalid bit of wood, twelve inches by nine; letting people in and out of the great oblong box called an omnibus; and occasionally holding up his hand, and vociferating the name of some remote locality. He has of late been gifted with a badge, which classifies the otherwise "promiscuous" appearance of his 'set-out;' and in some districts they have put him into livery, which, though it raises him in the scale of neatness, and, perhaps, of civility, wonderfully lowers his aspect in that of independence, and conspires to turn the badge of office into an aggravated mark of servitude."

*A Treatise on Consumption, Asthma, Hooping (Whooping) Cough, and other Affections of the Lungs; especially in reference to the Endermic and Inhalent Methods of Treatment.* By John Pocock Holmes, Esq., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Second Edition. Holdsworth. 1839.

THE employment of counter-irritants in the relief and cure of disease, is not new: it has been successfully adopted by our older, as well as by our more modern practitioners; but there is, we apprehend, a considerable degree of novelty in Mr. Holmes's mode of combining the process of friction with that of inhalation. Into a description of this mode of treatment it is not within our province to enter. According to Mr. Holmes's statements, sustained by apparently unimpeachable testimony, it has been found eminently successful; and therefore we deem the little volume before us entitled to the attention of the afflicted.

*Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary.* An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By George Stephens, Author of "The Manuscripts of Erdeley." Mitchell. 1839.

THIS tragedy, it appears, "was written with a view to representation, and the author once hoped (after certain curtailments) that it would have been brought out on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre." Our opinion, however, is in perfect accordance with that of Mr. Macready, that the situations between Rodna and Beatrice, in the fourth act, must have proved fatal. In fact, the scene referred to is such, that no manager, unless labouring under a paroxysm of insanity, would dare to present to an English audience. It is nothing to the purpose to say, that "the obnoxious scene is only not strictly historical, because the intent, which in the play is frustrated by the appearance of Bankban, was, according to all accounts, actually consummated." It is the business of the historian to record facts—simple, naked facts; but, as "the truth is not to be told at all times," the dramatist and the romance writer are imperatively bound to dismiss from their compositions whatsoever may be found militating against delicacy, manners, or morals, in passages of actual life.

We must remark, however, that Mr. Stephens's powers are of no mean order: the rhythm of his verse is frequently defective; but his ideas are bold, occasionally original; and his modes of expression, though not always correct, have considerable power.

*Travels of Minna and Godfrey in Many Lands.* From the Journals of the Author. The Rhine, Nassau, and Baden. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

THIS is one of the cleverest, most attractive, and most instructive books for youth that we have for a long time met with. In the progress

of our young friend's travels along the Rhine, through Nassau, on to Baden, Basle, &c., a world of information is conveyed: historical notices of the respective places—observations on public buildings and productions of the fine arts—legends of the Rhine—romances—tales—anecdotes—natural history—are profusely and gracefully interspersed.

The volume is further enriched by the introduction of several neat graphic illustrations.

This little book appears to form a sort of sequel to a similar volume, in which the travels of Minna and Godfrey through Holland are described; and we sincerely hope that it will itself find a sequel, or continuation; for we could ramble with these young people and their friends the world over, with increased and increasing delight.

*Heads from Nicholas Nickleby.* No. I. Tyas.

WE are promised, that these "Heads," professing to be "etched by A. Drypoint, from

drawings by Miss La Creevy," "will comprise Portraits of the most interesting individuals that appear in 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby,' selected at the period when their very actions define their true characters, and exhibit the inward mind by its outward manifestations. Each Portrait will be a literal transcript from the accurate and vividly minute descriptions of this able and most graphic author; and will present to the eye, an equally faithful version of the maiden simplicity of Kate Nickleby—the depravity of Sir Mulberry Hawk—the imbecility of his dupe—the heartless villany of the calculating Ralph—the generosity of the noble-minded Nicholas—the broken spirit of poor Smike—and the brutality of Squeers."

This number presents the Heads of Kate Nickleby, Ralph Nickleby, Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Newman Noggs: they are enlarged, with much accuracy of resemblance, from the designs of the original work; and, from the extreme cheapness of the publication, we have no doubt that they will prove extensively acceptable.

## Select Necrology.

### THE DUCHESS COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

HER Grace, Elizabeth, Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, was born at Leven Lodge, near Edinburgh, on the 24th of May, 1765. She was Countess of Sutherland in her own right. The earldom to the title of the Sutherland family is the most ancient of any in Great Britain; having been continued without interruption in the lineal course of descent, for nearly six hundred years, and through twenty generations, to the late noble possessor. On the death of her father, the Countess, then only a twelvemonth old, was placed under the guardianship of John Duke of Athol, Charles, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Sir Adam Fergusson, of Kilkerran, and Sir David Dalrymple, of Hailes, Barons, and John Mackenzie, of Delvin. A competition arose for the title of Sutherland, to which claims were entered by the Countess, Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordon's Town, Baronet, and George Sutherland, of Forze. After various proceedings, the cause was, on the 21st of March, 1771, resolved, and adjudged, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled, in her Ladyship's favour.

In 1779, the Countess of Sutherland raised a regiment for the defence of Britain, called the Sutherland Fencibles, which was completed to the full number of 1000 men in twelve days, and the command given to her cousin-german, Lieutenant-General William Wemyss, of Wemyss. At the commencement of the war in 1793, the Countess again raised a regiment of Fencibles,

under the command of the same officer. That regiment, in 1798, volunteered its services to assist in quelling the rebellion in Ireland, where it was actively and successfully employed. At a subsequent period, it was incorporated into the line, and is now the 93rd regiment of foot.

The Countess of Sutherland was married in London, on the 4th of Sept. 1785, to the Right Hon. Geo. Granville Leveson Gower, afterwards Marquess of Stafford, and raised to the Dukedom of Sutherland, in 1833. By this union, the Countess of Sutherland had a family of six children, of whom the eldest was George Granville, second and present Duke of Sutherland.

The late Duke of Sutherland died on the 19th of July, 1833, when his noble relict assumed the title of Duchess-Countess; at once distinguishing herself from the Duchess her daughter-in-law, and preserving her own hereditary title.

After a short illness, her Grace expired, at her town residence, Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th of January. Having expressed her desire that she might be interred in the same vault with the late Duke, and a long series of her ancestors, her remains were embarked in a steam-packet, for Scotland, on the 9th of February.

The Countess of Sutherland was eminently distinguished for her taste in literature and the fine arts, and for the most munificent patronage of their professors. Highly accomplished,

charitable, benevolent, generous; she was adorned with every virtue that could reflect credit upon her sex and country.

#### SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

ON the 26th of January, at Hampstead, Sir William Beechey, R. A., aged 86. Mr. Beechey was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in 1753. For some time, he was under an eminent conveyancer at Stowe; afterwards with a gentleman of the same profession in London, who died; and subsequently with Mr. Owen, of Tooke's Court. Becoming enamoured of the fine arts, he procured a substitute for himself with Mr. Owen, deserted the law, and in 1772, was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy. He made a rapid progress in his new profession. Amongst his earliest performances were portraits of the old Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Dr. Strachey, Archdeacon of Norwich, and the Chevalier Ruspini. From London, Mr. Beechey went to Norwich, where he painted small conversation pieces in the manner of Hogarth and Zoffanii. At Norwich, he became acquainted with and married Miss Jessup, afterwards Lady Beechey, and who became an admirable miniature painter. By that lady he had a family of fifteen children, most of whom are yet living. His youngest daughter, Charlotte Earle, was, in 1825, married to Lord Grantley, the elder brother of Mr. Norton, the magistrate, husband of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Captain Beechey—his brother, the traveller—and George, the painter, have all acquired high reputation.

On his return to London, Mr. Beechey took the house in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, which had formerly been the residence of Vandergucht. He afterwards removed successively to Hill Street, Berkeley Square, George Street, Hanover Square, and Harley Street, Cavendish Square. The nobility of both sexes flocked to him from all quarters. He was appointed portrait painter to Queen Charlotte, and employed by George the Third, to paint a whole length of her Majesty, and portraits of all the Princesses. With the exception, perhaps, of Sir Thomas Lawrence, no artist ever painted the portraits of so many of the most beautiful women of the age. In their figures he was generally successful; the likeness strong, with a natural and easy air. Of his powers as an artist, no adequate judgment can be formed by those who have seen only the works of his declining years.

In 1793, Mr. Beechey was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1797, an Academician. In 1798, the King conferred upon him the honor of knighthood: he was the first member of the Royal Academy who had been so honored since the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

#### JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

THIS veteran in dramatic, biographical, and editorial literature, was a native of Whitehaven. He was born on the 23rd of May, 1762. His

father, Mr. William Boaden, was many years in the Russian trade. Sent to London at an early age, he was first engaged in the counting-house of Alderman Perchard, and subsequently as a banker's clerk in the house of Prescott, Grote, and Prescott. Soon afterwards, however, he devoted himself to the newspaper press. He entered himself in the Inner Temple, but was never called to the bar. At an early period, and for some years, he was editor of the *Oracle*, a morning paper, of some note in the literary and fashionable world. Mr. Boaden was a distinguished partizan in what was termed the Shakspeare controversy. If we mistake not, he was the first person who attacked the MSS. that were attempted to be forced on the public as Shakspeare's. Besides his writings, which from time to time appeared in the *Oracle*, on this subject, he published "A Letter to George Stevens, Esq., on Ireland's forgery of the Shakspeare MSS."

Mr. Boaden wrote and published several pieces for the stage:—*The Prisoner*, 1792; *Osmyn and Daraxa*, 1793; *Fontainville Forest*, 1794; *The Secret Tribunal*, 1795; *The Italian Monk*, 1797; *Cambro Britons*, 1798; *Aurelio and Miranda*, 1799; *The Voice of Nature*, 1803; *The Maid of Bristol*, 1803. Mr. Boaden generally drew the material for his plots from popular novels and romances. He had little originality, little invention, little of the fire of genius. Most of his pieces were more or less successful, for a time, but none of them attained the honour of becoming a stock piece.

Mr. Boaden was more successful as a biographer and critic, than as a dramatist. His *Life of John Kemble*, abounding in theatrical anecdote, of a highly interesting character, was also rich in criticism. His *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, which followed soon after the death of that lady, was of a similar description; but, partly from the sources of information, &c. having been exhausted, it was not equal in merit to its precursor. His *Life of Mrs. Jordan* came last, and was altogether a performance of very humble pretensions. It was objectionable, too, in other respects: the spirit and feeling which it evinced were bad; and rumour did not hesitate broadly to assert, that the main object in producing it was, that it might be bought up and suppressed. If so, the design was frustrated.

We are sorry to say, that the latter years of Mr. Boaden's life were not passed in affluence. He died on the 16th of February, in the present year.

#### EDWARD CHATFIELD, ESQ.

BOTH literature and art have sustained a loss in the early and lamented death of this gentleman, who died on the 22nd of January, in Judd Street, Brunswick Square, at the age of 39. He was the only surviving son of the late John Chatfield, Esq., of Croydon. He became a pupil of Haydon in the year 1818, or 1819; at the same time, if we mistake not, with the Landseers,

Bewick, and Christmas. His first picture was the Death of Moses, which was exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution, in the spring of 1823, and is now at Salters' Hall, in the City. He painted the Otter Hunt, a picture now at Islay, in Scotland, for — Campbell, Esq., M.P. for Argyleshire.

The Battle of Killiecrankie, exhibited two or three seasons ago at Somerset House, evinced one of the most rapid advances in art, within a very short period, that we ever witnessed. It was extremely well composed, finely coloured, harmoniously toned, and altogether in excellent keeping. This painting was sold at the Liverpool exhibition, and will, no doubt, be preserved as a beautiful specimen of the artist's powers.

His Death of Locke was exhibited at Somerset House; his Ophelia, in the new rooms of the Royal Academy at Charing Cross, in 1837; and his Portrait of the Son of William Russell, Esq., also at the Royal Academy, in 1838. In his portraiture of childhood and youth Mr. Chatfield was remarkable happy. His particular friend, Mr. J. Orrin Smith, of Judd Street (one of our ablest and most effective artists in wood engraving), has in his possession a portrait of one of his own children, painted by Chatfield, which, for truth of resemblance, and also as a work of art in all its finest properties, may be pronounced perfect. It is, in truth, a gem.

When seized, last year, with the fatal illness which terminated his existence, Mr. Chatfield was employed on a work of considerable extent, entitled The Embarkation of Troops. This promised to be his *chef d'œuvre*. It is in a very advanced state; the story is clearly and beautifully told, with some charming touches of both pathos and humour. The composition is good; and it displays considerable force, variety, and distinctness of character. Were the painting ours, even unfinished as it is, we should deem it sacrilege to have it touched by any other hand.

Fortunately for Mr. Chatfield, though not so for his progress in art, he possessed a moderate independence, which enabled him to study his own tastes rather than mere pecuniary acquisition. His love of painting was intense; his conceptions were of the loftiest stamp; but, successful as he was in execution, his execution, like that of many other men of genius, never satisfied himself.

Mr. Chatfield's love of literature was scarcely less ardent than that of his own art. His first literary essays appeared in the Annals of the Fine Arts, in 1818 and 1819; and, at intervals, he has since frequently written, not only for the newspapers but for the superior periodicals, under the signature of "ECHION." About three years since he wrote "Notes of an Artist" in the Monthly Magazine; a few months ago he had an article in the New Monthly Magazine; and his last paper, On Poetic Painting and Sculpture, was in the February number of the same publication, in the present year. In the third number of "Heads of the People," the paper illustrative of the Old Lord, under his

usual signature of "ECHION," was Mr. Chatfield's. It is written with extreme neatness, and much quietness of point. This was the last paper he wrote, and must have been the relaxation of some of his latest hours.

In private life Mr. Chatfield was amiable and honourable, friendly, generous, and benevolent.

#### LORD ST. HELENS.

THE Right Hon. Alleyne Fitzherbert, Baron St. Helens, of the Isle of Wight, who died at his house in Grafton-street, on the 19th of February, at the age of 85, was the fourth son of William Fitzherbert, Esq. of Tissington, in the county of Derby, where his family had been settled ever since the time of William the Conqueror. He was educated at Derby and Eton, and sent to Cambridge in 1770, where he gave an early indication of his talents, by carrying off the first classical medal. He travelled in France and Italy, and on his return home, was appointed the Minister of this country at the Court of Brussels, in 1777. He resided there till August, 1782, when he was sent to Paris as sole plenipotentiary for negotiating a peace with France and Spain, and the States-General of the United Provinces, which he successfully accomplished. He had also a leading share in negotiating the peace with America, concluded at Paris in 1783. In August, 1783, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, whom he accompanied in 1787 on her tour to the Crimea. At the close of the same year he returned to England, was created a Privy Councillor, and appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the spring of 1789 he resigned that employment, and was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to the Hague; and in May, 1790, he repaired to Madrid, as Ambassador Extraordinary, with the powers for accommodating the differences between Great Britain and Spain, respecting the right of British subjects to trade at Nootka Sound, and to carry on the southern whale fishery. His Majesty was afterwards pleased to create him an Irish Peer, with the title of Baron St. Helens. In 1793 he concluded a treaty of alliance between his Majesty and the crown of Spain; but the country disagreeing with his health, he quitted it at the beginning of 1797, and was appointed Ambassador at the Hague, where he remained till the ensuing winter, when the Dutch Republic was overturned by the invasion of the French.

He went to St. Petersburg as ambassador in May, 1801, to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne of Russia, and to propose terms for accommodating the differences which had arisen between Great Britain and the three Baltic powers, towards the close of the reign of the Emperor Paul, and had occasioned the attack on Copenhagen, and other hostilities. This negotiation he brought to a conclusion, by the signature of the Convention of St. Petersburg, of the 17th June, 1801.—



Lord St. Helens was, in consequence, promoted to a Peerage of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron St. Helens, of the Isle of Wight. In September, 1801, he attended the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, at Moscow, where he signed a treaty with the Danish Plenipotentiary, in virtue of which that Crown became an acceding party to the Convention of St. Petersburg. He concluded in March, 1802, a similar treaty with Sweden, and returned to England in the autumn of the same year. In 1803 he was appointed one of the Lords of his Majesty's Bedchamber, which office he continued to hold till 1830. With George the Third he appears to have been a great favourite.

Lord St. Helens united the qualities of a man of the world, a man of business, a scholar, and a philosopher, in a remarkable degree.

CHARLES ROSSI, ESQ., R.A.

JOHN CHARLES FELIX ROSSI, Esq., one of our most eminent sculptors, died at his house, St. John's Wood, on the 21st of February. He was born at Nottingham on the 8th of March, 1762. His father, a native of Sienna, was a sort of quack-doctor to the neighbourhood. Rossi was apprenticed early to a sculptor named Luccatella; and after he had served his apprenticeship, he continued in the employ of his master at a salary of eighteen shillings a week. However, having been directed to correct some work upon which one of his most highly-rated assistants had been employed, he was led to think that his abilities were not of a low order; he obtained better terms, and was not long in entering upon life. In 1781 he obtained the silver, and in 1784 the gold medal. In 1785, he was sent to Rome by the Royal Academy. He returned in 1788, and was made an associate in 1800. In 1802, he was elected R. A. He was appointed sculptor to the Prince Regent, and subsequently to his Majesty William the Fourth. Many of his works are in the Cathedral of St. Paul. They are monuments to the memory of Captain Faulkner, Captains Moss and Riou, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Rodney, and Lord Heathfield—who defended and kept Gibraltar. His other principal productions are a marble statue of Mercury, done at Rome, now in the possession of the Earl of Lovelace; a statue of Britannia (15 feet high) on the Exchange at Liverpool; a recumbent figure of Eve in marble; and statues in marble of a Mercury, and Thompson the poet (purchased by Sir Robert Peel); Edwin and Eleonora (conjugal affection); Celadon and Amelia; Musidora; Zephyrus and Aurora; and recumbent Venus and Cupid. He was extensively employed in decorating Buckingham Palace. However, our nobility have no space for "masses of hewn stone;" and Mr. Rossi found but few patrons when the country ceased to require his services to perpetuate the memory of its heroic defenders. Mr. Rossi, therefore, has bequeathed to his family nothing but his fame. He lived for many years on his pension as a

superannuated member of the Royal Academy. Mr. Rossi was twice married. He had eight children by each of his wives. His second wife survives him. One of his sons is a sculptor.

JAMES LONSDALE, ESQ.

ON Thursday, the 17th of January, died James Lonsdale, Esq., of Berners Street, an artist of long and justly established reputation. Mr. Lonsdale, a native of Lancashire, was born about the year 1777. He came to London at an early period of his life, and for many years confined his practice to male portraits. His manner was considered hard, but his resemblances were acknowledged to be "inveterate." The following tribute to his character is from the Morning Chronicle:—

"Combined with an enlarged and masculine understanding, he possessed a straightforward honesty of purpose, which never vacillated before rank or station, and ever secured to him the regard and esteem of those with whom he associated; amongst whom may be numbered many of the most distinguished men of his time for wit, talent, and high birth. He had a prompt, discriminating, and just perception of character; and his works shew that he carried that quality, with unusual force, into the subjects of his pencil. His manners were cheerful and bland in the highest degree, and his conversation was replete with sagacity, rich in anecdote, and always impressive from justness of thought, clearness of judgment, and undeviating veracity. He died, as he lived, with the calm and unruffled confidence of an honest man, leaving a blank in the enjoyments of his friends not easily to be supplied."

One of Mr. Lonsdale's sons has already distinguished himself as an artist, especially in what is termed "still life."

MRS. POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, an eminent actor in his day, was thrice married, and all his wives were women of distinguished merit. His first, who, at the time of their union, was exactly twice his own age, was the celebrated actress, Miss Young. She may be said to have been the maker of his professional fortune. He next married a lady of the name of Spencer (previously Campion), also a very charming actress. In the first season of her appearance in London, she played Juliet, many nights in succession, to Harry Johnston's Romeo. She died at a very early period of life. Mr. Pope's third wife was the lady to whom this brief notice refers. Her maiden name was Lee. She was first married, at an early age, to Francis Wheatley, the painter, R. A.; and secondly, to Mr. Pope, whom she survived about two years. Her forte was flower painting in water colours. She was for a long time employed by Mr. Curtis, the botanical publisher. Her pictures were drawn and painted with botanical accuracy, and with a brilliancy and truth of colour and charac-

ter, and artistical feeling inferior to none of her contemporaries. Her bold and richly coloured groups and compositions, at the Annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, will be long remembered. Having been left by Mr. Wheatley with an interesting family, she had the satisfaction of seeing her children well established in life, through the unwearied exertion of her own talents and industry. She reckoned among her patrons and pupils, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the late Duchess of St. Albans, and many

other persons of distinction. Mrs. Pope had the good fortune to find friends in every emergency. She possessed in early life much personal beauty; and was supported through many trying situations, by great energy of character, and highly virtuous principle. Her portrait of Madame Catalani had a great sale and was exceedingly popular, although she never paid much attention to this branch of the profession. Mrs. Pope died, at an advanced age, much lamented, on the 24th of December, 1838.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

LA Porte, the most successful manager that the Italian Opera has had to boast for several years, commenced his operations on the evening of Saturday, March the 9th, with the insipid opera, very flatly and insipidly performed, of *Belisario*. The absence of all great names was not compensated by the presence of a host of little ones. As yet, *Belisario* is the only opera that has been performed. After Easter, however—the usual season for display—we are led to expect Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Mlle. de Garcia (sister of Malibran), Lablache, Rubini, &c. Will they come all together, or, like the kingly shades in their appearance to Banquo, one at a time? As we fear, the latter. And Tambourini, a host in himself, is not to come at all.

In the ballet department, the public have less ground of complaint. A ballet, manufactured out of Meyerbeer's opera of *Robert le Diable*, is pleasantly enough got through.

The little theatre in the Haymarket, following the example of its great neighbour opposite, opened on Monday, the 18th of March, with Sheridan Knowles's comedy of *The Love Chase*. The chief novelty in this was Miss Taylor's assumption of the part of *Constance* in lieu of Mrs. Nisbett. Without entering into any invidious comparison, we content ourselves with remarking that Miss Taylor's preservation of the character was delightful. Nothing could surpass in cordiality the greeting with which she was honoured throughout the play. Keep her in her own proper sphere, and Miss Taylor is one of the best and most effective actresses on the London boards. A new farce, called *A Wife for a Day*, met with deserved success on the opening night, and has been performed every evening since. Power comes forward here at Easter.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Bunn closed his *beastly* exhibition on Saturday, March the 23rd. At his benefit, however, previously to this, Van Amburgh introduced for him one of his two new lions from America. On the same occasion, an amusing after-piece, called *The Little Hunchback*, was brought out with great success. Wieland's extraordinary powers are displayed in this to much advantage. A new play, a new opera, a new musical romance, and a new Easter piece are announced as in preparation.

At Covent Garden, in Bulwer's *Richelieu*, which we have noticed at length in our review department, Macready has found a trump card. *Richelieu*, with the revival of another of Shakspeare's plays now in rehearsal, his favourite stock pieces, and a slight

after-piece or two, will, no doubt, carry him triumphantly through to the close of the season.

Yates, at the Adelphi, who appears to possess an innate love of the coarse, the horrible, and the agonizing, has produced a version of that elegant romance, *Oliver Twist*, as a pendant to *Nicholas Nickleby*: running both the pieces together every night. In *Oliver Twist*, Mrs. Keeley—clever little Mrs. Keeley—personates the hero; and Mrs. Yates the refined character of *Nance*, with frightful power. Yates is quite at home in the *Jew*, Wright equally so in the *Dodger*, and O. Smith in the ruffian.

Hooper, at the St. James's, having announced his intended importation of a troop of goats and monkeys from Paris, at Easter, Yates forestalled him, and got together a set of monkeys from—nobody knows where. Such are the exhibitions which the enlightened and refined populace of London—the schoolmaster having been long abroad—nightly flock to witness. Hooper persists in announcing his goats and monkeys—the real Simon Pures—all alive from Paris, for Easter. We should have thought a sufficient number of the *simia* genus might have been picked up at home, without sending to France. A new burletta, entitled *Take your Choice*, has been well received at the St. James's.

Madame Vestris has, with her accustomed tact, added a burletta—*Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*, by Planché—to her list of stock pieces. The scene is laid in Spain, in the 17th century; and so admirable is the costume—as it always is at this theatre—that Charles Matthews, as *Ruy Gomez*, a gay and chivalrous lover, and Madame Vestris, as the *Duchess de Terrenueva*, the object of his adoration, look as though they had just stepped from the canvas of Velasquez. *Gomez* woos the lady against her will, and weds her despite the opposition of her betrothed. The *dénouement* illustrates the title of the piece—*Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*: in nine instances out of ten true love, ardently sustained, “bears off the belle” in triumph.

We are happy to see that our old and most deserving friend, T. Philipps, the ablest lecturer on singing and vocal composition we ever heard, is in full and active pursuit of his profession. Aided by his meritorious pupils, the Misses Brandon, he is at this time delivering a course of six lectures at the Polytechnic Institution. The respective subjects of these lectures, treated *seriatim*, are: Vocalisation Explained and Illustrated—Graces, and their Application—Florid and Oratorical Singing—Chamber and Miscellaneous Music—Improved Psalmody

and Hymnology—The Works of Handel, and our Claim to them, considered as English Compositions—Dramatic Compositions and their Effects. We speak experimentally when we say that we have, over and over again, been greatly edified by Mr. Philipps's lectures. Mr. P. proposes delivering

another similar course—with, however, great variations—at the Russell Institution. Parents, as well as students, should avail themselves of an opportunity to witness the extraordinary clearness, simplicity, and effectiveness of his style.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE return, to snatch another hasty repast from the banquet of the British Gallery.

Some of our lady-artists not infrequently put their lordly competitors to the blush. Mrs. Carpenter, for instance—what a charming production is her "Study of a Female Head" (23), a portrait, no doubt, of some beautiful original.

And what a sweet little picture is Miss F. Corbaux' "Let it go (28)!" The subject is a lovely child with a golden-winged butterfly between his fingers, his elder sister (also in the freshness and beauty of youth) exclaiming, with gentle anxiety for the fate of the poor insect—"Let it go."

Miss Corbaux has two other well-imagined and well-treated subjects: "The Ionian Captive" (97), from one of L. E. L.'s poems; and "Genevra" (365), from Lord Byron. The former is a very finely-composed little picture.

The admirers of Mrs. Nisbett will be much gratified by Middleton's portraiture of "Neighbour Constance" (83), from Knowles's *Comedy of The Love Chase*.

Lee's "Old Bridge at Lynedoch over the River Almond" (44) is a very clear, bright, well painted, and attractive picture. This industrious and able artist has five or six other paintings in the gallery.

The success of Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of Richelieu will direct the attention of many a visitor to Fisk's "Queen Mother, Mary de Medicis, demanding of Louis XIII. the Dismissal of Cardinal Richelieu" (157). It is a clever picture of its class: the Queen Mother appears as a fine, majestic, commanding woman; but the figure and expression of Richelieu are deficient in dignity.

There is great freshness and spirit, and contrast of character, in Witherington's "Displaying the Catch" (174). A fine, fresh-coloured country boy, with joy and good-natured exultation in his countenance, is pointing to his handsome "catch" of fish; while his companion, though with all the requisite appurtenances of the "angle," has not caught one. Disappointment, with a touch of envy, is well portrayed in his features. The picture is very pleasing.

Holland, in his accustomed style of softness, clearness, and beauty, contributes three subjects: two views of Barnard Castle, Durham (195 and 200); and Crumworth Water, from Scale Hill, Cumberland" (207).

Though deficient in mellowness and *chiaroscuro*, Moore's "Sta. Annunziata, Florence" (235) has some brilliant and striking touches.

One of the most charming little pictures in the whole collection is Noble's "Balcony" (276). The subject is a music party of four ladies, in a balcony. It is a rich Italian evening scene of sunny brightness, with no undue portion of warmth. The

picture is replete with grace, and very sweetly painted.

With the exception of a prettyish foot and ankle, we can discern nought of attraction or interest in "Crossing the Brook" (285), by J. C. Thompson, R. H. A.

Fournier's "Anne Boleyn, the Morning of her Execution" (181) is not without interest; but the subject pains the eye as well as the heart. We naturally shrink from the contemplation of human suffering in its extremity.

"The moment of victory" (345) by Fraser, is full of talent—exceedingly clever—yet, in some respects, far from pleasing. The "Moment of Victory" is the close of a cock-fight—and we abominate all cock-fights—in a farm-yard. The ensanguined spurs of the triumphant warrior, and the piteous plight of the poor disabled and dying bird, are revolting to the sight. The farmer and his wife and infant—the gentle commiserating girl and her brother—the boys pursued by the yard dog—all the accessories are extremely well managed. However, we are most pleased with Fraser when he selects for his pencil subjects of a higher order.

Douglas Cowper's "Scene from 'Taming of the Shrew'" (Bianca and Lucentio—362) is a very finely-painted, clear, well-toned, effective picture. The passage is altogether extremely well conceived and expressed.

Two little girls, Foundlings (387), by Browning, are painted with much truth, simplicity, and agreeable effect.

Edwin Landseer's "Dairy Maid" (385) should have been called "The Cow and the Maid:" the cow, capital; the maid, not particularly dairymaid.

Was it essential for Mr. J. Hayer to make "Jeannie Deans visiting her Sister Effie in Prison" (393) so specially ugly? Of the two, we would rather take Effie, even as we find her in the picture, without seeing her face.

"The Watering Place" (403), a landscape, with cattle, by T. S. Cooper, presents a delicious air of quiet and repose.

Without specifying any of the numerous and excellent pictures which had previously appeared in the Royal Academy exhibition, and which greatly enhance the interest of the present assemblage, we now reluctantly close.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The private view of the Annual Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, took place on Saturday, the 23d of March; but we were then unable to attend; and the Monday following, when the public view commenced, was too late for our purpose. We understand, however, that the historical department contain

## 238 LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMORABILIA.

several productions of more than usual excellence; and that considerable improvement in every branch of art is perceptible. Next month we shall have the satisfaction of reporting from our own inspection.

### BURFORD'S PANORAMAS.

Burford's Panoramic Views, in Leicester Square, invariably constitute one of the most attractive and

most gratifying exhibitions in the metropolis. The picture at this time occupying the larger circle is Modern Rome; that in the smaller circle is the Coliseum, with part of the Ancient City. The two subjects could not have been better matched. For the present, we content ourselves with announcing their appearance.

## LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, & MISCELLANEOUS MEMORABILIA.

### THE LITERARY FUND.

At the meeting on Wednesday, March 13, the Marquess of Northampton was elected a vice-president, in the room of the late Lord Carrington; and Messrs. Charles Dickens and John Bruce into the general committee, in the room of Henry Brandreth, Esq., and J. E. Tennant, Esq. M.P., whose places became vacant in consequence of their not having attended a sufficient number of times within the last year. Mr. Blewitt was elected secretary, *pro* the Rev. W. Landon, resigned. At the club dinner which followed, Mr. Frederick Salmon, who was in the chair, announced a bequest to the Fund of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS from a friend of his, to whom he had recommended the interests of this most benevolent and valuable Institution. At the ensuing anniversary (*the fiftieth*), H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside.

### NEW COINAGE.

A beautiful model has been executed by Mr. Wyon, the chief engraver to the Mint, for the reverse of the five-sovereign piece. It represents the British Lion, *passant*, accompanied by our young Queen, who extends her sceptre before him.

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the general committee at Birmingham, is appointed for Saturday, August 25th; and the proceedings of the Association commence on the following Monday, the 27th.

### NEW ART OF SUN-PAINTING.

During the late discussions in Paris respecting the priority of the discovery of M. Daguerre and Mr. Talbot, the name of M. Niepce was incidentally mentioned as the person to whom the former was indebted for the first idea of fixing the images represented in a camera obscura. Subsequently, M. Niepce's claim to honour has been more fully admitted; and this has been confirmed by Mr. Bauer, in a letter published in the *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Bauer states, that, in 1827, he became acquainted with M. Niepce, then on a visit to his brother at Kew; that M. Niepce made known to him, and others, that he had discovered a means of "fixing, permanently, the image of any object by the spontaneous action of light," and exhibited several specimens. That, by the advice of Mr. Bauer, he, M. Niepce, drew up a memoir on the subject, dated 8th December, 1827, which he forwarded to the Royal Society, but which was subsequently returned, because it is contrary to the rules of the Society to read a paper referring to a process which is not disclosed. That shortly after, and when about to return

to France, M. Niepce presented Mr. Bauer with specimens of the newly-discovered art, which are now in his possession. Thus then, the question of priority, as between England and France, is settled beyond all dispute. The most curious fact, in relation to this discovery, remains to be told. It would appear, considering the character of the pictures, all but impossible that impressions from them could be multiplied after the manner of an engraving; M. Daguerre, indeed, stated that it was impossible. Yet, in 1827, M. Niepce not only declared that it was possible, but produced specimens of such multiplied copies: and Mr. Bauer has now in his possession, not only copies of engravings, fixed permanently by the action of light; not only scenes from nature, *but metallic plates engraved, and engravings copied from them*; and he understood and believed that no engraving tool was used, but that *the drawings were fixed by the action of light, and the plates subsequently engraved by a chemical process, discovered by M. Niepce*. If so, the greatest secret of all remains to be made public.

### GENIUS IN DISTRESS.

The following advertisement lately appeared in one of the daily papers:—"An artist and author, of twenty years' experience, solicits the aid of the benevolent. He has written 30,000 lines of original composition in English verse, and never gained a shilling; twelve tragedies, and two comedies, of which he offered the best to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He published in 1830, at the cost of 40*l.*, a poetical volume, sent copies to all the Universities, and sold the rest for 1*l.* 7*s.* as waste paper. Being now arrived at destitution, he proposes to relieve himself by publishing another volume, consisting of an heroic poem, satire, essays, ballads, &c."

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has authorised the purchase of three or four of the finest pictures in the collection of Mr. Beckford, including the 'St. Catherine' of Raphael. It was formerly the chief attraction of the famous Aldobrandini Palace. When the French, during the revolution, were advancing upon Rome, it was disposed of by the family to Lord Northwick, through the agency of Mr. Day; together with 'Christ and the Doctors,' by Leonardo da Vinci, and the 'Christ and St. Peter' of Caracci—both, now, in the National collection. While in the possession of Lord Northwick, it was engraved by the Chevalier Desnoyers, in 1824.

His Lordship afterwards transferred it to Mr. Beckford. The Nation is to pay for it 3500 guineas.

#### DRAWINGS FROM THE LOUVRE.

A Series of Original Drawings, after the most celebrated pictures in the Louvre, during the dynasty of Napoleon, from which the engravings were made for the splendid work—the 'Musée Royal,' are about to be exhibited at the establishment of Messrs. Hodgson and Graves.

#### UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

The Eighth Anniversary Meeting of the United Service Museum took place at the Thatched House Tavern, on the 2d of March, Sir George Cockburn in the chair. It was moved and agreed to, that, instead of the name "United Service Museum," the name "United Service Institution" should be adopted in future; and it was also resolved that the rooms of the Institution should be open daily from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. in summer, and 4 P.M. in winter; and that the library should be open to members from 7 to 10 in the evening throughout the year.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH DIORAMA.

About half-past twelve on the morning of the 8th of March, cries of "fire" were heard on the Boulevard St. Martin. M. Daguerre's extensive establishment was discovered to be on fire, and the flames had already burst through the five windows facing the water. Half an hour afterwards, the building fell with a crash. The progress of the flames was so rapid, in consequence of the combustible nature of the materials in the building, that the edifice was entirely destroyed. The wind directed the flames towards Faubourg du Temple and la petite Rue des Marais.

Two houses situated on this side, one of which, six stories high, was surmounted by an elegant cornice, took fire during the early attempts to afford relief. About two o'clock, the fire, which was perceptible only in parts of the two threatened houses, burst out of the roof of one of them, and a fresh white smoke was mingled with the enormous greyish clouds which were then rising over the ruins of the Diorama alone. M. Daguerre's chambers, in the Rue des Marais, were almost entirely destroyed. A part of his movables were, however, saved from the ruins. The paintings which were being exhibited, were the Sermon, the Temple of Solomon, and the *éboulement* of the valley of Goldau. They are now lost, as well as a new picture which was just finished, and on the point of being opened for exhibition. This disaster will, in all probability, affect the exhibition of our own Diorama in the Regent's Park.

#### BRITISH ENGRAVERS.

An Institute of British Engravers is about to be established, the primary steps having been taken for that purpose. A royal charter of incorporation is expected to be obtained.

#### LITERATURE AND ART.

According to the Supplement to Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser for 1838, which contains Alphabetical Lists of the New Books and Engravings published in London during last year, there appears an increase of New Publications, the Number of Books amounting to 1550, (1850 volumes,) exclusive of New Editions, Pamphlets, or Periodicals, being 170 more than in 1837. The number of Engravings is 87, (including 35 Portraits,) 16 of which are engraved in the Line manner, 41 in Mezzotinto, 41 in Aquatint, and 16 in Chalk, Lithography, &c.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN acknowledging the kind and flattering notices, almost innumerable, which have reached us from our metropolitan and provincial contemporaries, we beg to remark, that several of our friends have inadvertently fallen into error respecting our papers *On the Fate of Louis XVII.* Some have spoken of them, as "a very pretty romance;" others, as "an able digest of what transpired at the Police Offices, &c., on the subject of the Duke of Normandy." We can assure them, our readers, and the public generally, that they are neither one nor the other; that, instead of their constituting a *romance*, they present a *tale of truth*; and that they bear not the slightest reference, directly or indirectly, to any thing that ever passed at any of the Police Offices. The facts—the *important facts*, we must call them—are derived from sources **EXCLUSIVELY OUR OWN.** The personage proclaiming himself to be the *Orphan of the Temple*, the son of Louis XVI., courts investigation: let his case, therefore, be examined: if he prove an impostor, let him be subjected to the disgrace and infamy that an impostor merits: if, on the other hand, he be, as we firmly believe him to be, the veritable Louis XVII., let his country and the world do him justice. The attention of the reader is requested to the *Letter from the Prince, addressed to all the Sovereigns of Europe*, which appears at page 195 of the present number of *The*

*Aldine Magazine*. It is not improbable that we may next month shed an additional flood of light upon this strange and mysterious subject. In the interim, we say, *read* what has been already written.

We have not yet had the honour of receiving the Countess of Blessington's *Idler in Italy*. We have not received Mr. Laing's *Tour in Sweden*. We have not received Mrs. Gore's *Cabinet Minister*. We have not received Dr. Smith's *Peru*, referred to by N. R. We have not received Mr. Benson E. Hill's *Home Service*. And that disappointments may not occur to our friends, we take leave to say, that, unless under very particular circumstances, it is not our intention to review any books that do not come before us *in the usual way*.

Will ALPHA favour us with a sight of his *Notes on the Progress of the Social Principle*?

We feel much obliged for all the attentions of our kind friend, E. A. C., at Liverpool. Most happy should we be to meet her wish were it practicable; but, to insure the required variety, we are under the necessity of excluding all poetical communications of length. On this principle, we have just been obliged to return a continuous poem of from 250 to 300 stanzas. One of E. A. C.'s charming little sketches in prose—a powerfully written tale for instance—would be highly acceptable.

## BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

- Sir F. B. Head's Narrative, 8vo. 12s. cloth.  
 Gladstone's Church and State, third edition, 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.  
 Selections from American Poets, new edition, 12mo. 5s. cloth.  
 Oriental Herald Original Department, 1838, 8vo. 12s. cloth.  
 Blundell's Midwifery, edited by C. Severn, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.  
 Crabb's Conveyancer's Assistant, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. boards.  
 Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1839, 4s. 6d. sewed.  
 Immanuel, by Archbishop Usher, edited by Rev. J. N. Pearson, 32mo. 1s. cloth.  
 Allen's Constructive Greek Exercises, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.  
 De Morgan's First Notions on Logic, royal 18mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.  
 Hand-Book of Heraldry, 32mo. 1s. sewed.  
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 Woodland Rambles, 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.  
 Tables of Logarithms, fcp. 3s. sewed.  
 Lives of Scottish Writers, by D. Irving, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. cloth.  
 The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, fcp. 5s. cloth.  
 A Treatise on Probability, by T. Galloway, crown 8vo. 6s. cloth.  
 Channing on Self-Culture, 24mo. 1s. cloth.  
 Hunter's School Virgil, new edition, 18mo. 8s. 6d. boards.  
 The Eight Watches, by J. Bruce, R.N., 12mo. 5s. cloth.  
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 Burns's Works, 8vo. new edition, 6s. cloth.  
 Taylor's Scripture Biography for the Young, 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.  
 The Idler in Italy, by the Countess of Blessington, 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. 6d. cloth.  
 A Catalogue of Books published in London in 1838, 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
 The Publisher's Circular, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 9s. cloth.  
 Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. CXII. 'Lives of English Poets, Vol. I.' 6s. cloth.  
 Hickie's Sixteen Select Idyls of Theocritus, post 8vo. 6s. cloth.  
 The Cabinet Minister, by the Authoress of 'Mothers and Daughters,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 3l. 6d. bds.  
 Shelley's Poetical Works, Vol. II. 5s. cloth.  
 Hobbes's Works, by Sir W. Molesworth, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. cloth.  
 Peru as it is, by A. Smith, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. boards.  
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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF

Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

## PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS.

"THE encouragement extended to the genius of a single living artist in the higher classes of art, though it may produce but one original work, adds more to the celebrity of a people than all the collections of accumulated foreign productions." REYNOLDS.

"WHAT expense can be more gracious—more becoming—more popular? can tend more directly 'to bless him that giveth and him who receiveth,' than that which is directed to adorn and dignify our country,—which does honour to her valour and her virtue,—which calls forth the energies of her genius, and directs them to the celebration of her fame?" SHEE.

As the Royal Academy's annual season of exhibition will commence a few days after the publication of the present number of *THE ALDINE MAGAZINE*, we are not aware of any better mode in which we can occupy three or four of its pages than by devoting them to a subject of great national interest. We the more readily determine thus to devote them, because an ignorant, reckless, and profligate spirit of pseudo-criticism has long been abroad; a spirit which, with reference to the fine arts, and to the asserted influence of the Royal Academy over those arts and their professors, is ever, like its prototype, the Prince of Darkness, roaming about, and seeking whom it may devour.

What are the main objects of the Royal Academy?—If to excite a spirit of emulation and competition be to open the broad path to excellence, the retrospect of a moment ought to satisfy the most sceptical, that the Royal Academy (for the foundation of which the nation is indebted to the grandfather of Her Majesty, Victoria,) has accomplished this desirable object, to an extent that could never have been anticipated. What did the Association of Artists, in existence seventy or eighty years ago, achieve? Nothing. It could hardly fill a moderate sized room with pictures for its annual exhibition. Eight years afterwards—in 1768, scarcely more than seventy years ago—His Majesty, George III. was pleased to sanction and patronise a plan for the establishment of a Royal Academy. From that

time, the institution has uniformly been, and continues to be, in a progressively flourishing state. It affords every requisite facility to youthful aspirants at home—it enables them to pursue their studies abroad; and we not only believe, but know, that it benevolently appropriates its surplus funds to the relief of unfortunate and decayed artists and their families. One instance—the case of the late Mr. Rossi, the sculptor,—of the latter description was placed upon record by us, no longer than a month since. The number of subjects—productions of art—which the Royal Academy annually exhibits, averages from twelve to fourteen hundred; thus opening a rich source of gratification to the public, and of fame and profit of the artists. What emulation has not this excited? Besides chance exhibitions, the production and property of individuals, which of late years have been both numerous and important, four distinct national establishments may be said to have arisen out of the Royal Academy: the British Institution, in Pall Mall, to which, as forming an admirable school for design and colouring, through its yearly assemblage of the productions of the old masters, as well as an annual exhibition and sale of the works of native artists, we lately noticed; \* the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street;—the Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall East;—and the New

\* Vide pp. 188 and 237.

Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall. Moreover, there are similar establishments in Edinburgh, Leeds, Bristol, Norwich, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and several other provincial towns; not one of which would have been in existence, had it been practicable for Somerset House to contain, and to display to advantage, all the pictures that were annually transmitted for the enrichment of its walls. And yet the cry is—"The Academy has done nothing!" And yet the cry is—"There is no encouragement to painters—at least, to historic painters."—Why, if artists will devote two or three years at a stretch to the production of single pictures, twenty or thirty feet square, and are then unable to find patrons with purses weighty enough to reward them for their labours, or with mansions sufficiently large for their reception—is the Academy to blame? Haydon's assertion is correct, that historic painting can never be adequately patronised in this country, unless our churches and other public buildings become privileged receptacles of works of art; for, as it has been well observed, the painter, or the sculptor, cannot execute works to rank with those of the Vatican or the Parthenon, unless a Vatican or a Parthenon be given him by patronage to adorn. Sir M. A. Shee, the enlightened and accomplished president of the Royal Academy, well understood this, when, more than thirty years ago, he thus expressed himself:—

"It is a mistake unworthy of an enlightened government, to conceive that the arts, left to the influence of ordinary events, turned loose upon society, to fight and scramble, in the rude and revolting contest of coarser occupations, can ever arrive at that perfection which contributes so materially to the permanent glory of a state.

"This is the true handicraft consideration of the subject—the warehouse wisdom of a dealer and chapman, who would make the artist a manufacturer, and measure his works by the yard. The arts treated commercially,—intrusted to that vulgar and inadequate impression of their importance, which is to be found in the mass of society, never did, and never can flourish in any country. The principle of trade, and the principle of the arts, are not only dissimilar, but incompatible. Profit is the impelling power of the one—praise, of the other. *Employment* is the *pabulum vite* of the first—*encouragement*, of the last. These terms are synonymous in the ordinary avocations of life; but in the pursuits of taste and genius, they differ as widely in meaning as coldness from

kindness—as the sordid commerce of mechanics from the liberal intercourse of gentlemen.

"Wherever the fine arts have been carried to any extraordinary degree of perfection, we find these observations corroborated. Amongst the ancients or the moderns, in Greece, in Italy, or in France under Louis XIV., it was neither the agency of the commercial spirit, nor even the more congenial operation of private patronage, that kindled those lights of genius which irradiate with such splendour the hemisphere of Taste. The spark was struck by a collision more exalted.—The impulse was given from above—from all that was powerful in the state, respecting all that was ingenious in the time; attending with solicitude to the birth of Ability, fostering and invigorating the first struggles of his weakness,—stimulating and rewarding the utmost exertions of his strength—setting an example of homage to Genius which rescued him from the ever ready contumely of vulgar greatness, and taught him to respect himself.

"Noble and national objects are not to be effected by common and contracted means: the stimulus must ever be in proportion to the exertion required; and they must be themselves honoured, who are expected to do honour to their country. What results can be looked for, from the desponding struggles of genius in a state which shews such disregard to the cultivation of her arts, as not to employ a thought on their influence, or even hazard an experiment for their protection."

Further:—

"It is the policy of a great nation to be liberal and magnificent; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works. These are not the expenses that sap and mine the foundations of public prosperity; that break in upon the capital, or lay waste the income of a state: they may be said to arise in her most enlightened views of general advantage; to be amongst her best and most profitable speculations: they produce large returns of respect and consideration from our neighbours and competitors—of patriotic exultation amongst ourselves; they make men proud of their country, and from priding in it—prompt in its defence: they play upon all the chords of generous feeling—elevate us above the animal and the machine, and make us triumph in the powers and attributes of man.

"The examples of her taste and genius,—the monuments of her power and glory—all the memorials of her magnificence, are, to a great state, what his dress and equipage are to a great man,—necessary to his rank and becoming his dignity; but amongst the more trifling charges of his establishment."

Animated, as it might have been presumed, by the spirit of his royal father, scarcely had his late Majesty, William IV., commenced his reign, than he was pleased

to transmit a most gracious message to the President of the Royal Academy, inquiring by what means he could best promote the interests of the fine arts. This message, nobly and generously intended, proved the *toxis* to arouse the "liberal" worthies of the age—to induce them to revive the outcry against all incorporated societies—and more especially to assemble a host of disappointed artists, critics, and would-be-critics, for the purpose of assailing—or rather of assaulting—the Royal Academy, its president, its council, and its members. It was boldly asserted, by those liberal-minded sages, that that establishment was corrupt in its constitution, in its patronage, and in its general conduct; consequently, that, so far from having advanced, it had essentially retarded the progress of the fine arts—particularly in the branch of historic painting, towards the encouragement of which the king's message was understood to bear pointed reference.

If we mistake not, much of the absurdity, and the falsehood, not to say malignity of this, has been already shewn by implication. The Royal Academy, instead of having done less, has achieved infinitely more than could, with reason be expected.

It was broadly insinuated—and in a quarter whence a greater shew of good sense, liberality, and sound information ought to have emanated—that the Academy, as an exclusive party of artists, managed all the concerns of art; a principle which was in itself objectionable, since every individual must have personal and private interests opposed to those of the profession as a mass. But in what sense can the Royal Academy be said to manage all the concerns of art? The best answer to this question will be found in the very existence of the respective societies we have named—the British Institution, &c.

Further:—"There ought unquestionably to be a fair proportion of eligible persons unconnected with the practice of any of the arts (sculpture, architecture, painting, engraving,) upon the council of the Academy, where their mere presence would lead to justice being done to the numerous, and often most accomplished, aspirants who were not academicians." We should like amazingly to be informed, *where* such *eligible persons* are to be found, and by *what means* they may have acquired their *eligibility*. Are they to be sought for amongst

the "committees of *Taste*" (!!) to which the plans and models for our new houses of parliament, our Wellington and Nelson memorials, have been referred?—We pause for a reply. Another serious charge was inferentially made:—"In the annual exhibitions it is too much to expect that an artist, who has the power of choosing favourable places for his own productions, will voluntarily yield them up to some other claimant who is not of the pale, and throw himself into the back-ground;" and "thus," it was added, "there is no season in which we are not inundated with complaints on this subject." However, since the opening of the mock Temple of the Arts, at Charing Cross, for the purposes of the Academy, these complaints, groundless as in most instances they were, have died a natural death; for, by some lucky architectural chance, in Mr. Wilkins's baby-house structure, light, and tolerably favourable place, are allotted to all. But the academicians have *not* the power, nor ever had—not even the council—not even the president himself—of choosing "favourable places" for their "own productions." If they had, we should not have heard the grumbling which has sometimes met our ears, from the academicians themselves. Some of our readers may probably recollect the chagrin and dissatisfaction which, several years ago, were expressed at the exhibition of Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture of Mr. Lambton's (now Lord Durham) son in the School of Painting. Had Sir Thomas possessed the choice of place, he would, as a matter of course, have had the picture hung, where its merit entitled it to be hung, in the great room, and *not* in the School of Painting. On the other hand, we have repeatedly known instances of academicians withdrawing one or two from their own complement of paintings to make room for the productions of non-academicians.

Further:—"Another part of the existing mode is perhaps still more objectionable; we allude to the members of the Academy being allowed to paint on their pictures after they are hung up. Every one at all acquainted with the nature of the art knows, that is the making our exhibition rooms mere patch-work, where pictures of intrinsic excellence are completely destroyed by the overwhelming glare of their neighbours, wrought up to the requisite pitch of gilding and colour. Nothing can be

more unfair than this; and we have often been astonished when we saw pictures when the show was over, and found, on examination, that its brilliant ornaments were daubs, and some of its obscured and unnoticed performances honours to the English school."

Admitting the premises to be correct, the argument is fair, though somewhat metriculously expressed; but, as the former happen to be founded in error, the latter falls helplessly to the ground. On this point the academicians do *not* possess an exclusive privilege. What the practice, or rule, might be in the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence and his predecessors in the academic chair, we know not; but we do know that such is not the practice or the rule now, nor has it been since the holding of the presidentship by Sir M. A. Shee.

Immense is the quantity of nonsense yearly, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily, hourly, poured forth in the shape of criticism on new books; but immense as is *that* mass, it is only as a drop in the ocean compared with what we are condemned to meet with relative to works of art. That Lord Byron thought lightly of the Elgin marbles said little for his taste. In fact, poet as he was, he had no true taste for the arts. The truth of this position is abundantly shewn in Lady Blessington's admirable volume of "Conversations with Lord Byron," and in her ladyship's more recent work, "The Idler in Italy." Byron, however, adhered pretty closely to the maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and rarely, very rarely, affected to play the critic.

Had the artist to bear up only against the tide of ignorance, he might make tolerable way; but when, as is too frequently the case, consummate ignorance is combined with consummate malignity, the odds are fearful. Hundreds of instances could we indicate, in which the pretending critic, without the slightest knowledge of the principles of art—without the faintest scintillation of genuine taste—without a particle of solid judgment—has dared to pronounce the awful sentence of condemnation on works of sterling merit; has yet more basely dared to pronounce that sentence for the gratification of mean personal pique, or even for the sake of turning his period with an epigrammatic point. Do these pompous and conceited *amateurs sans amour*—these *connoisseurs sans connoissance*—or rather, these creatures with-

out hearts, souls, or minds—these common pests of society—ever have their moments of reflection? Does it ever occur to them that, by a dash of their pen, they may stab a man of worth and genius to the heart? But what are the ruined hopes, the blighted prospects, the destruction of health and fortune, fame and family, to them? They are *critics!*

To return to the subject of patronage.—The rage, thank Heaven! for collecting old pictures—merely because they happen to be works, or presumed works, of the ancient masters—to the neglect of native talent, has in a great measure subsided. By the true connoisseur, by the true patriot, it ought long since to have been scouted.

"Shame on the man, whate'er his rank or state,  
Scorn of the good, and scandal of the great;  
Who callous, cold, with false fastidious eye,  
The talents of his country can decry;  
Can see unmoved her struggling genius rise,  
Repress the flight, and intercept the prize,  
Profuse of fame to art's past efforts roam,  
And leave unhonoured humble worth at home."\*

It is, however, for the historic and poetic departments of painting that patronage is especially required. How is it to be obtained? The council of the Royal Academy will, we hope and trust, be able to furnish a satisfactory answer to this question. Patronage is essential in *every* department of the art. It cannot create genius; but it may foster, promote, and reward it; it may prevent it from sinking into obscurity and oblivion—into utter annihilation. If due patronage were accorded to the higher branches of art, would such men as Howard, Wilkie, Etty, Pickersgill, and others, with all their lofty, poetic, and sublime imaginings, wear out their lives and sacrifice their noblest energies in portrait-painting?

It is gratifying to observe, that, to a certain extent, her present Majesty has evinced a disposition eminently favourable to the advancement of the fine arts. The circumstance of her coronation has given birth to several paintings of historic character: Wilkie's picture of the Queen at her First Council; a view of the Coronation, by the poetically imaginative Martin; another picture of the Coronation, by Leslie; a fourth by George Hayter, whose painting of the Trial of Lord William Russell, in which the figure of Lady Rachel alone was worth a

\* SHEE'S *Rhymes on Art*.

king's ransom, must be in the recollection of every lover of the arts; and a fifth, just finished by Parris, representing the coronation at the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury is in the act of placing the crown upon her Majesty's head. The last of these, constituting a close and accurate representation of an important and imposing national solemnity, will, super-added to its mere pictorial merit, be extremely valuable in our own day, and also in the estimation of posterity, from its numerous (nearly eighty) portraits of our nobility. In contemplating its lovely and magnificent groups, the foreigner will yield the homage of the eye and of the mind to the superiority of female beauty in Britain; whilst the Englishman will, in his gaze, grow prouder in the very name, through the consciousness that he is of the same noble stock: his pulse will beat quicker in the thrilling thought that he is nationally allied to the fairest and the finest, the loveliest, the best, the most glorious of heaven's creatures—that the same rich blood which circulates through *their* veins animates his *own* heart of hearts! Were the production to be regarded in this point of view alone, Parris has done immortal honour to his country.\*

Once more to our immediate theme, though the digression may well be pardoned for the sake of its subject.—Influenced by that generous and munificent spirit which mostly characterized his actions, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, in the early part of his reign, not only increased the salaries of the professors of painting, and of other persons employed in the Academy, but appropriated, for the maintenance of the institution, the annual sum of 146,000 roubles (about £30,000. sterling) instead of 60,000, previously assigned for that purpose. He also added the yearly sum of 10,000 roubles, for the compensation of artists whose works should be adjudged worthy of adorning the public buildings of the empire. Nor did the sovereign's liberality and noble-mindedness end even here; for, as a distinguishing ac-

knowledgment and reward of talent, he was pleased to confer upon several members of the Academy the insignia of various orders of the state.

This was one feature in the reign of the emperor Alexander that we should be most happy to see adopted in that of Her Majesty, Victoria, of Britain. It is true that two or three of the presidents of the Royal Academy have been knighted—five or six artists, we believe, have been knighted in the course of seventy or eighty years! But it is not an increase of numbers alone that would prove beneficial—that would render the honour desirable. We wish to see the banner of knighthood “with a difference,” as the heralds would phrase it. So far as the army and the navy were concerned, this long-entertained wish was graciously attended to in the reign of George IV. Might not the distinction be extended, with advantage, to the *litterati*, to artists, to members of *all* the liberal professions—more particularly to those who, by the nature of their pursuits, are precluded from making their way to the higher honours of the state? Orders of Merit, strictly so designated, are eminently desirable—eminently gratifying to those who may obtain them. And surely it is desirable, also, that when the honour of knighthood is graciously conferred by the Sovereign, the gentleman—the professional man—should be distinguished from the grocer or the chandler, who may chance to have the sword laid across his shoulders for the *important* service of carrying up to the throne some insignificant address from some insignificant corporation.

On the other hand, although pecuniary grants might occasionally be acceptable—although premiums, prize-medals, and the endowment of professorships might be yet more extensively beneficial—it is not by rendering the members of a liberal and honourable profession pensioners of the state, that the arts can be effectually promoted. No; *this* is not the patronage *most* required. “In affording protection to the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture, which then began to revive in Italy,” observes Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, “Cosmo set the great example to those who, by their rank and their riches, could alone afford them effectual aid. The countenance shewn by him to those arts was not of that kind which their professors generally experience from the great; it was

\* Hayter's picture is understood to be on a large scale. Martin's also, is very large, not less than eight feet in height. The figures, however, are mentioned as not being more than six inches in height: it may therefore be presumed that every thing will be rendered subordinate to grand architectural effect—a style to which Martin's genius seems naturally to lead him.

not conceded as a bounty, nor received as a favour, but appeared in the friendship and equality that subsisted between the artist and his patron."

There could be no surer mode than this for creating a demand for historic and poetic pictures. Let but a *demand* for such subjects be created, and *quality*, as well as *number* and *quantity*, would be abundantly forthcoming; for then the labourer, certain of his reward, would call his proudest powers into action.

With reference to districts, societies, corporate bodies, &c., were every undecorated church in the kingdom to give a commission for an altar-piece, in proportion to its means of compensation—were every county, city, town, and borough—every corporate body and public institution of note, to follow the exciting example, by ordering a historic picture for its hall or council chamber, what a world of genius would be elicited—to what an incalculable extent would the country be enriched—how splendidly, how enviably, would the inspired artist be *patronized* and rewarded!

The city of Paris, be it remembered, has, for all her national productions of the fine arts, oil-painting, water colours, crayons, architecture, sculpture, porcelain-painting, engraving, &c., only one grand annual exhibition, that of the Louvre, now open. London, on the other hand (we say nothing of the provinces), has at least five annual exhibitions; the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, and the two Water Colour Societies. This year the Louvre exhibits a catalogue of 2404 subjects; a number startling at the first glance, yet regarded comparatively small. The average annual number of subjects exhibited at the Royal Academy may be taken at 1300; at each of the other institutions, from 400 to 500. Thus, taking the lower number, we find an annual aggregate of no less than 2900; or, in round numbers, 3000.

The French boast of the superiority of their "School of Design." Giving them credit for some superiority of *drawing*, a superiority which we ought not to suffer them any longer to enjoy, we may remark, *en passant*, that though they have much *manner*, they cannot yet be said to possess a *school* of *painting*. In this respect they are evidently behind the English: yet in the historic department

their artists are more aspiring than ours, and their productions more numerous. On the other hand, we leave them at an immeasurable distance in landscape, in portrait, and in animal painting.

We have yet a few words to say with reference to our own approaching Royal Academy exhibition, which commences on Monday, the 6th of May. Excepting a few subjects, with the sight of which we have been favoured in the artists' *ateliers*, we can report only from hearsay. We know, however, that Sir David Wilkie has a large, splendid, and powerful picture, upon which he has been engaged some years; its subject, the finding of the body of Tipoo Saib, after the storming of Seringapatam, in the sally-port gate where he fell. As yet, we believe, this is the only monument in existence to the memory of General Sir David Baird: it was ordered several years ago by Lady Baird, his wife.

Pickersgill has whole length portraits of—Miss Pardoe; the Duke of Somerset; the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone, for the Oriental Club; and—Masterman, Esq., an officer of the Life Guards; with portraits, of the usual size, of Lord Lyndhurst, Thomas Bucknall Eastcourt, Esq., and Lee Warner, Esq.

We were informed, some weeks ago, that her Majesty had commissioned Edwin Landseer to paint a representation of Van Amburgh and his lions, &c., as they were seen at Drury Lane Theatre. The picture is finished, and is expected to be in the exhibition.

Hart, one of the most rising artists of the day, has a large painting of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, the figures in which are of the size of life.

Pickersgill's portrait of Miss Pardoe, the spirited and highly-gifted oriental traveller, we have seen; and we venture to predict that it will prove one of the stars of the exhibition. Indeed, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the first picture of its class that Pickersgill ever painted. With all the fidelity of portrait, it combines all the elegance and refinement of poetry. The composition, with its accessories, is good. In the costume, which is eastern, the casting of the drapery is broad, notwithstanding its complicated character: all is rich, warm, glowing, gorgeous—yet without the slightest approximation to the tawdry or the metricious. 9

## MOORISH BALLADS.

### No. II.

#### THE DEATH OF ALI ATAR!

The banks of the Xenil are covered with blood,  
But what is War's game to the foam of the flood?  
Man and his passions may slaughter and slay,  
The fresh flowing waters, oh! what care they?  
The sunshine is on them, they sparkle along,  
They murmur at eve to the nightingale's song;  
All pure in their beauty, like childhood's first tears,  
They feel not man's anguish, his hatred, or fears.

The waves of the Xenil are crimson with gore,  
The death-struggle's fierce 'tween the Christian and Moor;  
And turbans are rent, and the helmet is cleft;  
The warrior of life, not of fame is bereft;  
For valour is virtue, and virtue is fame,  
Be the arm of the striker but sinless of shame;  
And his banner that soars shall as proudly fall down  
As the victor's that flames in its haughty renown.

The waves of the Xenil in wrath are upcurled,  
The Moor by the Christian is into them hurled;  
The rider is struggling within the dark wave,  
The dead war-horse floats to its far ocean grave;  
The death cries are wild, and the slain are strewn fast,  
The fierceness of hatred fights stern to the last.  
Whose sword is the keenest, whose spear is most bright?  
Don Alonzo d' Aguilar! thou'rt chief of the fight.

"By the god of my fathers, the beard of my strength,  
"Don Alonzo d' Aguilar, well meet we at length:  
"By the shrine of our Prophet, I've sought thee afar,  
"And hurl thee the vengeance of Ali Atar!"  
With quivering hatred the spear-wrath of fire  
He flung in the fury of envy and ire;  
The demon of brightness went forward beguiled,  
But harmlessly fell as the wrath of a child.

Two keen swords are gleaming with savage delight,  
The anger of death turns them red in their might;  
Sternly unquailing, they grapple, they reel,  
The Moor chief grows faint from the thirst of the steel:  
"Yield, yield thee, Sir Moor Chief! thy life be the loss!"  
"To thee will I yield not, Sir Chief of the Cross!"  
"Then die, thou dark pagan!" He spoke not in vain—  
The sword of the Christian sank deep in his brain.

The stars are in heaven, the moon is on high,  
Nought's heard save the wounded or breeze sweeping by;  
Nought's heard save the Xenil's white waves rolling on;  
Its waters are calm, for the war hour is gone;  
Unconscious and sinless it flows in its pride,  
The fury of man is immersed in its tide;  
Its musical murmurs still placidly flow,  
Though the swart chief of Loxa lies sleeping below.

H. C. D.

ANNALS OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS, AND BOOKSELLERS,  
LETTER XIII.

ANDREW MILLAR, NOTES OF ROBIN LAWLESS, &c.

MY DEAR SON,

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, April 2, 1839.*

THE Augustan age of literature has been truly said to have revived during the days of Addison, Swift, Steele, and Pope, and existed in the book-trade during the triumvirate of Bernard Lintot, Jacob Tonson, Andrew Millar, &c.; for the Biographical Anecdotes, Literary Notices, and Sketches of whom, during the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries, the world are indebted to the late John Nichols, F.S.A. He has, indeed, snatched many interesting objects from the wings of Time, in their flight to oblivion, and pursued his undeviating course till a late period of our own times.

OF ANDREW MILLAR, he says—"He was not extravagant." Dr. Johnson said of him, that "*He was the patron of literature.*" No doubt can remain on the truth of both of these remarks. Of the former I shall relate an incident, as connected with my early associations and recollections.

When I first visited the City of Dublin, as a London bookseller, in 1794, in an interview at old Marchbanks's, (the *fac simile* of Dr. Johnson in appearance, and who was then preparing his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, with additions, in two quarto volumes) the conversation turned to Andrew Millar, when Millikin (a great dealer in *Irish editions of English law books*, and father of the late Mr. Millikin of that city,) exclaimed,—

"Ah! that MILLAR was a strange fellow! I often visited him; he was partial to my lively manner, which, I suppose, partook a little of the Irish character. However, he never asked me to dine with him, until one day I met him in Fleet Street, when he thus addressed me:—'Well, Millikin, you are a pleasant fellow; will you dine with me to-day?' 'With all my heart,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'time is precious.' He took me into a pastrycook's shop, and we dined heartily off pigeon pies! and joked and laughed as heartily as though we had partaken of three courses of the greatest delicacies!"

Now for the more extended character of Millar, as faithfully portrayed by Mr. Nichols, who truly says, that—

"Andrew Millar was literally the artificer of his own fortune. By consummate industry and a happy train of successive patronage and connexion, he became one of the most eminent booksellers of the eighteenth century. He had little pretensions to learning; but had a thorough knowledge of mankind, and a nice discrimination in selecting his literary counsellors,\* amongst whom it may be sufficient to mention the late eminent schoolmaster and critic Dr. William Rose, of Chiswick, and the late William Strahan, Esq., the early friend and associate of Mr. Millar in private life, and

\* "Millar," says Mr. Boswell, "though himself no great judge of literature, had good sense enough to have for his friends very able men to give him their opinion and advice in the purchase of copyright, the consequence of which was his acquiring a very large fortune, with great liberality." Johnson said of him, "I respect Millar, sir; he has raised the price of literature."

The same praise may be justly given to Panckoucke, the eminent bookseller at Paris. Mr. Strahan's liberality, judgment, and success are well known. Mr. Millar took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's Dictionary; and, as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried, and almost exhausted, by expecting the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir, (answered the messenger,) he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.''" "I am glad (replied Johnson, with a smile,) that he thanks God for any thing."

It is remarkable that those with whom Johnson chiefly contracted for his literary labours were Scotchmen, Mr. Miller and Mr. Strahan.—*Life of Johnson.*



his partner in many capital adventures in business.

"Mr. Millar had three children, but they all died in their infancy. He was *not extravagant*; but contented himself with an occasional regale of humble port at an opposite tavern;\* so that his wealth accumulated rapidly. He was fortunate also in his assistants in trade. One of these was Mr. Thomas Becket, who afterwards colonized into another part of the Strand, in partnership with Mr. P. De Hondt, and thence transplanted himself, first to the corner of the Adelphi, and afterwards to Pall Mall, where he resided for many years."

Mr. Becket was for many years the publisher of the "Monthly Review;" in fact, during the greater period of its unrivalled success. He has been dead many years, and was succeeded in business by Mr. Porter. There are few persons who knew Mr. Becket but will retain a recollection of his eccentric manner of adjusting his wig, drawing up his inexpressibles, and antique costume, as well as his plain, unassuming, honest and upright conduct.

Mr. Millar's next assistant was Mr. Robin Lawless,† a name familiar to every biblio-

\* It is not improbable but he and Millikin retired thither after their pigeon-pie dinner.—*Ed.*

† "This diligent and honest servant, who, for considerably more than half a century, had been so well known to and much distinguished by the notice and regard of many of the most eminent literary characters of his time, as one of the principal assistants to Mr. Andrew Millar, afterwards to Mr. Alderman Cadell, and finally to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the conductors of that extensive business, died at his apartments in Dean Street, Soho, June 21, 1806, at the advanced age of 82. He was a native of Dublin, and related, not very distantly, to the respectable and recently ennobled family of that name, as well as to the Barnewalls and Aylmers. He was a Roman Catholic, and strictly observant of the duties and obligations of his religion. In his character were united the soundest integrity of mind, with a simplicity of manners rarely equalled. His reading had been extensive; his judgment was remarkably correct; his memory uncommonly strong; and the anecdotes with which it was stored often afforded gratification to his friends, who delighted to draw him into conversation. Humble as was his walk in life, few men had stronger claims to affectionate regard. A purer spirit never inhabited the human bosom. One remarkable instance of his singleness of heart we can add on the most indisputable authority. Not very long before Mr. Cadell obtained the scarlet gown, on taking stock at the end of the year, honest Robin very

maniac and every bookseller who recollect the latter half of the eighteenth century.

seriously applied to his master to ask a favour of him. Mr. Cadell, of course, expected that it was somewhat that might be beneficial to the applicant. But great indeed was his surprise to find that the purport of the request was, that his annual salary might be lowered, as the year's account was not so good as the preceding one, and Lawless really feared his master could not afford to pay him such very high wages. On retiring from business, the benevolent master had a picture of the faithful servant painted by Sir William Beechey, which he always shewed to his friends as one of the principal ornaments of his drawing-room."

In addition to this very interesting account of ROBIN LAWLESS, by Mr. Nichols, I must beg to remark, that he was connected with my earliest associations in the book trade. When I first visited Mr. Cadell's shop to procure books at the commencement of the year 1785, Mr. Lawless exclaimed, "I know you, although I never saw you before." This to me was paradoxical, till he explained—he knew me from my voice resembling that of my brother's, who conducted business for Evans in 1780! The good old man observed, that he hoped we should have a fine *Sunday*, that *we boys* were anxious for *fine Sundays*; and he really was, for I often met him trotting with his large silk umbrella in the midst of sunshine. He further remarked to me, that in addition to having lived so many years with Mr. Andrew Millar, and Mr. Thomas Cadell, he had previously lived seventeen years with Mary Cooper, bookseller, at the sign of the Globe, in Paternoster Row. Millar died in 1768, and Lawless remained in the establishment till 1820, (upwards of half a century,) and, including his initiation with Mrs. Cooper, he spent nearly seventy years as a bookseller's assistant; yet there are few persons now in the trade who recollect *Robin Lawless*, daily uncovering his dinner at the rear of the far counter, (a custom he insisted on,) with his humble pint of porter, whilst his honest *prototype*, old John Mitchell, strictly kept guard of the front 'till Robin would trot up to answer a customer or the bookseller's collector, to whom he was a kind of *almanack*, an *index*, and *parent*.

This reminds me of a similar instance of long services and longevity in two old friends of mine, who now reside within a few yards of the *Aldine Magazine Printing Office*. These are Mr. Benjamin Dobbins and his wife. He is eight-four and his wife ninety-four years of age. She, in her first husband's time, was extensively engaged in two classes of book-binding, the very style of which, as well as three eminent booksellers, of the well-known establishment commenced by the celebrated John Neubery, (of Tom Thumb folio notoriety, and as the first patron of Oliver Goldsmith,) about seventy

Millar's liberality to authors, particularly his conduct to Burn, author of the *Justice of the Peace*, and his munificence to Fielding for his "*Tom Jones*," &c., is well known; and Dr. Johnson appears at all times to have relied upon his friendship, and, as Mr. Nichols observes, the following letter of the Doctor's to his friend, Mr. Samuel Richardson, the printer, is characteristic, and of a nature peculiarly affecting.

"Gough Square, March 16, 1756.

"Sir,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Sent six guineas.

"Witness, WILLIAM RICHARDSON."

[The witness was Mr. Richardson's nephew and successor in business.]

years ago, is no more. The second of the triumvirate, and Newbery's successor, was *Thomas Carnan*, of almanack notoriety, in opposing the Stationers' Company, nearly sixty years ago; and the last were Messrs. Hancock and Power, whom I remember to have employed Mrs. Dobbins upwards of 50 years since. This celebrated house, No. 65, St. Paul's Church Yard, was subsequently occupied by Mr. Thomas Hurst, bookseller, who disposed of it to the Religious Tract Society, who now occupy it with adjoining and very extensive premises.

Mr. Dobbins's style of binding was that of what is termed "half-bound vellum manner," and of "*embossed gilt paper work*," in both of which the consumption was prodigious; but, alas! Mother Bunch, Mother Goose, Goody Two-shoes, and Giles Gingerbread, no longer appear in their gilt dress of *real gold*, or *Dutch metal*, or *foil*. No; the early smiles of the present lilliputian race are foiled in this respect; and the half-bound green vellum-backed book is seldom met with but in an old account book, and occasionally a book of roads!

Mr. Dobbins was an active assistant with me at Evans's in 1789-90, (now a period of fifty years,) and from his having arrived to the advanced age of *eighty-four*, and being past employment, as well as having his wife living when this article was written, at the advanced age of ninety-four, I consider them as persons well worthy the notice of the liberal and wealthy portion of the booksellers, stationers, and others connected with the trade.

Johnson has dignified the booksellers as the "patrons of literature." In the case of his "*Lives of the Poets*," which drew forth that encomium, he had bargained for 200 guineas; and the booksellers spontaneously added a third hundred.

On this occasion, the great moralist observed to the late Mr. John Nichols,—“Sir, I always said the booksellers were a generous set of men; nor in the present instance have I reason to complain. The fact is not that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much.”

The "*Lives*" were soon published in a separate edition; when, for a very few corrections, the Doctor was presented with *another hundred guineas*.

In 1758, Mr. Millar met with an apprentice congenial to his most ardent wishes; who, combining industry with intellect, relieved him in a great measure from the toil of superintending an immense concern. In 1765, he readily admitted him as his partner; and, in 1767, relinquished to him the whole business. I need not add, that this was the late worthy and successful bookseller, Mr. Alderman Cadell.

Mr. Millar now retired to a villa at Kew Green. He died in the following year, and was buried in the cemetery at Chelsea, near the King's private road, where Mr. Millar had erected an obelisk over a vault appropriated to his family, where three infant children were deposited, and afterwards his own remains, and those of his widow, who had been re-married to Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire. She died at her house in Pall Mall, October 25th, 1788, and left many charitable benefactions; among others, the whole residue of her estate (supposed to be, at least, 15,000*l.*) to be disposed of at the discretion of her three executors, the Rev. Dr. Trotter, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Cadell.

Andrew Millar died the 8th June, 1768, aged 62 years.

Yours, my dear Son,

Ever affectionately,

AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobbins are a further proof, if any were wanting, of the salubrity of the City of London; for, perhaps, during their long lives they never lived for any length of time beyond the sound of Bow bell!

## LETTER XIV.

THOMAS CADELL, THE REV. SEPTI-  
MUS HODSON, &c.

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row,  
London, April 22, 1839.*

MY DEAR SON,

THIS amiable and highly respected individual has already been introduced, or rather slightly noticed, under the article of Andrew Millar, at page 249; but his faithful biographer and friend, Mr. John Nichols, who knew him throughout his deservedly fortunate career, has thus very correctly delineated his character:—

“Mr. Thomas Cadell—a striking instance of the effects of a strong understanding when united to unremitting industry, was born in Wine Street, Bristol,\* and served an apprenticeship to that eminent bookseller *Andrew Millar*, the steady patron of Thompson, Fielding, and many other eminent authors, who, by remunera-

\* Mr. Thomas Cadell, uncle to the subject of the above memoir, was an eminent bookseller in Wine Street, Bristol, a century ago; he died from the effects of a polypus in the nose, and was succeeded in business by an unfortunate person of the name of *Chew*,—an old correspondent of Evans’s. He was so addicted to drinking large portions of the Bristol strong ale of that day as to destroy his prospects in trade. I recollect his coming so intoxicated to Evans’s, in Paternoster Row, in 1785, that the younger Evans, by way of restoring him to his senses, took him into the yard, lifted him up, and precipitated the unfortunate man into a cistern, where I was alarmed at perceiving the poor creature smiling up to his chin in water.—Joseph Lloyd, a clever bookseller, succeeded *Chew* in Wine Street, and had good prospects; but he unfortunately became deranged, and died in a private madhouse.

The following letter of the elder Cadell to Mr. Cave, proprietor of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, is worth preserving, as a curious document relative to the purchase of a play written by the unfortunate Savage, the poet, who died in Bristol.

Bristol, March 17, 1749.

“Mr. Cave,—According to your request, I have purchased Savage’s play, and have here sent it you, with a receipt inclosed. The person of whom I purchased the play is a particular friend of mine: he assures me the play is perfect, and never was copied. I hope you will find it to your satisfaction. Please to give my account credit for the five guineas.

I am, sir, your humble servant,  
THOMAS CADELL.

rating literary talent with a liberality proportionate to its merit, distinguished himself as much as the patron of men of letters of that day, as Mr. Alderman *Boydell* did afterwards of the arts. Mr. Cadell, in 1767, succeeded to the business; and at an early period of life, was at the head of his profession. Introduced by Mr. Millar to writers of the first rank in literature, who had found in him their best *Mæcenas*—to Johnson, Hume, Warburton, Hurd, &c., he pursued the same commendable track; and, acting upon the liberal principle of his predecessor in respect to authors, enlarged upon in an extent, which, at the same time that it did honour to his spirit, was well suited to the more enlightened period in which he carried on business. In conjunction with the late William Strahan, Esq. M.P. for Wotton Bassett, and, after his death, with his son Andrew Strahan, Esq., M.P. for Catherlogh, munificent remunerations were held out to writers of the most eminent talents; and it is owing to the spirit and generosity of these gentlemen, that the world has been enriched by the masterly labours of Robertson, Blackstone, Gibbon, Hume, Henry, Burn, and numberless others of the ablest writers of the age.

In 1793, Mr. Cadell retired from trade, in the full possession of his health and faculties, and with an ample fortune, the sole and satisfactory fruits of unremitting diligence, spirit, and integrity; leaving the business which he had established as the first in Great Britain, and perhaps in Europe, to Thomas, his only son, conjointly with Mr. Davies, who following the Alderman’s example, preserved the high reputation acquired from the liberality, honour, and integrity of their predecessors. Accustomed, however, from early days to business, and conscious that an idle life was a disgrace to a man of clear intellects, sound judgment, and an active mind, he, with a laudable ambition, sought, and most honourably obtained, a seat in the magistracy of the City of London, being unanimously elected, March 30, 1798, to succeed his friend Mr. Gill, as Alderman of Walbrook ward. At Midsummer, 1800, a period when party spirit ran high, he was elected by a very honourable majority on a poll with his friend, Mr. Alderman Perring, to the shrievalty of London and Middlesex, an office, which, it may be said, without disparagement to any other gentleman, was never more honourably or more splendidly discharged. To a conscientious attendance on the severe duties of that important station (for he was never absent a single Sunday from the chapel of one of the prisons) he owed the foundation of that asthmatic complaint which so fatally terminated at a period when the citizens of London, who justly revered him as an independent, humane, and intelligent magistrate, anticipated the speedy approach to the attainment of the highest civic honours. He had dined out on Sunday, and returned in the evening to his own house, apparently in as good health as usual. In the morning, a little

before one, he rang his bell, and told his servant that he thought he was dying. A person was immediately dispatched for medical assistance; but before it arrived, the worthy Alderman had expired. He had for some months been subject to severe fits of coughing, by the effects of one of which fits it is supposed his death was occasioned. To the Asylum, where he had long been a valuable treasurer, the Foundling Hospital, and various other public charities, of which he was an active governor, and where his presence gave animation to their proceedings, while his purse liberally aided their funds, his loss was great: to a very extensive circle of friends (and there are several, as well as the writer of this article, who had unbent their inmost souls with him for more than forty years) it was incalculable.

"He was eminently characterized by the rectitude of his judgment, the goodness of his heart, the benevolence of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners; and whether considered in his magisterial character, or in the more retired walks of social and domestic life, few men could be named so well deserving of private veneration or public esteem. One of the latest public acts of his life was the presenting the Company of Stationers, of which he had been thirty-seven years liveryman, a handsome painted window for the embellishment of their hall.

"By an affectionate wife, who died in January 1786, he had one son and one daughter, both of whom he lived to see united in marriage, to his entire satisfaction. He died at his house in Bloomsbury Square, in his sixtieth year. The Alderman's great success in life is one of the many proofs that this metropolis has for years afforded, that application and industry, when unforeseen misfortune and ill-health do not intervene, seldom fail to meet with their due reward; and, more especially, where those necessary qualifications for business are accompanied with a spirit of enterprise unalloyed by rashness or want of caution. Mr. Andrew Millar, the predecessor of Alderman Cadell, was in possession of very humble means when he commenced business, and lived some years facing St. Clement's Church. He died rich, and very deservedly, as he was a liberal patron of authors. Previous to his time, Lintot and the Tonsons were at the head of the bookselling trade."

I was constantly in the habit of going to Mr. Cadell's for books from the year 1785 to 1788, at which period his principal warehouses were in the Savoy, in the Strand, where many hundred waggon loads of unbound books were deposited. I have already noticed my first reception from his old assistant Robin Lawless, for I was then a collector of books to an extensive wholesale establishment (Evans's), which at that

period was a laborious occupation. From having to call at every old book shop in Holborn, Oxford Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly, Westminster, the Strand, the second-hand books alone frequently produced more than a porter's load, which was sent for at some given point. On one occasion the following conversation occurred between Robin Lawless and me: "Well, my lad," said he, "you do right to wear your oiled-skin hat, and to bring your oiled-skin bags (one for the shoulder, and the other under the arm); but that load is too heavy for you. I will send part with the books ordered by you from our house." "No, sir," replied I; "that won't do; orders waiting for the books." "Ah! but," said he, "your uncle Crowder, when he lived with Sir James Hodges, at the Looking Glass on London Bridge, ordered things much better: their collection of books round the town was so great that they always had two porters with sacks to call at certain stations and carry home the books collected."

I have often been ready to shed tears in hastening over the greasy flags of the Strand and Fleet Street, and panted with a load on my shoulder and another under my arm when ascending Ludgate Hill, and perhaps rewarded on reaching home with a volley of imprecations.

Such was the state of a wholesale bookseller's apprentice and collector half a century ago. Now, calling at less than one-half of the number of old book-shops,—and all popular works being kept within a certain focus—a simple blue bag, of a moderate size, suffices to answer all the purposes of a *modern book-collector*.

At the time I have alluded to, Mr. Davies was Mr. Cadell's most able, talented, and valuable assistant; my brother and Mr. Freeborn (Mr. Robert Dodsley's assistant) were his earliest companions. Of Mr. Davies's friendship and kindness to me I shall have much to say when I arrive at the firm of Cadell and Davies.

In taking leave of Alderman Cadell, I cannot avoid acknowledging his indulgence and kindness to me on his retiring from trade, and in his recommending his successors to be equally kind. I often witnessed his animated and gentlemanly deportment when collecting funds at the Asylum, which place, about forty years ago, was attended and supported by the principal nobility and gentry of the metropolis.

One unfortunate event, however, threw a considerable damp and gloom over this excellent institution. One of its reverend and most popular preachers, in an infatuated and ill-fated moment, committed himself in a manner which must have deeply affected the noble patrons of the charity and Alderman Cadell, his friend and publisher. This person was the Rev. Septimus Hodson, formerly of Caius College, Cambridge. He married a relation of Admiral Affleck, and obtained, through the interest of the late Lord Sandwich, the rectory of Thrapstone, Northamptonshire, and became chaplain and secretary to the Asylum, and chaplain in ordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Never shall I forget calling on the above-mentioned gentleman, upwards of forty years since, on behalf of a poor country curate who was anxious to come to London on literary pursuits, and to fill the situation of assistant reader, then vacant at the Asylum. I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Hodson, in his peculiarly neat and handsome apartments, where his accomplished and beautiful wife, and I think the finest family of children I ever saw, were partaking of a dessert. He politely asked me to partake, and pressed me to take wine, which I did; and from his easy and graceful manner, his handsome form and figure, and animated countenance, added to those of his smiling cherubs of children, on whom my eyes were fixed, I thought I never witnessed so much conjugal happiness and domestic felicity in my life. He told me, with some degree of pomp, that he could not serve my friend, who was really an indefatigable and industrious curate. He performed divine service at several churches in and about Salisbury on each Sunday for several years; he wrote and compiled upwards of twenty various publications. I published his *Naval Gazetteer* in 1796; it cost several hundred pounds, and subsequently passed through a second edition.

A very short period elapsed after my calling upon the Rev. Mr. Hodson when he was hurled from his elevated position, where he was admired by multitudes of families of the first distinction in the metropolis. Set adrift upon the world, with his lovely wife and children, as an outcast from society, he crossed the great Atlantic, and I never heard of him afterwards. Alas! thought I, what a melancholy and sad reverse—to be dashed at once from the summit of human

happiness to extreme misery. The situation of the poor curate was that of a paradise compared to it. That my readers may form some idea of the Rev. Mr. Hodson and his labours, I present them with the subjoined sketch:—

“Notwithstanding Mr. Hodson’s popularity, he appears to have had some obstacles to contend with in his outset; for, in a sermon preached in the chapel of the Asylum, on Sunday, March 29, 1789, he was charged with a plagiarism from Ogden’s *Sermons*, on which the *Monthly Review*, vol. 80, page 568, thus comments: ‘In an address to the reader, Mr. Hodson declares that he should not have published this very humble composition, if he had not been charged with plagiarism, which charge appears to us to be false, from this circumstance, viz., that if he had known it to be true, he would not have called upon his accusers to have proved their accusation.’ However, in the *Monthly Review*, vol. 81, page 76, the critic retracts from his former opinion in reviewing a pamphlet, entitled “*Extracts, in Illustration of the Probationary Sermon, preached at the Asylum; and an Answer to Mr. Hodson’s pretended Refutation of the Charge of Plagiarism, by an Admirer of (Ogden’s) Sermons.*” The reviewer remarks:—‘On perusing this pamphlet, we have altered our opinion, that the charge of plagiarism was unjustly brought against Mr. Hodson. Dr. Ogden’s *Sermons*, from which these extracts are taken, were not at hand when the article here referred to was drawn up.’

“His next sermon was preached on the 25th October, 1789, on the anniversary of his late Majesty’s (George III.) accession to the throne; it was very favourably noticed by the same review.

“In 1792, a volume of his sermons on the state of religion in this country was published, of which the reviewers also speak favourably, but observe,—‘It has long been remarked, as a proof of the gloomy temper of our countrymen, that an Englishman is never better pleased than when told that his country is ruined. This disposition to view every object on the unfavourable side is not confined to the subject of policy. *O tempore! O mores!* is a lamentation which has been repeated in every age, and which is still heard, not only within the gloomy walls of the cloister and conventicle, but from the pulpits of our churches and chapels. Mr. Hodson, in these discourses, echoes the complaint; and adopting the tone of a popular tract, Hannah More’s “*Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,*” deplores the degeneracy of the times.’

“In the same year (1792) he wrote ‘*An Address to the different Classes of Persons in Great Britain on the high Price of Provisions,*’ at that period; this pamphlet met with a favourable reception, and increased his popularity.

"In the following year, 1793, Mr. Hodson preached a sermon at the Asylum against War—under any circumstances; but the critics did not acquit him so sparingly as on other occasions, for they remark:—'Although Mr. Hodson declaims, in strong terms, against war in general, and thinks it a circumstance which forms the most atrocious national crime, and invokes the most awful national judgments, that Christians "have not yet beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into reaping hooks;" yet he finds means to exculpate his country in the instance of the present war, and to satisfy himself that the national conscience is, in this case, unpolluted. In proof, he

asserts, we have been forced into the conflict by the conduct of our enemies, who invaded all private property and commenced a war of plunder. Further to soften the regret which Christians must feel, at the taking up arms even on the greatest provocation, he represents the French as a set of wretches, whose daring infidelity, savage ferocity, and frightful enormities have even released us from the obligations of pity. In what part of the benevolent code, which requires us to love our enemies, does this Christian preacher find the exception, which releases him, *in any case*, from the obligation of compassion?"

ADIEU.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LIVING POET.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Maestrel! thou art to me what the glad sky  
Is to the gentianella; that pale flower,  
By raising to heaven's azure vault its eye,  
Drinks the deep blue as its most lovely dower:  
So I, by looking on thy glowing page,  
Catch faintly its reflection, till I dream  
That I too am a poet—and the dream  
Serves many a passing sorrow to assuage.

For as Linnaeus' daughter, in the mist  
Of evening twilight, saw bright sparks exude  
From the nasturtium's golden cup, I wist,  
Have I in thy most witching fancies view'd  
Gleams of a brightness which I learn 'mid sighs,  
If not to emulate, at least to prize.  
Oh! leave me then my dream—as the glad sun  
Leaves to the flowers the light they live upon!

## THE SAILOR'S SONG.

There's a tempest stern low'ring in wrath o'er the heavens,  
The winds shout their warrior song;  
The thunder is crashing, the lightnings are flashing,  
The ocean rolls foaming, and whelming, and strong;  
Yet I weep, through the deep, from my far native shore,  
Though my heart it is there, with the girl I adore.

There's a calm on the breast of the musical wavelets;  
The sun smiles amid the blue skies;  
The dolphins are playing, the flying fish straying,  
The petrels no more on the green billows rise:  
Yet I keep, on the deep, calmed afar from my shore,  
Though my heart it is there, with the girl I adore.

There's the voice of a land-bird heard charming the ocean;  
The sea-weeds our bark dashes past;  
Each heart is warm burning, each aching eye turning—  
"Hurrah! we can see our old England at last!"  
And leap from the deck, on her white cliffy shore,  
And clasp to our bosoms the girls we adore!

J. G. B.

# THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING BLIND.

## IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.

OUR next *argumentum*, or secondary proposition, respects those who are lost to the outward and visible world by accident.

We deny not, in the first instance, the fearful calamity of sight suddenly departed to those who have for years participated in the bounties and blessings of light; no longer to look upon the rising sun, to worship the grandeur and beauty of nature, to contemplate the visible beauties of earth, to gaze upon the rainbow-blossomed flowers, the woods, rivers, mountains and oceans of beneficence; never more at night to survey the constellations burning like lamps before the throne of divine intelligence, or the multitudinous stars emblazoning the peopled darkness, as if the seraphim of Heaven were stooping down from their empyreal beatitudes, to worship the majestic evidences around them of the unbounded mercies of Him, who with darkness mantles his throne; for

“How oft amidst

Thick cloud and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling  
—sine

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne.”

These deprivations, with the additional withdrawal of the “old familiar faces”—the beloved, the beautiful, and the venerated—are doubtlessly most bitter; but it cannot be denied, that in very proportion to their primal intensity, and with bountiful celerity, are suddenly aroused feelings that had hitherto lain dormant, and which most mysteriously operate upon the mind, breaking through the dark without by the increased illumination within, and calling forth all those adjuncts, which appear to be beneficently stored up in the human heart, for the express intent of moderating, tranquilizing, and finally overpowering the heaviest affliction with which man may be visited.

We have dilated so fully upon the first class of blind objects, to which this, the second, is so intimately allied, by degrees becoming imbued with similarity of submis-

siveness, and attaining a like temperament, though with far more painful reminiscences and a bitterer ordeal, that we shall be brief in our observations.

It is a most remarkable coincidence, that the greatest of the ancient and of the modern poets were both blind, and both school masters. Homer is stated to have established a school at Chios in his latter days, by which it may fairly be presumed that he was not born blind, but became so. Milton, we all know, was similarly circumstanced—he also “taught the young idea how to shoot”—and eventually being shut from the light of Heaven, summoned forth the light within, with a majesty, holiness, and sublimity—and endured his calamity with a patience, which nothing but those peculiarly alleviating principles, that seem to appertain especially to the blind, could have otherwise enabled him to evince. These principles are clearly derivable from mental elements more or less developed, but invariably operating upon those faculties which are more connected with morality and virtue than with vice, or the memory of it. It is the immediate exercise of these singularly merciful dispensations which affords consolation, otherwise apparently impossible, to be administered; and not only affords it, but converts a positive wilderness into a Paradise, radiating with greater glory and goodness those whose intellects have been cultivated, and whose original powers are great, and with lesser, those whose minds possess not these advantages; but with equal contentedness, and submissiveness, and equanimity, either the one class or the other—the very regrets and remembrances that awaken thoughts of the sunny morn and dewy eve, seem born only to magnify gratitude, augment thankfulness and unsubduing patience. How melancholy, and how beautiful, are Milton's outpourings of spirit upon his calamity; but *there is no repining!* his whole soul seems suffused and overflowing with gratitude, when he so nobly opens his 3d. Book of *Paradise Lost* with—

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first born!"

We cannot forget the melancholy magnificence with which he proceeds in allusion to himself, and the ultimate reconciliation of his depressed, and yet exalted spirit—

"Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but Thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song, &c.

"Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out;  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her  
powers

Irradiate; *there plant eyes*, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, *that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.*"

Having offered these celebrated examples of blind men eloquent, whom we must submit as the representatives of their class, not having space for more, we shall conclude this portion of our subject by briefly alluding to two ludicrous samples, as an illustration not only of blindness, but of what may also be denominated *The Bathos precipitate*;—the one old, the other modern.

Coventry boasts of her *Peeping Tom*, who lived and looked upon the *Lady Godiva* one thousand years ago; and Kensington, the *Princely Belisarius*, who will live for a thousand years to come, should the Royal Society and Empire of Tea be then in existence.

The former illustrious and more ancient individual, the victim of his wicked, but somewhat natural curiosity, but more so of Earl Leofric's outrageous insult to virtue appalled in her own bright innocence, was clearly not one of those,

"That lend their ears  
To those budge doctors of the stoic fur,  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence."

And we very shrewdly suspect his morals were not of that high order, or his self-denial so great, as to induce him to believe,

"None

But such as are good men can give good things,

And that which is not good, is not delicious  
To a well governed and wise appetite;"

and so instructed by an evil instruction, poor Tom, in an unhappy moment, gazed upon her who went forth in the firm faith that,

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not intrall'd;  
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,  
Gather'd like scum and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal, restless change,  
Self-fed and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble."

His punishment was immediate: he lost his sight, and we fear the momentary glance afforded him did not aid to the tranquillization of his mind under his calamity, in either so rapid or agreeable a manner as if he had closed his eyes on the world without so abusing them. However, we doubt not he became calm "by degrees and beautifully more," and was gathered to his forefathers a happy and resigned man.

Of the second named illustrious personage we will say little; he is alive, and we rejoice in it; he cannot upon twenty-one thousand a year afford to drink tea, and we regret it; he has been blind, but has recovered his sight—we earnestly congratulate him upon it; he did not become blind for the same cause *Peeping Tom* did, and we triumph in such princely virtue; the son of a king yet a radical; he is a fool for his pains; if he lives longer he'll grow older, and if he grows wiser he'll be the better for it—if he does not, he'll die blinder than he was born, and the fame of his folly will be embalmed, by posterity, in as distinguished a manner as was *Tom of Coventry's* curiosity—we shall see!

The disadvantages of blindness to this second class being similar to those of the first, we deem it unnecessary to extend this part of our subject.

The last subject of our essay will be the blindness "unnatural;" this blindness is the worst of all, and withal the most comical and grave by turns—it is not deprivation of sight external, but internal; the sufferer has eyes, but cannot see—ears, and cannot hear; he is a sort of darkness visible; a



lamp in broad day whose light is useless, because it shines not; were all the subjects of all the blind asylums in the world concentrated into one dense, impenetrable oneness of perpetual gloom, there would in intensity of blindness be not the smallest approach to that we are now speaking of; this seeing-darkness we will now mention—*mental blindness!* the parent of self-deception and terrible deformity. The unhappy victim of this malady is generally, whilst the dupe and scorn of others, the delight and idolizer of himself; he who is mentally blind is generally a blundering blockhead; and very frequently a most amusing one, by the humpbacked absurdity of his distorted and limping intelligence—a sort of Richard the Third with his brains picked out; he is a mental harlequin, for ever changing and for ever the same; anon, he is as grave a jest as the grave-digger in Hamlet, with his skull as empty as poor Yorick's. His wit is like to-morrow, for ever coming and never present; he has no thought but of one object, and that is not worth one thought; he is your mental mole, with his little eyes so far set in his head, they are invisible to every one but himself, and unto himself are so microscopic, that, by magnifying small insignificance, they preclude him from seeing objects of real importance, yet, nevertheless, make him believe there is nothing in the world so consequential as that which he does see. He is not only the dupe of himself, but invariably the dupe of others, for his mind is so minute, and his vanity so great, he exalts into unerring tests of truth all he utters, and he believes all he does is an *exemplum magnum* of excellence. He is a "*novum organum*," not of Lord Bacon but of himself; Hudibras, Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote, moulded into one compound, would not be his equal; his mind is as heavy and fat as Falstaff's body, and his wit as lean as the half-starved apothecary; in short, he who is mentally blind is infinitely more in the dark than he who is actually without sight; for he has an intellect pauperised, without modesty and humility to acknowledge it, but only the possession of pride, vanity, and selfishness, to render it more conspicuous and laughably contemptible;

and as he that cannot be guided by reason is generally governed by passion, so persons of this description find their ultimate resource in the presence of an adversary with whom they cannot cope, by having recourse to this last infirmity of purblind fools.

We apprehend it will not be necessary for us to enter into all the varieties of this species of the "unnaturally blind;" they will present themselves to our reader's notice; he will, in the course of his life, have met with them continually, and will be able to furnish himself with as many examples as we could; their colours and shapes, lights and shadows, the simple and the complex, with all the other ramifications of character, are so obviously before us in daily life, it would be an act of supererogation to discourse of them dissectionally; and if our reader should himself be one of them, why then as "none but himself can be his equal," to himself will we leave himself, and cry "God speed."

It will be recollected that, on the commencement of this paper, we set out with the proposition of the advantages of being blind; in this last class we have not attempted to exhibit them, and our reasons are soon given: we might by pursuing an ingenious train of argument have proved, beyond doubt, that even this species of sight extinguished was not without its conveniences—to be blind to one's own failings, weaknesses, and deficiencies, is not altogether an inconvenient commodity; but the disadvantages are so obviously the major, whilst the advantages are the minor proposition, that it would be a foolish endeavour to exhibit the latter in opposition with the infinite superiorities of the former; for these reasons we will desist, admitting the hopelessness of our case, and the extreme destitution of the object of our argument.

We now conclude; whether our reflections are right or wrong, they who honour us with their attention must be the judges, feeling perfectly assured there is no position in life, howsoever apparently painful, which will not invariably tend "to justify the ways of God to man."

H. C. D.

## THE ALDINE TRIUMVIRATE.\*

ALDUS MANUTIUS ROMANUS died, as has been already stated, in the month of April, 1515. On his death, his father-in-law, Andrea d'Asola, with whom he had been some time in partnership, took upon himself the conduct of the great printing establishment at Venice. In this, during the minority of Aldus's children, from 1516 to 1529, he was assisted by his own two sons, Francesco and Frederico; or, according to some authorities, by the Torresani, his brothers. On the decease of Asola, in the latter year, the office was closed, and it remained so till 1533, when it was re-opened by the sons of Aldus and Asola, in partnership. Their works thus produced, are dated in *ædibus hæredam Aldi Manutii Romani et Andreae Asolani Soceri*.

The direction of the establishment was now confided to Paul Manutius, the third son of Aldus, who was born at Venice in 1512, and is considered to have been in no respect inferior to his father in learning or in typographical skill.

For some time after his father's death, Paul Manutius had lived with his mother and the other members of their family, at Asola; but he was removed to Venice when very young; and in that city he enjoyed every possible advantage of education, under Bembo,† Sadolet,‡ Bonamicus, Reginald Pole;§ and more particularly under Ram-

bertus, and Gaspar Contarinus, who had been his father's friends.

The youthful Paul pursued his studies with such zeal and assiduity, that he injured his health. On the death of Asola, he suffered still more in mind from the family disputes which arose as to the partition of the estates of his father and his maternal grandfather, amongst himself and the other heirs. Indeed, it appears to have been owing to the disagreement between him and his uncles, respecting the management of the printing business, that the office was so long closed.

In 1533, Paul having then reached the age of twenty-one, the concern was recommenced in their names, and for the common benefit of the heirs of Aldus and of Andrea d'Asola. Paul Manutius, however, was the sole manager. The productions of this firm were very numerous, till 1536, when

Sir Richard Pole, by Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. He "was born at Stourton Castle, in Staffordshire, in 1530. He was educated at Sheen Monastery, and Magdalen College, Oxford; and after obtaining preferment in the church, went to Italy, where he long resided." During his stay, he lived in the strictest intimacy with Sadolet, Bembo, and other celebrated persons of that country. "On his return to England, he opposed the divorce of Henry VIII., from Catharine of Aragon, in such terms that the king drove him from his presence, and never saw him more! He again left England, was made a cardinal, and very nearly obtained the popedom on the death of Paul III." He was actually chosen pope at midnight by the conclave, and sent for to come and be admitted. He desired that his admission might be deferred till the morning, as it was not a work of darkness. Upon this message, the cardinals, without any farther ceremony, proceeded to another election, and chose the Cardinal de Monte, who, before he left the conclave, bestowed a hat upon a servant, who looked after his monkey!—"When Mary ascended the throne, Pole returned to England as legate, in which capacity he absolved the parliament from the sin of heresy, and reconciled the nation to the Holy See. The very day after the burning of Cranmer, the cardinal was appointed archbishop of Canterbury; soon after which, he was elected chancellor of both universities; and he survived the queen but one day, Nov. 15, 1558."—*Vide* Granger, Maunder, and other authorities.

\* *Vide* pp. 2, 52, 100, and 117.

† Peter Bembo, a noble Venetian, poet, historian, and cardinal, was born in 1470. He was secretary to Pope Leo X., and was promoted to be bishop of Bergamos, and a cardinal by Paul III. He wrote a History of Venice. Cardinal Bembo died in 1547.

‡ James Sadolet, also a poet, rhetorician, philosopher, and cardinal, was born at Modena in 1477. On the election of Leo X. to the pontificate, he was appointed one of his secretaries, and soon afterwards made bishop of Carpentras. From the vicissitudes of war, he was several times compelled to quit Rome, leaving his palace to the ravages of the soldiery. Clement VII. restored him to his office; and Paul III. recalled him to Rome, raised him to the purple, and employed him on various diplomatique missions. Cardinal Sadolet died at the age of 70.

§ Cardinal Reginald Pole, an eminent statesman, and archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Mary, was a younger son of

misunderstandings again arose, and terminated only in a dissolution of partnership in 1540.

From that period, Paul Manutius conducted the printing alone for himself and his brothers. The works from the Aldine press, executed subsequently to the year 1540, are usually subscribed *Apud Aldi Filium*, or *Apud Paulum Manutium Aldi Filium*.

Manutius was now indefatigable. All the more distinguished writings of Greece having been given to the world from the Aldine press, he determined on producing new editions of the works of the best Latin authors. Passionately devoted to the style of Cicero, his first performance was, the Treatise on Oratory, by that writer. This was about the year 1533. In the course of the same year, he printed Cicero's Familiar Letters; also, the Fifth Decade of Livy; Il Cortegiano, by Castiglione; Il Petrarca; and Pontani Carmina, tom. I. In 1534, he printed a great number of other Latin and Italian books.

The first Greek work that Paul Manutius printed, was Themistius; which was followed by Isocrates and Aetius Amidenus.

The reputation and skill which Manutius thus acquired, obtained for him, in 1535, an invitation to Rome, with the promise of a lucrative appointment. However, not experiencing a reception so satisfactory and cordial as he had anticipated, he returned to Venice, and resumed his literary studies and typographical pursuits. At that time, Manutius was far from opulent; consequently, he undertook the laborious office of education, and received into his house twelve young men, for three years. Two of these pupils of his, were Matthew Senaraga, who translated Cicero's Letters to Atticus, into Italian; and Paul Contarinus.

In 1538, blending relaxation with business, Manutius made an excursion for the purpose of examining some rare manuscripts that were understood to exist in certain old libraries; particularly in the library of the Franciscan Monastery at Cesena. The manuscripts in that depository were those which had been left by Malatista Novellas.

About this time, Manutius, whose fame had been constantly on the increase, was invited to the chair of Professor of Eloquence at Venice; and to the same honourable post, vacated by the death of Bona-

micus, at Padua. Ill health, however, united with his devotion to the typographic art, prevented him from availing himself of these gratifying testimonies of his genius and talent.

After a second journey to Rome, in 1546, Manutius married Margarita, the daughter of Jerome Odonus. The first offspring of this union was a son, Aldus, his successor. He had two other sons, who died young; and a daughter, who is often mentioned in his Letters, and who was married in 1573.

At Venice, in the year 1556, an academy was established at the house of Frederic Badoarus, one of the senators. This institution consisted of one hundred members, whose object was the promotion of every class of literature and science. A printing-office was attached to the academy, for the original productions of its members, and also for good editions of established works. Manutius was appointed to preside over this establishment, which he fitted up with new types from his own founts. Dominick Bevilacqua and several other skilful printers were employed by him. In the years 1558 and 1559, fifteen different works were printed here; all admirably correct and beautiful.\*

Manutius was the Professor of Eloquence in this academy; which, however, was abolished, by a public decree of the Senate, in August, 1562. The loyalty of Badoarus was suspected; and state reasons are thought to have caused the dissolution of the academy.

In 1561, Manutius was invited to Rome, by Pius IV., to superintend the printing-office of the Vatican, and to print an edition of the Holy Scriptures, and also of the Fathers of the Church. The Pope himself was at the expense of this undertaking, and of the removal of Manutius's family and printing materials from Venice to Rome. Moreover, he allowed him a yearly salary of at least 500 crowns.

During his residence at Rome, the presses which Paul Manutius had left at Venice were not inactive; though his two brothers, Manutio and Antonio, by no means cordially co-operated with his labours. Antonio, in particular, caused him much anxiety. Having been a second time banished from Venice, Antonio established, by Paul's as-

\* For a catalogue of these productions, vide RENOUARD'S *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aldes*, tome I.

sistance, a printing-office at Bologna, with the Aldine device. A few works issued thence in the years 1556 and 1557.

Paul Manutius continued his typographical labours at Rome with great *éclat*, till the death of his patron, Pius IV. Becoming dissatisfied, and afflicted with illness, he left Rome in 1570; and, after visiting several places of note in Italy, he returned to Venice, in May, 1572.

Soon afterwards, however, he went back to Rome, where he was greatly cheered by the kindness of the Pope, who evinced much liberality towards him, without the exaction of any onerous duty.

Still the victim of sickness, his health, in September, 1573, began to decline rapidly; and, on the 6th of April, in the following year, he expired in the arms of his son, who had just arrived at Rome from Venice.

Manutius had lived in general esteem, and his death was universally regretted.

Notwithstanding the variety and extent of his typographical concerns, he found leisure to compose numerous works, by which he is distinguished as one of the most judicious critics and elegant Latin writers of modern times. Amongst his works may particularly be mentioned, his valuable Commentaries on Cicero, his Treatise *De Curia Romana*, and some Treatises on Roman Antiquities; all of which are distinguished by the purity and beauty of their style. So studious was he of the attainment of Ciceronian elegance, that he is said to have spent whole months in revising and polishing a single letter.

It can hardly be requisite to add, that all the productions of his press are of great value, both for accuracy and beauty.

Paul Manutius was succeeded by his only surviving son, Aldus the younger, the third of the great Triumvirate, of whom we have yet to speak.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF ENGLISH FAMILY NAMES.

(From the Collection of a Lady.)

Moon	Mountain	Rock	Waters
Cloud	Vale	Stone	Rivers
Rain	Hill	Sands	Brooks
Hailstone	Dale	Peat	Wells
Frost	Dell	Clay	Lake
Snow	Meadows	Mould	Poole
Gale	Marsh	Pitt	Spring
Mist	Moss	Gold	
Fog	Mound	Dimond	
Dewes	Banks	Garnet	
Light		Coales	
Darke			

#### M A Y.

BY MISS PARDOE.

MAY has come back to us; sweet, laughing May,  
 The month of joy, and love, and sunny skies;  
 When zephyrs, soft and scentful, gently play  
 Among the blossoms, deepening all their dyes;  
 When the meek snow-drop bends her green-fringed bell  
 In homage to the crocus' golden state,  
 Regardless that in every nook and dell  
 To flout its fading pomp a myriad flow'rets wait;  
 When nature wakens every slumbering charm  
 To deck the bride of spring; and village maids  
 Carol sweet ditties mid' the gladsome calm  
 Of their green vallies, and their peaceful shades—  
 Where is the poet shall refuse to-day  
 To welcome thee once more, soul-gladdening, beauteous May!

## POINTS OF THE MONTH.

### MAY.

FRESH and verdant is the grass; the cowslip and primrose decorate the surface of the earth; the trees, with their mild and tender green, are in beauteous foliage; grateful to the eye, and fragrant to the olfactory sense, laburnums and lilacs enrich our gardens and shrubberies; the cuckoo's note is blither than it was, and the whole feathered creation is in full life and activity.

" 'Tis May! the flowery meads along  
Glad children dance and sing;  
And still the burthen of the song  
Is, 'welcome, welcome spring!'  
E'en sorrow scarcely wakes to grieve,  
So cheerly laughs the rill;  
While merrily, from morn to eve,  
The cuckoo singeth still,  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!  
Mid the wood, by the flood,  
Sings the merry cuckoo."\*

But the May-day sports of our fathers—the innocent, yet merry dance round the May-pole—the joyous and athletic exercises and games of our ancestors, which at once gave sinew to their manly frames, and rendered their spirits buoyant as the air—where are they? "Lost! lost! lost!" Even Jack-in-the-green, and the milk-maid's garland, and the annual revels of our little sooty friends, have nearly all been swept away by the philosophical besom of the march of intellect.

In all ages, and in all nations, what strange anomalies are found! May is confessedly the mother of love; yet the Romans, from religious feelings, fought against nature, and interdicted marriage, in this beautiful and all-exhilarating month.

Several important anniversaries occur at this season. It was on the 1st of May, 1707, that the Union of Scotland with England was consummated—now 132 years since. Happy and prosperous was the event for both countries. The 1st of May is also the anniversary of the day on which, thirty-two years ago, the slave trade in the West Indies was proscribed by the British Parliament. The Toleration Act was passed on

the 24th of May, 1689; and on the 9th of May, 1828, the Corporation and Test Act was repealed.

On the 1st of May, the British Museum closes for a week; after which, it is open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten o'clock till four, until the 7th of September. The new reading rooms, upon an extended scale, and entered from Montague Place, Russell Square, on the north side of the building, are open from nine till seven every day during the same period.

On the first Monday in May, which falls this year on the 6th, the eastern division of the National Gallery, at Charing Cross, will be opened for the Royal Academy's annual exhibition of paintings, sculpture, &c. This is the seventy-first of the Academy's exhibitions—the third at the National Gallery. We should rejoice to see the Royal Academy with an edifice of its own, and independent of the State for the pitiful accommodation, or rather want of accommodation, which it now possesses.

On the 8th of the month, that noble institution, the Literary Fund, holds and celebrates its fiftieth, or jubilee anniversary, at the Freemasons' Tavern; his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in the chair.

The Sons of the Clergy hold their anniversary on the 3rd of May. On the 17th the Radcliffe Library, will have been founded 126 years.

On the 3rd of May, 1495, Columbus discovered Jamaica. On the 4th, in 1799, just forty years ago, a glorious triumph for the arms of Britain occurred in India. Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo Saib, was carried by storm; and the vast treasures of the eastern chief were, with the exception of a small portion, divided amongst the conquerors. In illustration and commemoration of this event, Sir Robert Ker Porter (brother of the distinguished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and her Majesty's Consul-General at the Caraccas,) painted the finest semi-panoramic picture ever exhibited.

On the 10th of this month, forty-three years ago, Buonaparte, by one of the most

\* *Minstrel Melodies.*

reckless sacrifices of human life ever made, gained the battle of Lodi. On the 18th, eight years afterwards (1804), he was proclaimed emperor. On the 5th, in 1821, he died at St. Helena. May was almost as remarkable a month in the life of Napoleon, as was September in that of another tyrant—Oliver Cromwell.

The battle of Tewkesbury was fought on the 4th of May, 1471; that of Prague, on the 6th, in 1757; that of Lewes, on the 14th, in 1264; that of Cape La Hogue, on the 19th, in 1692; that of Ramillies, one of the greatest of Marlborough's victories, on the 23d, in 1706.

History has recorded, that Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea, on the 11th of May, 1491 years B. C., or 3330 years ago. On the same day of the month, in 1812, Bellingham, a half-maniac assassin, shot the Hon. Spencer Perceval, Premier of England, in the lobby of the House of Commons; on the 14th, in 1610, Henry the Great, of France, was assassinated; on the 15th, in 1800, Hatfield, a discharged soldier, who had served with credit under the Duke of York, in Holland, attempted to shoot his Majesty, George III., from the pit of Drury Lane Theatre; Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded on the 19th, in 1536; Constantinople was taken by the Turks on the 29th, in 1453; and on the same day of the month, in 1660, Charles II., one of the most profligate of England's kings, was restored to the throne of his fathers.

The 1st of May is the festival of St. Philip, supposed to have been the first of Christ's apostles; also that of St. James the Less: the 2nd is the anniversary of the death, in 375, of St. Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, celebrated for his opposition to the Arians, and for the creed which bears his name, though he is not considered to have been its author; the 3rd commemorates the invention, or discovery, of the cross; the 6th is the festival of St. John the Evangelist; on the 8th, Easter term, and on the 18th, Oxford term, ends; Holy Thursday falls on the 9th; the 13th is Old May Day, and the anniversary of the Ascension; the 19th is Whit-Sunday, and also the feast of St. Dunstan; the 26th is Trinity Sunday; on the 28th we have day without night; and the 30th is the festival of Corpus Christi.

To Britons, the first of birth-days in May,

though not the earliest in the order of time, is that of her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

"Who sits on the throne of England?

A young and gentle queen;  
Mercy's mild glow lights up her brow,  
And hallows beauty's mien.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who sits on the throne of England;  
With calm but fearless mien?

The bright blue eye of liberty  
Proclaims her Britain's queen.

Whose proud flag rules the ocean?  
The banner of the free; —

Oh! not for slaves do ocean's waves  
Guard Britain's old oak tree." \*

On the 24th of May, her most gracious Majesty will complete her twentieth year.

Addison, who may almost be termed the father of periodical literature, was born at Milston, (of which his father held the living,) in Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1672. "No man can be sure," observes Leigh Hunt, who has much of Addisonian feeling in his nature, "that a good part of the decency and amenity of intercourse which he enjoys in his own house at this moment, is not owing to the lessons of Addison." Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick, in 1716, is not considered to have been fortunate, otherwise than in a worldly sense. What a charming gallery for a walk is that in which he is understood to have passed so much of his time in Holland House, Kensington! We forget the number of paces, but the length is very considerable; and at each end, as tradition goes, our great essayist, who loved other sources of inspiration besides the muse, had his bottle and glass on the table. Addison's tragedy, or dramatic poem, of *Cato*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1713, enjoyed an uninterrupted run of eighteen nights. It was introduced to the reading world by no fewer than eight sets of complimentary verses; the first of which were by Sir Richard Steele. Its prologue was an admirable one, by Pope; its epilogue, by Garth. Addison wrote also a comedy called *The Drummer*, and an opera entitled *Rosamond*. In an edition of Sir Richard Steele's *Epistolary Correspondence*, published by Nichols, in 1809, is the first act of a tragedy, conjectured, on internal evidence, to be from the pen of Addison. This distinguished writer died in Holland House, at the early age of forty-seven. Addison Street, Kensington, is supposed to

\* *Minstrel Melodies.*

have been named after him by direction of the present Lord Holland.

William Camden, the tutor of Ben Jonson, and one of the chief of English antiquaries, drew his first breath in London, on the 2nd of May, 1551. Camden founded a professorship of history at Oxford.

Elias Ashmole, another distinguished antiquary, whom Wood styles "the greatest virtuoso and curioso that was ever known or read of in England," was born on the 23rd of May, 1617. Besides antiquities, he was a proficient in astrology, botany, chemistry, and heraldry. His "History of the Order of the Garter" is eminently curious and interesting. Sir Nicholas Harris, however, of the College of Arms, has recently entered yet more elaborately into that subject. Ashmole, having purchased the curiosities of Tradescant, the celebrated Dutch gardener and antiquary, of Lambeth, presented them, and subsequently his books and manuscripts, to the University of Oxford, and thus laid the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum.

Dr. Edward Jenner, to whom England, Europe, and the world at large, owe a vast debt of gratitude for the introduction of vaccination, in the year 1796, was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, on the 17th of May, 1749. For his invaluable discovery, he received a parliamentary grant of 20,000*l*. When the allied sovereigns visited England, in 1814, the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, sought an interview with him, and offered to confer on him a Russian order of nobility.

Niccolo Machiavelli, historian, statish, and miscellaneous writer—a man who seems to have puzzled all his biographers, and whose name is frequently taken in vain—was indebted to Florence for his birth, on the 3rd of May, 1469. His most celebrated work, *The Prince*, "if taken literally," remarks Maunder, "contains the most pernicious maxims of government, founded on the vilest principles: hence the word *Machiavellism* is used to denote that system of policy which disregards every law, human or divine, to effect its purposes. There are many, however, who regard it rather as a covert satire upon tyranny, than as a manual for a tyrant; while others think it a work full of valuable counsel for a prince, to whom all eyes in Italy were turned for deliverance from foreign thralldom."

Giulio Alberoni, cardinal, and prime minister of Spain, was born at Parma, on the

15th of May, 1664. Though only the son of a gardener, he obtained patronage—rapidly reached the highest offices—and greatly improved the fortunes of the State. One of his sayings, remarkable for the address and fine taste which it evinced, deserves to be remembered. Impetuous in temper, and free in speech, he one day told a boy who had expressed fear, that he should "fear nothing, not even God himself." The company appearing shocked and astonished at such words from the lips of a cardinal, Alberoni added, with a meek air and a softened voice,—“For we are to feel nothing towards the good God, but *love*.”

The anniversary of the birth-day of William Pitt, the illustrious son of Chatham, occurs on the 28th of May, when it is celebrated by a dinner of the Pitt Club. He was born in 1759; consequently, had he survived till the present hour, he would not have surpassed the age of some of his contemporaries. He has been dead three and thirty years. It is to the councils of Pitt, even more than to the prowess of Wellington, that the battle of Waterloo, though not fought until long after his remains had been consigned to the tomb, may be traced.

Of philosophers and men of science, we have to mention Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, to whom we are obliged for the thermometer and barometer mostly in use in this country, born at Dantzic, on the 14th of May, 1686; Charles Von Linnæus, the most celebrated of modern naturalists, born at Røsshult, in Sweden, on the 23rd, in 1757; John Foi Vaillant, physician, antiquary, and medalist, born at Beauvois, in France, on the 24th, in 1632; and Abraham Demoivre, author of "The Doctrine of Chances," and one of the first mathematical calculators that ever existed, born at Champagne, on the 30th, in 1667.

Alghieri Dante, or Durante, author of the *Divina Commedia*, and the most renowned of all the Italian poets, claimed Florence for his birth-place, on the 27th of May, 1265—now 574 year ago. "Dante's poem," observes Lord Byron, "was celebrated long before his death; and, not long after it, States negotiated for his ashes, and disputed for the site of the composition of the *Divina Commedia*."—"Dante died at Ravenna, in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polénta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect

a monument, which he did not live to complete."

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid :  
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid  
To the bard's tomb."

BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

Ugo Foscolo's *Essays on Dante and Petrarch* are full of beauty and interest. Considerable information is also to be found in the notes appended to Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, his *Prophecy of Dante*, &c.

The musician follows the poet. Giovanni Paisiello was born at Tarento, on the 9th of May, 1740, or 1741. Placed under the care of Durante, he, in 1763, produced his first opera, "*La Papilla*," with great applause, at the Marsigli theatre, in Bologna. After a rapid career of extraordinary success, we find him, in 1766, in the service of Catherine II., with the Grand-Duchess Maria Federowna as his pupil. Next in succession he was patronized by the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia. Then he appeared at Naples, where he composed for the obsequies of General Hoche a funeral symphony, which procured for him a recompense from Buonaparte. Subsequently we find him in Russia, Venice, Naples, and at Paris, under Napoleon, with apartments, a court carriage, a salary of 12,000 francs, and a present of 18,000 francs for the expenses of his stay, besides those of his journey. The climate of Paris not agreeing with his wife, he returned to Naples, where, under King Joseph, new advantages and honours awaited him. Napoleon sent him the cross of the Legion of Honour, which Joseph himself presented to him, with an additional pension of 1000 francs. When Joseph went to Spain, Murat, his successor, confirmed Paisiello in all his employments. Paisiello was the first who introduced the viola into the comic opera at Naples; and also the first who brought into the churches and the theatres of that city the use of concerted bassoons and clarionets. He died in Italy in 1816.

Our notice of departures from earth, in May, shall commence with those of five English poets—Dryden, Wither, Cumberland, Rowe, and Warton.

"Glorious John Dryden," compared, by Swift, from the long and large wig which he was accustomed to wear, to "a lady in a lobster," died on the 1st of May, 1700. It is remarkable that Dryden, notwithstanding

his superiority of intellect, was addicted to the study of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativities of his children. If the veracity of his biographers may be relied on, some of his predictions respecting his son Charles and himself were fulfilled in a most extraordinary manner. It is related, that for the first play of Dryden's, *The Wild Gallant*, "published by the elder Tonson, the price given was twenty pounds. This sum the bookseller (whose shop was then in the street near Gray's Inn) was unable to raise without applying to Abel Swale, then a bookseller in Little Britain, who advanced the money for a moiety of the profits. The play sold; and Tonson was enabled by it to purchase the succeeding ones on his own bottom."\*

George Wither, a poet whose works were not long since recalled to notice by Sir Egerton Brydges, died on the 2nd of May, 1667, at the age of 79. He was born at Bentworth, in Hampshire, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. For his first book, entitled "*Abuses Whipt and Stript*," he was imprisoned. He was, in the civil wars, an officer in the parliament army, and condemned to be hanged. Sir John Denham is said to have begged his life of the king, "that there might be," as he said, "in England, a worse poet than himself." There is a curious account of Wither in Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," a charming book, of which, we observe, two new editions are just advertised. H. Phillips, by the admirable style in which he sings it, has lately rendered very popular a song of Wither's, commencing—

"Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die, because a woman's fair?"

Dryden's character of Wither is far too severe:—

"He fagotted his notions as they fell,  
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

Richard Cumberland, author of "*The West Indian*," "*The Wheel of Fortune*," a series of excellent papers entitled the "*Observer*," numerous plays, novels, and poems, died on the 7th of May, 1811, at the age of seventy-nine.

Nicholas Rowe, another poet and dramatist celebrated in his day—poet-laureat in the reign of George I., died on the 13th of May, 1718, at the age of forty-two.

\* *Biographia Dramatica*.



A translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* was, perhaps, his most considerable performance. During the first and only representation of his farce of *The Biter Bit*, which was furiously hissed by the audience, Rowe himself was delighted, laughing, with great vehemence, whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jest!

Thomas Warton (son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, professor of poetry at Oxford) died on the 21st of May, 1790, aged 62. While only in his twentieth year, he distinguished himself by his "Triumph of Isis," a poetical vindication of Oxford against the reflections of Mason. His "History of English Poetry" is an exceedingly valuable work. He succeeded Whitehead as poet laureate.

An elegant and highly-gifted French poet, the Abbé de Lille, author of *Les Jardins*, &c., and translator of Virgil and Milton, born in 1738, died on the 1st of May, 1813. Though a royalist his genius procured him the respect even of the tyrant Robespierre. Exceedingly cheerful, gay, and amiable, the Abbé was not altogether without eccentricity. With a body of seventy-five, his soul was only fifteen. He would visit a duchess in *deshabille*, and ride a hunting in full dress. "He will give you his company for hours," says Madame du Molé, "and is happy with you: but so he is with the housekeeper: or his horse, which he will sometimes caress for two hours, and then forget that he has one."

On the 9th, John Frederic Christopher Schiller, one of the ablest historians and poets of Germany, will have been dead thirty-four years. His first production was that extraordinary play, "The Robbers," by which half the young German noblesse were seduced, and the performance of which was, in consequence, prohibited. His tragedies of "Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," "Don Carlos," "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell," all rank high in genius and merit. Schiller will also be remembered as the author of a "History of the Thirty Years' War," "The Ghost Seer," and various other works.

Four painters stand next upon our list. The illustrious Leonardo Da Vinci, born in 1452, died at Fontainebleau, in the arms of Francis I., on the 2nd of May, 1519. He was the rival of Michael Angelo. Had he

never painted aught but "The Last Supper," he would have been immortalised.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish artist, with whose works every critic and amateur are intimately conversant, died at his native place, Antwerp, on the 30th of May, 1640, aged 63. Rubens came to England in the reign of Charles I., who employed him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting House, Whitehall, for which he was paid 3000*l*. De Piles, in his "Balance of Painters," placed Rubens two degrees higher, as a colourist, than Correggio. Rubens, moreover, was master of six languages—an accomplished gentleman, scholar, and statesman.

Sir James Thornhill, nephew of the famous Dr. Sydenham, and remembered for his performances in the dome of St. Paul's church, in Greenwich Hospital, at Blenheim, and at Hampton Court, died on the 4th of May, 1732, at the age of 56.

Richard Wilson, one of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, died at the age of 68, on the 11th of May, 1782. "The name of this extraordinary man," observes Sir M. A. Shee, in one of the notes appended to his *Rhymes on Art*, "is a reproach to the age in which he lived: the most accomplished landscape painter this country ever produced; uniting the composition of Claude with the execution of Poussin; avoiding the minuteness of the one, and rivalling the spirit of the other. With powers which ought to have raised him to the highest fame, Wilson was suffered to live embarrassed, and to die poor."

Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, whose valuable library is now in the British Museum, was a distinguished member of the Society of Antiquaries, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He wrote a book on duelling, the "Life of Henry III." and collected the "Parliamentary Records." Sir Robert Cotton was the first who collected English coins; and the first engravings we have in that class of the antique were taken from originals in his collection. Sir Robert died on the 6th of May, 1631.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, excelled in mathematical learning only by his pupil, Sir Isaac Newton, died on the 4th of May, 1677, in the 47th year of his age. Famous for exhausting all subjects that he meddled with, he ultimately gave himself up to divinity, and sometimes preached sermons of three or four hours in length.

Dr. Paley, who died on the 25th of May, 1805, in his 61st or 62nd year, was wiser in his day; he *illustrated* without *exhausting*—either himself or his hearers or auditors. His “Natural Theology,” and his “Evidences of Christianity,” are eminently valuable works. The former has been enlarged upon by Lord Brougham, with considerable effect.

Another eminent English author and divine, Richard Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, died on the 28th of May, 1808, at the age of 88.

Thomas Simpson, a great self-educated mathematician, died on the 14th of May, 1761, aged 51. His widow exactly doubled his age. Simpson was the son of a weaver at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. After many vicissitudes in early life, that of turning fortune-teller amongst them, he acquired a perfect knowledge of mathematics, and became mathematical professor at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and a member of the Royal Society.

Napoleon Buonaparte and Earl Ferrers, two madmen and two tyrants, went to their long account on the same day of the month—the 5th of May; the former in 1821, the latter in 1760.

Two statesmen—*Ohe! jam satis*—Lord Chatham and Henry Grattan, died in May: the former on the 11th, in 1778; the latter on the 14th, in 1820. May their shades forgive us for naming them together!

Two Britons, the venerable Bede, a monk, and the most eminent writer of his time; and Sir James Mackintosh, a man infinitely overrated by his party, also died in May:

the former on the 14th, in 735; the latter on the 30th, in 1832.

Anthony Laurence Lavoisier, a celebrated French chemist, was guillotined on the 8th of May, 1794, on the frivolous charge of having adulterated tobacco with ingredients obnoxious to the health of the people;—Sir Humphry Davy, the first of his day in the same science, died at Geneva, on the 29th, in 1829, at the age of 51;—George Leopold Christian Frederic, Baron Cuvier, the most eminent naturalist of modern times—to whom France is indebted for the finest osteological collection in the world—and to whom geologists of all countries are under inestimable obligations for his illustrations of ancient zoology—died on the 15th, in 1833, aged 64.

Christopher Columbus, Giovanni Battista Beccaria (not the author of the “Treatise on Crimes and Punishments”), Nicholas Copernicus, and John Calvin, all died in the month of May. On the 20th, Columbus—Columbus, the discoverer of America, the victim of ingratitude and injustice during life, and who has not been permitted to enjoy his fair portion of fame even in the grave—will have been dead 333 years. Beccaria, professor of philosophy at Palermo and at Rome, and author of several works of merit, particularly on the nature of the electric fluid, will have been dead 58 years on the 22nd. Copernicus, the founder, as it may be said, of a new system of astronomy, died on the 24th, 296 years ago. Calvin, generally regarded as the chief of religious reformers after Luther, died on the 27th, in 1564, at the age of 59.

## SONG.

### OH! NOT FOR A MOMENT.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Oh! not for a moment, by night or by day,  
Has the heart, that you once called your own,  
gone astray;  
I knelt at no shrine, yet my vow was sincere,  
And the gift that I gave was bedewed with a  
tear.

When, the bride of your bosom, I joined the gay  
dance,  
Did I ever bestow on another a glance?  
In absence I still was the fond and the true—  
I talked of, I thought of, I dreamed but of you.

They said that the sons of the ocean were wild,  
They told how new faces old friendships be-  
guiled;  
Strange passions awoke that had hitherto slept—  
I felt that e'en you might be faithless, and wept.  
You may find gaudy flow'rets, bright skies, as you  
roam,  
But not the kind hearts that are beating at home;  
Then, spurning ambition, recross the dark main,  
And yours shall be true-love's warm welcome  
again!

# MR. JERMYN'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS, EPITHETS, AND PHRASES.

To the Editor of the *Aldine Magazine*.

SIR,—As my second promised "*Curiosity of Literature*," I have now the pleasure of forwarding to you my remaining extracts from the specimen sheet of Mr. JERMYN's *Dictionary of Synonyms, Epithets, and Phrases*.\*

Yours, &c.

Θ

## "No. II. *Opus Epithetorum*."

"Mr. Burke, praising Milton for the judicious choice of his epithets, and commenting on the use and abuse of those flowery adjectives, as Pontanus calls them, lamented that some person did not collect a garland of them out of the English poets, as Textor had out of the Latin, which had laid every classical scholar under great obligations.—WILSON's *Beauties of Burke*, p. 114.

### ARCH.

*Ample*. SOMERVILLE.

From bank to bank their ample arches stride.

*Awful*. POPE.

Where awful arches make a noon-day night.

*Majestic*. BLACKLOCK.

— heaven's majestic arch.

*Proud*. THOMSON.

Lo! the proud arch

With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.

*Rising*. HARTÉ.

Round columns swell and rising arches bend.

*Graceful*. COWPER.

How airy and how light the graceful arch.

*Pompous*. POPE.

No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced.

*Swelling*. SAVAGE.

The swelling arch and stately colonnade.

*Strong*. YOUNG.

Turns the strong arch and bids the columns rise.

*Ponderous*. DARWIN.

— his foamy flood he steers

Through ponderous arches.

*Hollow*. DRYDEN.

— hollow arches of resounding brass.

*Moon'd*. YOUNG.

— thro' gold unweighed

Bent the moon'd arch.

\* *Vide* p. 10.

*Pillar'd*. W. SCOTT.

The pillar'd arches.

*Spanning*. GRAHAME.

— stones below a shallow ford,

Stood in the place of the now spanning arch.

*Wide-ribb'd*. DARWIN.

The wide-ribb'd arch with hurrying torrents fill.

*Stupendous*. JAGO.

Now with stupendous arches bridge the vale.

*Sculptur'd*. POPE.

Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits.

*Trophy'd*. DARWIN.

The trophy'd arch had crumbled into dust.

*Triumphal*. BROOME.

Let vulgar souls triumphal arches raise.

*Sky-threatening*. DRUMMOND.

Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth.

*Broken*. ROGERS.

— the shades of time serenely fall

On every broken arch.

*Moss-grown*. POLWHELE.

— devoted to the glooms

Of moss-grown arches dank.

*Dripping*. AKENSIDE.

Some grotto's dripping arch.

*Sussurant*. DARWIN.

— seek the portico's sussurant arch.

*Emerald*. ROGERS.

— the mantling grove

Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

## "No. III. *Phrases*."

"Specimen of an arrangement of English phrases faithfully collected from the works of our principal poets, from the time of Chaucer to the present period.

*DEATH*, n. s. To abide the death. *Chaucer*, Rom. of Rose, line 4116. *To die*.

The abodes of death. *Pope*, Homer's *Odyssey*, xi. 816. *Hell*.

Act of death. *Shakspeare*, King John, act ii. sc. ii. 77. *Murder*.

The bell of death. *Mason*, *Elegy* iv. line 1 *Knell*."

[Under the word "DEATH" are 214 phrases on this principle; "Eye," 306; "GREAT" 159; "NYMPH," 45.]

## LETTER OF WHITFIELD.

From the Autograph Collection of a Lady.

Dr. Mr. Blackwell

I hope ere now Your heart is entirely taken off Lombard-street and fixed wholly on our Dr. Lord Jesus. Pray tell me whether it be so, or not. I find nothing but tht, nothing but tht can satisfy my soul. That God may keep us both thus minded is the earnest prayer of

Your affec: obliged Friend

G. W.

New Brunswick

April 28 1740

5 in ye morning

## RUSSIAN VIEWS OF CONQUEST.

### A WINTER JOURNEY TO KOORDISTAUN.\*

THE presumed ambitious views of the government of Russia with reference to Persia and India, have, of late years, been so frequently the theme of discussion, that we cannot wonder at the universal interest which appears to be felt upon the subject. For some time past, indeed, the Czar has been hardly able to build, or equip, a pleasure yacht, without awaking the most jealous sensations in England, lest our naval superiority should be overwhelmed; and the building of a Russian steam ship in one of the Thames docks has thrown some of our patriots into an absolute paroxysm of alarm and terror.

Fully do we admit that the views of Russia are of an ambitious character; consequently, when we reflect upon the immense value and importance of our possessions in the East, we cannot but regard it as an imperative duty of the English Government to keep a watchful eye upon the movements of the great northern autocrat. On the other hand, as we observed in a former paper,† “we have no fears.”

Captain Mignan is a shrewd observer and a clever writer; and his opinions respecting the hostile objects of Russia are well deserving of attention. There is one “set-off” against his volumes, however, for which great allowance must be made: the chief circumstances to which they relate occurred nine or ten years ago.

“I left England,” observes Captain M., “in the autumn of the year 1829, on my return to my military duties in Western India, by the way of Russia, accompanied by my lady, our two children, and servants; and, after a very rough passage across the North Sea, in one of the smallest steamers belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company of London, we entered the Elbe, and were safely landed in the

good town of Hamburg, in about seventy-two hours from London Bridge.” \* \* \*

“At the hospitable palace of Prince Galitzin, Governor-general of Moscow, I had the good fortune to meet the Baron Humboldt just as that philosophic traveller had returned from his highly interesting journey to the Ural mountains; and by his suggestion I resolved to pass through those unrequented provinces lying on the western shore of the Caspian, formerly tributary to Persia, but more recently ceded to Russia, and now forming a part of that huge empire. Thence I struck into Koordistaun, a country which, although entrenched within the two most powerful monarchies of the east, still preserves the impress of distinct nationality.” \* \* \*

“The indifference hitherto felt towards the Koords, has prevented our giving any attention to their domestic state, an acquaintance with which can alone enable us to estimate the condition of this people. And yet, if a race has preserved in the very centre of two such powerful and despotic states, its thorough independence, it is extraordinary (though remoteness and insecurity may have interposed many difficulties) that the people still continue so imperfectly known, more particularly as Koordistaun has been the theatre of some of the most important events that history has chronicled. The retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon, after the defeat and death of Cyrus, at the battle which overthrew the Persian Empire, bears ample testimony to the unyielding spirit of the Koords, who remain unchanged to this very day.”

On the great point of Russian ambition, we shall, without comment, transcribe some of Captain Mignan’s remarks; after which, his miscellaneous statements will afford a few amusing extracts.

“Russia now interferes with Persian affairs *ad libitum*; and England, who might have prevented the aggressive and unjust schemes of the autocrat, looks placidly on the scene, and is quite satisfied with her own innocence and fidelity! A few more years, and she will bitterly reproach her blind and irreparable policy. A gentleman with whom I once travelled, said, ‘The Russians are now cutting up the Persians—they appear to help themselves to what they please. A fine set of dishes are placed before them; India on one side, China on another; Persia here, Turkey there. The autocrat slices now at one, then at another: he tickles his palate like a Frenchman at a *table d’hôte*: he cuts at the globe as we should at a melon. I suppose he means to cut and cut till he reaches Calcutta.’” \* \* \*

\* A Winter Journey through Russia, the Caucasian Alps, and Georgia: thence across Mount Zagros, by the Pass of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, into Koordistaun. By Captain R. Mignan, of the Bombay Army, M.R. A.S. Author of “Travels in Chaldaea.” 2 vols. post 8vo. Bentley. 1839.

† Vide “The British Navy, Russia, &c.” *Aldine Magazine*, p. 74, *et seq.*

"The rapidly progressive augmentation of Russian territory by seizure and conquest—the incredible increase of her population—the introduction of foreign colonies—the astonishing advance of her people in the arts and sciences, in philosophy and literature, general knowledge and civilization—the deeds of her arms, and her present enormous army of nearly half a million of men, one fourth of whom, at least, are chosen troops in a high state of discipline—the extraordinary, and I may add, unnatural and preponderating political influence, she has acquired in European courts—her rapid march in the improvement of her arm-manufactories, cannon-foundries, arsenals, and other appendages of warfare—the institution of various kinds of schools, civil and military, for the instruction of youth—the establishment of Bible societies even in the remotest regions—the self-conceit and haughty spirit of her nobles—the excessive desire of aggrandizement characteristic of her sovereigns and her generals, her clergy and her slaves—her intriguing and perfidious policy in every court in which she has a representative or *employé*—her obdurate perseverance in the overthrow of the liberty of man in some once powerful nations, while she solemnly *professes* the wish to emancipate her own serfs—the corruption of her morals, and the superstition of her religion—are so many topics for meditation, but more especially for the attention of our own government."

"Of late years, we have heard a good deal about the impossibility of invading Russia with success. Lyall has paid infinite attention to the subject, and, in opposition to the views of Rostopchin, Dupin, and others, has most distinctly stated that Russia is accessible, and even her best provinces conquerable, by a cautious method of procedure, and by a much smaller army than Napoleon had when he took possession of Moscow."

"The applause of Europe, since the year 1812, has perfectly inebriated the Russians. The officers, and the soldiers especially, believe themselves the first in existence, and imagine that they can now conquer the globe, and therefore that wherever their hordes are sent, they will march to certain victory. One of their general officers said to me at Moscow, 'You certainly have the *cash*, but *we* alone can wield the sword.' Such a conviction prevailing in an army forms a host of itself, and has led to great deeds."

"It becomes a duty to inquire whether these opinions are well founded. My own idea is, that we not only can resist the attacks of the apparently colossal power of the north, but even can retaliate her future aggressions, by taking possession of her best provinces, and reducing her to unconditional terms."

"Sir John Malcolm used to say, and with great truth, that the danger was from Russia establishing such an influence over Persia, as would enable her to use Asiatic states as aids and instruments in the invasion of British India.

He did not *then* mean to say the danger was proximate, but simply that we should never cease to contemplate it as possible, and, without incurring any unnecessary expense, should suit our means of defence to those of eventful attack."

"If France and England combined against Russia, how many Muscovite troops could be spared for such a distant field of operations as British India? But, let us see of what kind of stuff they are made. The passive and iron valour of the infantry, the rapid and skilful movements of its irregular cavalry, are terms of renown earned in many a bloody field. Frederick the Great said of them, what was repeated of us at Waterloo, 'I may kill but cannot defeat them.' When, at Austerlitz, the Duke of Dalmatia's able movements divided the forces of the czar, Sir Walter Scott says, 'a division of the Russian guards made a desperate attempt to restore the communication—the French infantry were staggered; but while the Russians were in disorder from their success, Bessieres and the Imperial guard advanced—the encounter was desperate, and the Russians displayed the utmost valour before they, at length, gave way to the discipline and steadiness of French veterans. Their loss was twenty thousand men. Again, at Eylau, the French had the advantage in numbers. Two strong columns advanced to turn the Russian right and storm their centre; they were driven back by the heavy fire of the Russian artillery. The Russian infantry stood like stone ramparts—they repulsed the enemy—their cavalry came to their support—pursued the retiring assailants, and took both standards and eagles.' Again, 'a French regiment of cuirassiers had gained an interval in the Russian army, but were charged by the Kossacks, and only eighteen were saved.' After this tremendous battle, when the loss of the Russians was computed at twenty thousand, and that of the French at considerably more, the Russian general was entreated by his officers to renew the action next day, but, having exhausted his ammunition and provisions, he retreated.

"Let us follow them up to Borodino. Both armies were about one hundred and twenty thousand strong. No action was ever more keenly contested, or at so murderous an expenditure of human life. The French carried the redoubts, but the Russians rallied under the very line of the enemy's fire, and again advanced to the combat. Regiments of raw peasants, who till that day had never seen war, formed with the steadiness of veterans, and uttering their national exclamation of 'Gospodée pomilominos!' God have mercy upon us, rushed into the thickest of the battle, where the survivors, without feeling either fear or astonishment, closed their ranks over their comrades as they fell: while, supported alike by their enthusiasm and sense of predestination, life and death seemed alike indifferent to them. The Russians were ordered to retreat, but so little were they broken that, after the battle, they

buried their slain comrades, and carried away their wounded at leisure.

"This, then, is the enemy we may very shortly have to meet, either on the banks of the Indus, or nearer to the shores of the Persian Gulf."

In addition to all this, the Russian powers of abstinence and of enduring fatigue are wonderful. Therefore—

"It is pretty clear that the Russian soldier is a rough sort of *matériel*—of iron valour, patient of fatigue, capable of subsisting on the coarsest food, and enthusiastically devoted to his own officers. The light cavalry is unrivalled; the light artillery is inferior to none; while the heavy cavalry is only not so alert as the British. —Here, therefore, is a military force which, if only supported by corresponding attention on the part of the government to the efficiency of its medical and commissariat departments, would be truly formidable. Be the state of information among the subordinate grade of its officers what it may, the general staff of the army has never been wanting in military skill, and many departments are, we know, particularly effective."

We now turn to other subjects. Here is the description of a Georgian dance, at Teflis :—

"For the envoy's amusement, one of the young Georgian princesses was requested to perform the national dance, when their own band was called into requisition, which in its stunning effect could not be surpassed by the most powerful Turkish or Indian music. The lady advanced a few steps from the place where she had been sitting, with body erect, arms extended, toes and heels moving with the greatest precision to the quick-timed music, which was regularly marked by the aid of a pair of rudely-shaped castanets. A second advance of a few steps was then made, accompanied by a shuffling of the feet; then a receding movement, and a series of rapid tunes, closed this superlatively ungraceful dance. The age of the exhibitor might have been twelve or thirteen; she was dressed in the national costume, as indeed they all were, except two, who were married to Russian officers, and they were over-dressed *à la Française*. The appearance of these princesses disappointed us, inasmuch as they were automaton, shapeless in figure, and in most unbecoming habiliments; but with a purity of complexion unequalled in the world, features regular to a fault, and eyes of deepest black; lovely pictures in face, yet without the slightest expression. We did not observe them once exchange a word with each other; they might easily have been mistaken for waxen figures. The dance of the gentleman (a very handsome scion of royalty) differed from that of the lady only in extra exertion; feeling no bashfulness,

he gave it full truth and play. The contrast between their usual demeanour, and the activity displayed in this dance was very striking, and brought to mind the saying of Napoleon, that 'there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.'"

The Imaum of Muscat's harem :—

"In 1825, when *en route* for Turkish Arabia, we visited Muscat on board his highness's brig of war, 'Payche,' and Mrs. Mignan was invited to pay a visit to his harem. At this time he had but one married wife, although allowed four, and was in treaty for a princess of Shirauz. Mrs. Mignan, her female servant and I, went to the palace, where his highness was in waiting to receive us. At the conclusion of the usual ceremonies of coffee-sipping and sherbet-drinking, his highness most politely took Mrs. Mignan by the hand (the native servant following), and led her through several parts of the palace, until they came to a door to which was attached a padlock of at least a foot in length. They entered, and ascended by a staircase, at the top of which was a trap-door, with two more of these enormous padlocks, where two handsome young eunuchs awaited their approach. These were the only individuals wearing *men's* clothing who ever obtain the 'open sesame,' and are admitted within the sacred precincts of the harem. Here commenced the carpeting, of most splendid and laborious workmanship, with raised flowers of every hue, embossed upon the finest quality of kerseymere. A table, covered with every Arabian delicacy, was laid out at a latticed window overlooking the sea of Oman, before which was placed three English-shaped chairs. Mrs. Mignan was requested to be seated on one, the Imaum took the second, and in unceremoniously glided 'Oman's Queen,' who seated herself on the vacant one. His mother sat at her feet, and our Hindoostanee ayah (nurse) in the same position, by her own mistress.

"'I could not then,' to use Mrs. Mignan's own words, 'speak a word of Arabic, so that Hindoostanee was the medium of our conversation. All the other females, and a vast number of children of both sexes, stood gazing at me in wonderment from a little distance, as I was the first European lady who had visited their harem. They were richly apparelled, and in a variety of costumes, but none pretty; too many appeared to be corpulent, and those were beautifully fair. 'Son altesse' was *not* good looking; decidedly the plainest I could see. But who on such an occasion could do more than take a very hasty glance in search of personal beauty, when there was so great a feast for the eyes in the magnificent ornaments of her person? Lacks of rupees would not have purchased half that she wore. One emerald, forming the centre of a necklace composed of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, was larger than a pigeon's egg. Her feet and ankles were so completely obscured by massive jewelled ornaments, that they needed no

other covering. Her arms also, to above the elbow, where a tight sleeve met a tighter body, were encased within a richly embroidered gold kinkob, while a train of dark crimson satin, likewise embroidered in gold, reposed upon the ground. She wore a petticoat of purple satin, in the same style of rich embroidery; and, to complete the *tout ensemble*, a valuable Cachmere shawl crossed her shoulders, and rested on her lap. Over her eyes (all the females present had it also) she wore a frightful thing, which resembled a pair of broad-rimmed spectacles, but made of some kind of stiff cloth, richly worked and spangled with gold. These extraordinary *lunettes* are always worn by the women whilst in the presence of the *Imaum*, and thrown off when they are alone. It partly covers the nose, and is tied on behind the head like our own masks.

"One of the rooms into which I was taken struck me much, from its extremely rich appearance, having several handsome chandeliers, and alternately windows of stained and pier glass, from the ceiling to the floor, no wainscot being seen, except in one corner of the apartment, where stood a bed. The divan around the room was raised about three inches, covered with the finest Persian carpeting, which closely resembled, both in texture and pattern, the stuff of which the Cachmere shawl is made. A double row of cushions stood there; those next the wall being of the Indian kinkob, whilst the front row were composed of white satin embroidered in gold, with fringes and tassels of the same."

Captain Mignan gives the following singular account of the reception given to Aga Syud, the high priest of the holy shrine of Messhed Hussein, at the court of Teheraun, from an eye-witness:—

"When Aga Syud Mahomed arrived, a vast number of people, and most of the infantry, without regimentals or arms, went out to meet him. The shah sent his own litter for the holy man, and some princes, and many of the chief people of the court, did honour to his entry. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the populace. To the Syud's person they could not get access, but they kissed the litter, kissed the ladder by which he ascended to it, and collected the dust which had the impression of the mule's feet that bore him. The people beat their breasts, and the litter was brought close to the shah's door, that the Syud might alight without being overwhelmed by the multitude. Six or seven of the chief priests entered the court with him, and one of them insisted on going in on his mule. An officer of my acquaintance, who happened to be there on the spot, prevented him. He said that the ordinary attendants of his majesty seemed quite to have lost sight of their duty to their sovereign, and were occupied in paying their devotion to the Syud. The shah came to the door of the court to receive

him, and the enthusiasm of the populace seemed to be communicated to the royal hearts, as the shah and the prince royal wept bitterly in speaking of the misfortunes of the faithful under the tyranny of the Russian government. To Aga Syud Mahomed, and his suite of one thousand Moollahs, were assigned a separate encampment. Two princes, by order of the shah, pitched near him, professedly to prevent the intrusion of the people, but secretly to subdue too general a manifestation of public esteem and consideration. Another strong detachment of holy men came in from Kerbela, covered with winding sheets, and the heads of the religion of most of the principal cities flocked to the capital of the empire.

"The shah twice visited the Syud; and on one occasion, his majesty said, 'I am anxious to shed the small spoonful of blood that remains in my weak body in this holy cause; and it is my wish to have in my winding sheet a written evidence from you, that the inquiring angels may at once recognise my zeal, forgive my sins, and admit, without delay, my entrance into heaven.'

"Aga Syud Mahomed watched the progress of the campaign with the utmost anxiety, and he no sooner heard of its disastrous results, than he dropped down a dead man!"

Captain Mignan's estimate of the Persian character is exceedingly unfavourable.

"A Persian will defend himself by cunning rather than by courage, and is so dependant on the aid of others, that he knows not when to trust to himself. He calls on 'Khudah' when he should exert himself, and sheds tears when he should shew spirit. He makes splendid professions when he knows his sincerity will not be tested; and is at once mean and ostentatious. In a word, his character is made up of selfishness, avarice, treachery, deceit, and cruelty. Lord Heytesbury asked me, at St. Petersburg, what was the *real* character of the Persians? I replied, 'My lord, they surround a person, like the flies, with the sunshine, to disappear when he gets under a cloud. Their buzzing is quite nauseous. God help the man who does not know how to appreciate the value of their *lip-deep* friendship.'

Nor is his testimony much more flattering to the moral conduct of the ladies.

"I was often much amused in my rambles round Tabriz, at meeting the Mahometan ladies promenading the streets enveloped in their white muslin *chadders*. This covering resembles a winding sheet, and of course conceals the whole figure, reaching from head to foot. The veil hides the entire face except the eyes, before which there is a sort of netting, fastened to a band tied round the head. The whole attire is extremely inconvenient as a walking dress, and considered as such by the *Mussuwoomen*, especially by those who are pretty. When no native

was within hail (as the sailors would say) they invariably (if good looking) tossed off their veils, and in a sprightly manner expressed a desire to become better acquainted. The same forward air was also displayed by the women, who, although under lock and key, often appeared at the little latticed windows overlooking the road; these manifested by their *coquetterie*, and a peculiar laugh of the eye, their expression of delight at the attention they excited. Their eyelids were blackened with the *kahel*, which is a collyrium composed of the smoke-black produced by burning the shells of almonds; and, in some cases, among the wealthier orders, by pounding down and calcining jewels. Their faces, also, appeared as if they had used *rouge*, and their gaily adorned head-dresses reminded me of the same custom having existed in the earliest times: for in the second book of Kings, we read of Jezebel painting her face, and looking out at the window. They have also a busy trifling with their veils, under the pretence of adjusting their chadders, or their ringlets, which have perhaps been tickling their pretty faces. During the time they are thus engaged, they take especial care to make the best use of their large gazelle-like eyes.

Their musky locks have each a spell,  
Each hair itself ensnares the heart;  
Their moles are irresistible,  
And rapture to the soul impart.

Hafiz, in one of his beautiful odes, exclaims, 'I would give for the mole on her cheek the cities of Samarkand and Bokhara.'

In speaking of the women, I shall briefly remark that they have intrigue to their fingers' ends, *à la Française*. The women of the higher orders are extremely profligate, and when engaged in an assignation, quit their home wrapt in the impenetrable *châder* of one of their female slaves. They frequently run great risks, and many a paramour has lost his life on account of these women."

Of the *beauty* of the Persian ladies, however, our author is profuse in praise.

"Of all the women I have seen in this [Baghdad] and other large Asiatic cities, the Persian are, in my opinion, the prettiest; and, although travellers extol the beauty of the Circassian ladies, I can affirm they do not approach the Persian, with whom every thing is the work of nature. A fine head of hair, which often reaches nearly to the ground, is the first care; the next point is the mouth—a woman to be thought pretty, *must* have "her mouth smaller than her eyes." This is a proverbial expression, and if not quite correct, is not far from it. With all their good looks, however, the face is rather too round; but in Persia this is greatly admired, for the Persians always compare a pretty face to the "full moon."\* They do not paint, like

many English ladies of my acquaintance, though they use a little soap to the cheeks, which is quite dry and innocuous in its effects, and which imparts a brilliant colour. I wonder they do not sell this "*savon sans parielle*" in London, for I am persuaded that Truefitt, Ross, or any other *artiste en cheveux*, would speedily make a fortune by the dowagers in Eaton and Belgrave squares alone."

The costume of these fair ones is not unworthy of notice.

"The ladies of Baghdad appeared to us to enjoy the same liberty of action as those of Tabriz; and were equally desirous of shewing their beauty. When they ride through the streets, they wrap themselves up in large silken chadders of various gaudy colours, and obscure their pretty faces with thin horse-hair veils, which fasten to the temples by two silver clasps. They also wear the yellow hessian boot, the slipper, and the trouser, of course. The veil should never be raised in the public street; though, how often are the laws of decorum transgressed, especially when they exchange *doux yeux* with the Franks. They consider their dress a very disagreeable one as compared to the costume of European ladies, and have long since voted a change, which, however, the Turks will not permit. It certainly must be a most uncomfortable garb for practising "*equitation*," especially when we remember that all these ladies ride not only *en chevalier*, but *à la planchette*." \* \* \* \*

"In the harems of many of the government officers here, there are both Georgian and Circassian ladies, as well as Turkish and Persian. As they have no opportunity of seeing the *Journal des Modes*, or the 'World of Fashion,' they can take no hints on the important subject of female costume. Their head-dress is, however, very becoming. It consists of a Cashmere shawl turban, wound up in as elegant a manner as Madame Devey could arrange it, and ornamented with pearls, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones.

"The hair is plaited into several small tresses, some creeping through the folds of the turban, whilst others *mignonement engantelé*, recline upon the bosom. The rage for jewellery is such, that the wife of every poor artisan possesses some few amethysts and turquoise, or woe betide the unfortunate husband!

"Osmanlee ladies of rank have a fortune in jewels alone, besides many sets of valuable ornaments, such as gold bracelets, necklaces, clasps, studs, and buttons—a sight of which would drive Rundell and Bridge mad with envy."

Mark the reverse of the picture:—

"The poorer orders of females bustle about the city in common blue checked calico chadders, which they fold up above the hips, bringing a part before the face with the left hand, so as to

\* To be admired by the Persians, a woman *must* have the eyes of a gazelle, the waist of a cypress-tree, and a face like the *full moon*.



leave only one eye uncovered; which, however, performs its duty for the other in a most efficient manner. They wear no veils; and when you meet them the ugly ones cover themselves up, and make such a fuss about it, that they take especial care their faces shall not be seen, whilst the good-looking females pretend to be caught unawares, and the very way they contrive to trifle with their châders, under the pretense of adjusting them, always displays their features to advantage."

Here is a reference to the Koordish ladies:—

"The Koords, like all other nations, differ in their taste regarding the fair sex: with them, as with the Turks, a redundant plumpness is sought after and honoured, and is considered the greatest trait of beauty. It is natural enough, therefore, for the ladies to vie with each other in acquiring a superiority in this particular; they accordingly eat all kinds of sweetmeats, dried and candied fruits, hulwah,\* manna, and several other vegetable substances grated down to a powder, in order that they may attain the utmost amplitude of Koordish ideas. A Koordish chieftain, after describing to me the beauty of his intended bride, as the colour of a thousand flowers, and her charms as the perfume which exhales from the 'attar-gul,' said, with the utmost seriousness, 'She is as large, Sir, as an elephant.' He considered this comparison the very acme of perfection.† A regulation girdle would be quite superfluous in this country to measure the ladies' waists, though Kempfer mentions an officer among the suite of the shah of Persia, whose duty it was at stated periods to measure the beautiful forms of the ladies of the harem, and if any of them exceeded the regulated size, they were instantly placed on 'short commons.' Kempfer calls this 'holder of the girdle,' formæ corporis aestimator."

Of Mahommedan ablution, as an act

"\* A conserve composed of flour, sugar, butter or sweet oil, and pounded almonds.

"† Solomon has compared his bride to 'a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots;' Sophocles, a delicate virgin to a wild heifer; and Horace, a sportive young female to an untamed filly: but the Koord's comparison surpasses them all."

of religious faith, Captain Mignan thus speaks:—

"This rite is divided into three kinds. The first is performed before prayer. It commences by washing both hands, and repeating these words:—'Praise be to Ullah, who created clean water, and gave it the virtue to purify: he also hath rendered our faith conspicuous.' Water is then taken in the right hand thrice, and the mouth being washed, the worshipper subjoins:—'I pray thee, O Lord, to let me taste of that water which thou hast given to thy Prophet Mahomet in Paradise, more fragrant than musk, whiter than milk, sweeter than honey; and which has the power to quench for ever the thirst of him that drinks it.' After some water has been applied to the nose, the face is washed three times, and behind the ears: water is then taken with both hands, beginning with the right, and thrown to the elbow. The washing of the head next follows, and the apertures of the ears with the thumbs; afterwards the neck with all the fingers, and finally the feet. In this last operation it is sufficient to wet the sandal only. At each ceremonial a suitable petition is offered, and the whole concludes thus: 'Hold me up firmly, O Lord! and suffer not my foot to slip, that I may not fall from the bridge into hell.'"

In a cigar-smoking age, like the present, what follows cannot be without interest:—

"The kaleoons we smoked at Bushire were superlatively fine; I thought them far superior to the celebrated 'nargilahs' of Baghdad. Persian tobacco is, beyond all comparison, the best in the world, so mild, that the most delicate lady may imbibe it without experiencing the least unpleasant effect, whilst its flavour is most delicious. Why it is not smoked instead of the poisonous trash which the 'ducks' use in their hookahs at Bombay, is to me an enigma, for its cost is trifling, a constant communication is kept up between the two ports, and the import duty not worth mentioning."

We have only to add, that Captain Mignan, as the first person who suggested the idea of making a survey of the Euphrates, feels himself aggrieved in not having been appointed to perform that duty.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare.* Parts V. and VI. King Henry IV., Part I.; and King Richard II. Super-royal 8vo. Knight and Co. 1839.

As regards critical acumen, and historical and antiquarian illustration, the play of King Richard II. seems to surpass in interest all its predecessors of the series. Amongst the thirty engravings in wood, with which this drama is here enriched, three-fourths of them, at the least, are of a nature materially to enlighten us on the history, the manners, the arts, the costume of the times to which they refer. For instance, amongst others, not to mention the Deposition Scene, forming the title-page, from a noble original design by Harvey:—a Tournament; Knights parading the field preparatory to entering the lists;—The Lists at Coventry, the King having thrown his warder down;—Throwing the Gage, from the MS. Froissart, in the British Museum;—Border (for the list of the *dramatis personæ*) composed of the Arms, Shields, and Bearings of the Characters;—\*A Room in the Royal Palace, London;—The Savoy, the Duke of Lancaster's Palace;—Berkeley Castle;—Flint Castle;—Ancient View of Bristol;—Westminster Hall;—A Street leading to the Tower;—Portraits of Richard II., Eleanor Bohun, John of Gaunt, Edmund of Langley, and William of Colchester;—Funeral of Richard II., from the MS. Froissart;—The Gold Noble, and Groat of Richard II.;—various *fac similia* from illuminated MSS. in the British Museum, &c. However, neither enumeration nor description can convey any idea of the beauty, interest, and value of such illustrations. And the critical remarks, especially those which constitute the "Supplementary Notice," are equally excellent and estimable in their way. Here is the winding up, which embraces a contrast of the character of Shakspeare's Richard II. with that of Lord Byron's Sardanapalus:—

"The character of Richard is entirely subordinated to the poetical conception of it;—to something higher than the historical propriety, yet including all that historical propriety, and calling it forth under the most striking aspects. All the vacillations and weaknesses of the king, in the hands of an artist like Shakspeare, are reproduced with the most natural and vivid colours;

\* In this, we think, as well as in the similar Border for the play of King Henry IV., the armorial bearings should have been described *heraldically*.

so as to display their own characteristic effects, in combination with the principle of poetical beauty, which carries them into a higher region than the perfect command over the elements of strong individualisation could alone produce. For example, when Richard says—

"O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke!"

we see in a moment how this speech belongs to the shrinking and over-powered mind of the timid voluptuary, who could form no notion of power apart from its external supports. But then, separated from the character, how exquisitely beautiful is it in itself! Byron, in his finest drama of Sardanapalus, has given us an entirely different conception of a voluptuary overpowered by misfortune; and though he has said, speaking of his ideal of his own dramatic poem—"You will find all this very unlike Shakspeare, and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers"—it is to us very doubtful if Sardanapalus would have been written, had not the Richard II. of Shakspeare offered the temptation to pull the bow of Ulysses in the direction of another mark. The characters exhibit very remarkable contrasts. Sardanapalus becomes a hero when the king is in danger;—Richard, when the sceptre is struck out of his hands, forgets that his ancestors won the sceptre by the sword. The one is the sensualist of misdirected native energy, who casts off his sensuality when the passion for enjoyment is swallowed up in the higher excitement of rash and sudden daring;—the other is the sensualist of artificial power, whose luxury consists in pomp without enjoyment, and who loses the sense of gratification when the fictitious supports of his pride are cut away from him. Richard, who should have been a troubadour, has become a weak and irresolute voluptuary through the corruptions of a throne;—Sardanapalus, who might have been a conqueror, retains a natural heroism that a throne cannot wholly corrupt. But here we stop. Sardanapalus is a beautiful poem, but the characters, and especially the chief character, come before us as something shadowy, and not of earth. Richard II. possesses all the higher attributes of poetry,—but the characters, and especially the leading character, are of flesh and blood like ourselves.

"And why is it, when we have looked beneath the surface at this matchless poetical delineation of Richard, and find the absolute king capricious, rapacious, cunning,—and the fallen king

irresolute, effeminate, intellectually prostrate,—why is it, when we see that our Shakspeare herein never intended to present to us the image of ‘a good man struggling with adversity,’—and conceived a being the farthest removed from the ideal that another mighty poet proposed to himself as an example of heroism, when he described his own fortitude—

‘I argue not  
Against heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward’—

why is it that Richard II. still commands our tears—even our sympathies? It is this:—His very infirmities make him creep into our affections—for they are so nearly allied to the beautiful parts of his character, that, if the little leaven had been absent, he might have been a ruler to kneel before, and a man to love. We see, then, how thin is the partition between the highest and the lowliest parts of our nature—and we love Richard even for his faults,—for they are those of our common humanity. Inferior poets might have given us Bolingbroke the lordly tyrant, and Richard the fallen hero. We might have had the struggle for the kingdom painted with all the gloomy colours with which, according to the authorities which once governed opinion, a poet was bound to represent the crimes of an usurper and the virtues of a legitimate king; or, if the poet had despised the usual current of authority, he might have made the usurper one who had cast aside all selfish and unpatriotic principles, and the legitimate king an unmitigated oppressor, whose fall would have been hailed as the triumph of injured humanity. Impartial Shakspeare! How many of the deepest lessons of toleration and justice have we not learned from thy wisdom, in combination with thy power? If the power of thy poetry could have been separated from the truth of thy philosophy, how much would the world have still wanted to help it forward in the course of gentleness and peace!”

The first Part of King Henry IV. also contains some exceedingly curious antiquarian and historical illustrations. Particularly may be mentioned—An Ancient Inn Yard;—A Room in the Boar’s Head;—The Boar’s Head Sign, from an ancient oaken carving, now in possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill, and supposed to have been suspended in the tavern;—Portrait of Owen Glendower, from his Great Seal in the Archæologia, &c.

From the peculiar and distinctive nature of the illustration of these dramas, graphical and critical, we hesitate not to say, that no library can be considered complete without “The Fictorial Edition of Shakspeare.”

*Hymns and Fire-side Verses.* By Mary Howitt.  
Royal 18mo. Darton and Clark. 1839.

It is impossible to greet the kind, the gentle, the simple-hearted Mary Howitt otherwise than

with delight. “To Caroline Bowles, an honoured fellow-labourer, this little book, the design of which is to make the spirit of christianity an endeared and familiar fire-side guest, is affectionately inscribed.” One charming specimen of the work we have great pleasure in transferring to our pages: every mother’s heart will respond to its honest gush of feeling. It is entitled, “Little Children :”—

“Sporting through the forest wide;  
Playing by the water-side;  
Wandering o’er the heathy fells;  
Down within the woodland dells;  
All among the mountains wild,  
Dwelleth many a little child!  
In the baron’s hall of pride;  
By the poor man’s dull fireside:  
‘Mid the mighty, ‘mid the mean,  
Little children may be seen,  
Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless, everywhere!”

“In the far isles of the main;  
In the desert’s lone domain;  
In the savage mountain-glen,  
‘Mong the tribes of swarthy men;  
Wheresoe’er a foot hath gone:  
Wheresoe’er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found!”

“Blessings on them! they in me  
Have a kindly sympathy,  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;  
With their laughter and their tears;  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience!”

“Little children, not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known,  
‘Mid its labours and its cares,  
‘Mid its sufferings and its snares,  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod;  
In the presence of your God,  
Spotless, blameless, glorified,  
Little children, ye abide!”

“Marian’s Pilgrimage” is a poem of considerable length, illustrating the mild, peaceful, and benignant progress of christianity. Enforcing the maxim, that

“‘Tis joy to do an upright deed;  
‘Tis joy to do a kind;  
And the best reward of virtuous deed  
Is the peace of one’s own mind”——

the story of “The boy of the Southern Isle” is beautifully adapted to the tender capacity of childhood.

This volume is enriched by a number of the most graceful engravings on wood that we ever remember to have met with.

*Minstrel Melodies*: being a collection of Songs. By the author of "Field Flowers," "The Garland," &c. 18mo. pp. 316. Longman and Co. 1839.

WE have been long accustomed to the fine old English spirit of Mr. Brandreth's "*Minstrel Melodies*," and rejoice to see the latest effusions of his music presented in so compact and agreeable a form. There are, indeed,

"Social songs for friendships hearth,  
Lighting up each darker hour;  
And, when hushed the sounds of mirth,  
Lays of love for beauty's bower."

With some of Mr. Brandreth's stanzas we have made free in our "*POINTS OF THE MONTH*;" but, from a *bouquet* so fresh and fragrant, we trust we may stand excused for snatching another flower or two—ay, a whole "*May Garland*."

"Up, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!  
Come to the meadows, come away!  
Fair are the flowers and bright the morn,  
And white as snow is the May-bough thorn.  
The cheek of youth, with its dimpled smile,  
Is there, and its bosom all free from guile.  
Hark! how they laugh, as they sport and play,—  
Then, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!"

The May-day wreath for Flora's queen,—  
Form it of all most fair and green;  
But not of the holly's glossy pride,  
Nor laurel, welcome at Christmas tide;  
Gayer and fairer things must now  
Garland the ringlets of Beauty's brow;  
And, though the fairest the first decay—  
Still, maidens, up! 'tis May, 'tis May!"

Here is another "wee little slip," very pleasant and arch:—

When I was a wee little slip of a girl,  
Too artless and young for a prude;  
The men, as I passed, would exclaim, "pretty dear!"

Which I *must* say, I thought rather rude;  
Rather rude, so I did;

Which, I *must* say, I thought rather rude.  
However, said I, when I'm once in my teens,  
They'll, sure, cease to worry me then;  
But as I grew the older, so they grew the bolder—

Such impudent things are the men;  
Are the men, are the men;  
Such impudent things are the men.

But of all the bold things I could ever suppose,  
(Yet how could I take it amiss?)

Was that of my impudent cousin, last night,  
When he actually gave me a kiss;  
Ay, a kiss, so he did;

When he actually gave me a kiss!  
I quickly reproved him, but ah! in such tones,  
That, ere we were half through the glen,  
My anger to smother, he gave me another—  
Such strange, coaxing things are the men:  
Are the men, are the men;  
Such strange coaxing things are the men.

But what have we here? oh! I guessed what it was:

'Tis a very nice, pretty, gold ring;  
Then, garland ye roses, where Hymen reposes—  
I'll e'en be his bride in the spring;

In the spring, so I will;

I'll e'en be his bride in the spring.

For though we, as women, are bound to seek out,  
And rail at their faults now and then,

Howe'er we may tease 'em, we live but to please 'em—

Such dear charming things are the men;

Are the men, are the men;

Such dear charming things are the men.

*Heads of the People taken off, by Kenny Meadows (Quizfizzz).* No. 6. Tyas, 1839.

MEADOWS'S Pew-Opener, illustrated by Jerrold, is this month our special favourite: we scarcely know to which we are more indebted, the painter or the writer. Of the skill of the former, we have no means of conveying a specimen to our readers; to their notice, therefore, we must introduce the latter, who thus discourseth upon hassocks:—

"If every hassock had a tongue, and might tell the thoughts, reveal the inmost workings of the hearts of those who, in attitudes of humiliation, kneel upon them! Look at this one, this lump of softest wool, covered with cloth of purple: this has borne the bulky mortality of a rich and arrogant man—of one who, every week, confesses himself a miserable sinner, and in that confession prays aloud for grace,—whose son is banned the paternal door, for that he has taken a wife, whose only vice was poverty! Here is another, yet warm from the knees of a domestic tyrant, who comes to church to sacrifice to the humility, the love, and searching tenderness of the Divine Example; and who, returning home, shall make his wife tremble at his frown, and the little hearts of his children quail at his foot-fall. Take a third: this is part of the pew furniture of a man who lives, and becomes sleek, upon the falsehoods, the little tyrannies of the world, who eats the daily bread of heartless litigation, whose whole life is a lie to every Christian precept; and, Judas to Truth, who kisses it only to sell it! Yet will this man pray, respond in prayer, run through the Creed, and glibly troll the Decalogue,—a human clock, wound up to strike on Sundays. And in this pew will kneel the withered usurer, a most respectable man, and one in parish office, whose heart glows at the worldly cunning of Jacob, and who, losing the spirit in the letter, dotes, above all measure, on the parable of the talents.\* These come to

\* "Roger Coke, in his *Detection of the Court and State of England*, tells a story of a muckworm, who gave his nephew twenty shillings for preaching against usury, that, others being dissuaded, he might make better bargains."

church—make the employment of the Pew-Opener—to keep up the farce that their worldly brethren, with themselves, agree to act; they congregate to perform a ceremony, and that over, the week lies fair before them. They come to church deaf adders, and deaf they quit it; and as the weekly hypocrites come and go, the devil stands in the porch and counts them.”

On fashionable preachers, our author, though exceedingly severe, is equally successful:—

“The Pew-Opener has a great reverence for a fashionable preacher, even if he have not a mitre. Fashionable preachers are, however, of two kinds. The dear and gracious Doctor Smoothly, who, in his time, has been private clergyman to two lords, one a cabinet minister,—his face shining as with oil from Canaan, and words, dropping honey, accustomed to make religion up for high-bred and delicate stomachs, enters the pulpit as he would tread the carpet of a drawing-room. The doctor is a worthy descendant of the French divine, who, preaching before the king, in an unguarded moment, astonished the monarch by declaring that “all men must die;” but as speedily amended his indiscretion by adding, with a penitent look at his royal auditor, “almost all.” Doctor Smoothly touches death with a very gentle hand: if he must introduce him to the better sort of people, he does it gently, courteously, gracefully: he disdains to send gentlefolks into hysterics by taking up the scare-crow, death, and flinging its rattling bones into the faces of the congregation. Is it not vastly uncivil to tell beautiful women, with pulses of hope, happiness, and love—the whole world opening like a garden upon them—that they, the delicate, the lovely, the admired, the flattered,—that they are meat for worms?—that they, with faces fair as angels, are to be crammed beneath the earth, like the wretch who died in the workhouse to-day, or on the gibbet yesterday? Doctor Smoothly thinks this manner highly inhuman, and therefore takes all heed not to ruffle the plumes of worldly pride—to pluck the smallest feather from the tail of vanity. He therefore treats of death as a sort of vague probability, and speaks of the grave as a pit dug somewhere, and into which some people have sometimes fallen. The doctor, as a part of his soothing system, rarely talks of the abode of naughty spirits; or if, by chance, he touches upon it, it is with a manner that declares its utter vulgarity, its extreme meanness.—In a word, Doctor Smoothly makes hell very low.

“The Reverend Mr. Yewberry is a very different divine; yet is he fashionable. His church is crowded with a congregation, filled with elbowing hundreds, panting to receive the anathemas of the indignant spirit, who darts his sacred fire at the folk in lofty places, and makes it his especial duty to turn inside out the elect and chosen of the land. Royalty comes *incog.* to listen to him; cabinet ministers are seen in the gallery; court demireps give an hour to the new pro-

phet; young members of parliament study him for the vehemence of his style, and the peculiar felicity of his invectives. Mr. Yewberry is taken by the fashionable world as a kind of tonic; he serves, for a time, to brace up the relaxed system of the mode, but is never to be thought of as a spiritual regimen for life. He is visited as a sort of evangelical fire-eater; and princes, lords, and countesses, having witnessed his extraordinary performance, quit him with this impression, a wonder how “he can do it.” He is, however, fashionable upon the strength of his merciless dogmas, and blazes a pillar of fire in the pulpit, for—six months, at least: he then burns to less numerous admirers; and, at length, settles into endurable brilliancy, and tolerable heat.

“Mr. Yewberry is, of course, a great favourite with our Pew-Opener: she thinks the world has some chance of amendment, since he has taken it in hand, and complacently surveying her crowded pews, feels very many hopes of human regeneration. Smoothly is a darling pastor; Yewberry a powerful divine: one touches mortal frailties with a *patte de velours*; the other shakes over the head of the offending Adam a scourge of vipers.”

The following are “a very few notes taken at random,” from the Pew-Opener’s Journal:—

“EPIPHANY.—Short sermon,—hard frost: sixpence from woman in red cloak.

“SEXAGESIMA.—The dear Bishop of Manna preached;—moving discourse:—run off my legs;—full church;—seven shillings and sixpence,—bad half-crown:—suspect lady in blue velvet, yellow bonnet, and red poppy wreath.

“EASTER MONDAY.—Ten couple married; made only a pound: refused, out of spirit, from one too, a sixpence:—shall know the fellow if he ventures again. Oiled pew-locks.

“SHROVE SUNDAY.—Again, Bishop of Manna; long sermon, and rather hot. Lady fainted in crowd—a shilling. Saw person in blue velvet; mentioned bad half-crown: she wondered at my impudence! Where will she go to?

“Christening in afternoon: shabby parents, noisy brats; godmothers and godfathers shocking ignorant of what becomes ’em. Woman with twins only give as much as them with one. A poor day: early home to tea; left off muffins for the season.

“ROGATION.—New bishop—whitest hand ever saw. Crowded church; beautiful discourse again lulls of the flesh and vanities of the world. Lovely carriage of the bishop’s, and footmen fine and tall. Ladies sobbing; a sweet sermon: fifteen shillings. Do people come to church to pass off bad money?—another Brummagem sixpence!”

Jerrold also is the author of *The Common Informer*, who “combines in his visage the offensive acuteness of a sharp-practising attorney with the restlessness of an illegal pick-pocket;” and having a face resembling that of “a shaven ferret.”

"He is the child of legislative mystery, the base-born of bigoted old custom and Madam Double-meaning, and wears in his rascal looks the *bend-sinister* that declares his origin.

"The Common Informer walks not in high life. Portland Square is to him a desert—an *Arabia Petrea*: he can gain nothing from looking in at "Grillon's," or "The London Hotel:" no, he eschews Albemarle Street, and snuffs his prey afar in the City Road—in the Borough. His quarry is at some "Goat and Compasses" in an alley—some "Bag o' Nails" in a back street: for there he has had good intelligence of social iniquity; there, at both hostleries, the landlords have—music!"

The miseries of The Family Governess are set forth by a lady, who seemeth to rejoice in the name of Winter.

"Four years had wearily rolled over her head, but ten seemed to be added to her age. Her light, graceful figure had become large and heavy from want of air and exercise, and from torpidity of mind; her eye was dull, her cheek fallow, her manner apathetic; she suffered from constant head-ache; the daily walk of one hour round the eternal gravel walks of the square fatigued her almost to fainting. When, at last, left to herself at the close of each long day, she was unable to enjoy her leisure, but sunk exhausted into sleep. Her nights were either one continued heavy slumber, or disturbed with frightful dreams, and spent in restless, tossing wakefulness; forms and faces unbidden began to haunt her, and flit about her even in the day; she had become irritable to a degree that made her life a perpetual struggle to avoid giving offence."

Our fourth head is that of The Midshipman, illustrated by Mr. Howard, author of "*The Old Commodore, Ratlin the Reefer*," &c. Our space for extract, however, is exhausted.

*The Naturalist*; illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms; with Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Naturalists; and Engravings on Wood. Edited by Neville Wood, Esq., late Joint Editor of the Analyst, &c. No XXI. Royal 8vo. Whitaker and Co.

ALTHOUGH we had heard of this work before, we had never seen it, and its arrival operated as a most "agreeable surprise." We were not prepared for so handsome, so well printed, and so ably edited a periodical, from a provincial (Doncaster) press. Judging from the present number of the *Naturalist*, as a specimen, Mr. Stafford need not fear to compete with his brother typographers of the metropolis.

Nor are the literary contents of the *Naturalist* less satisfactory. On the Varieties of British Forms, and the Diagnosis of Allied Species—On the Value of Plates and Illustrations as subservient to the Study of Natural History—and Sketches of European Ornithology—are exceedingly interesting papers: but with no-

thing in the number have we been more gratified than with *Observations on the Habitat and Natural History of the Mistletoe*, read at the Cheltenham Literary and Philosophical Institution. This Essay is replete with curious research and information.

We shall be happy to renew—or rather to continue—our acquaintance with this very agreeable publication.

*A Narrative of the Loss of the Ship Harriet, (Whaler,) of London, which was wrecked on a Reef of Coral Rocks off the Feejee Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, on the 16th of July, 1837. By Charles Sparshatt, of Stoke Newington, one of the Crew. 1839.*

THIS interesting and affecting little narrative is published, by the Philanthropic Society, with the benevolent view of raising, by its sale, a small sum to meet the expenses of the writer, while under medical treatment for deafness, and also to provide an outfit for a future voyage. The *Harriet*, a fine vessel, well manned and appointed, sailed from the Thames on the 1st of June, 1837, under the most favourable auspices. After the loss of her commander, (Mr. Christie,) who was put on shore in the Bay of Islands, the principal harbour in New Zealand, where he died, the *Harriet* cruized, with indifferent success, between the coasts of Holland and New Zealand, till May, 1837. Subsequently, intending to cruise amongst the various groups of islands to the north-east of the Bay of Islands, she suddenly struck on a reef of coral rocks, off the Feejee Islands, called Providence Shoals, which had not been accurately laid down in the charts. All efforts to get the vessel off proving unavailable, the crew took to the boats, and many of them were lost. The sufferings of the survivors, who drifted, in their boats, towards Wallis's Island, a distance of 700 or 800 miles from the rock on which they were cast away, were dreadful. At length they made land, where they were stripped and otherwise ill-treated by the savage natives; but they fortunately escaped with their lives. Subsequently, the writer of this narrative, with nine or ten others, reached a more friendly island, where they lived some time with the natives, and were well treated. On the arrival of an English whaling brig, the *Guide*, belonging to Sydney, seven of them were taken on board in room of men who wished to leave her. They continued to cruise in the *Guide* till August, 1838, when they arrived at Sydney. There, after a time, poor Charles Sparshatt got on board another London whaler, the *Chieftain*, and at length reached the London Docks in safety, on the 19th of February, 1839.

We have noticed this little statement, not only from its intrinsic interest, but because we happen personally to know that the writer is an industrious and most deserving youth, whose friends are, unfortunately, not in a station to afford him the pecuniary aid he requires.

## Select Necrology.

### PROFESSOR RIGAUD.

TOWARDS the latter end of March, suddenly, whilst on a visit in London, — Rigaud, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, at Oxford. Professor Rigaud was matriculated of Exeter College at the early age of sixteen, and had never been absent from Oxford so much as a single year during the period which has since elapsed, little short of half a century. Eminently qualified for mathematical pursuits, he was enabled to recover and ascertain many particulars respecting Bradley, Harriot, Hadley, and other eminent scientific men, the biography of whom had been previously neglected. No one could be more desirous of fulfilling all the duties of life, and none ever surpassed him as a son or as a parent. Twelve years ago he had the misfortune to lose his wife, a bereavement which he felt most acutely, and from that time he devoted himself with all the energy and ardour of his character to the education and care of his children. Yet even this attachment was not suffered to absorb his thoughts and to interfere with his professional duties as a lecturer and an observer; and he was ever forward to promote the cause of science, either in London or in Oxford, where he was one of the originators of the Ashmolean Society, and a frequent contributor to it of papers, most of which have been published. Simplicity and innocence of mind he possessed in a peculiar degree. He was no less remarkable for integrity, veracity, and genuine humility; qualities which were combined with great forbearance in judging others, with warm and zealous affection to his friends, and with devoted loyalty to the four sovereigns whom he had, in succession, the honour of serving. His illness, sudden and unexpected, he bore with resignation and Christian fortitude. His sufferings were severe, but happily they were of short duration.

Mr. Rigaud, in 1831, printed the miscellaneous works and correspondence of Dr. Bradley, to which, in 1833, he added a supplement, including an account of Harriot's papers. In 1838 he published some valuable notices on the first publication of Newton's Principia. These were all printed at the University press; and at the time of his death he was diligently employed in editing a valuable collection of original letters from men of eminence in the scientific world, from the originals among the papers of Mr. Jones, father of Sir William Jones, now preserved in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield. Mr. Rigaud was a frequent contributor to the scientific journals of his day: to the Transactions of the Royal Society, to Brewster's Journal, and to the Nautical Magazine. In the Transactions of the Ashmolean Society will be found, by him,

remarks on the proportionate quantities of rain at different seasons in Oxford; a paper on the Arenarius of Archimedes; and an account of some early proposals for steam navigation; and at the commencement of the present year, he read before the same society an interesting paper on Captain Savery and his steam engine, which will, probably, appear in the next volume of their Transactions.

### SIR HERBERT TAYLOR.

AT Rome, after a long and lingering illness, on the 20th of March, Sir Herbert Taylor, remembered as Secretary to his Majesty George III., and as the confidential friend of the late Duke of York. Sir Herbert was born on the 29th September, 1775, and was elder brother to the Right Hon. Sir Brook Taylor, distinguished as a diplomatist, and second son of the late Rev. Edward Taylor, of Bifrons, in Kent, by Margaret Payler, his wife, descended from a family seated at Sutton Valence, whose ancestor was in King Henry the Seventh's household.

Sir Herbert was a Lieutenant-General in the army (May 27, 1825), G.C.B. and K.G.H., Principal Aide-de-Camp to Queen Adelaide, and Colonel of the 85th Foot, to which he was appointed in May, 1823. Sir Herbert was appointed Cornet in the 2nd dragoon Guards in 1794, having joined the British army in Flanders in April, 1793, as secretary to Sir James Murray; he was present as a volunteer at the actions of St. Amand and Famars, the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, and most of the actions during that campaign; he also served in the campaign of 1794, including the battles of the 17th, 22nd, and 26th of April, near Cateau, and of the 10th, 17th, and 22nd of May, near Tournay, besides many other affairs of less importance, and the retreat through Holland. On the return of Sir James Murray to England Sir Herbert continued with the Duke of York as an assistant Secretary. In May, 1795, he was promoted to a troop in his regiment.

When his Royal Highness returned to England, Captain Taylor was appointed secretary to the commander of the British forces on the Continent, and continued in that situation with Lieut.-General Harcourt and Sir David Dundas until September, 1795, when he returned to England in consequence of being appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and soon after assistant secretary in his Royal Highness's office. In July, 1798, he attended Lord Cornwallis, appointed Lord Lieutenant, to Ireland, as military and private secretary and Aide-de-Camp. He continued with his Excellency

until February, 1799, when he returned to England, on being appointed private secretary to the Duke of York. In September of that year he attended his Royal Highness to Holland. He remained with Sir James Pulteney as secretary until the return of the troops from North Holland.

He continued in the situation of Private Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of York, until June, 1805, when he was appointed Private Secretary to his Majesty George III.: he received the rank of Colonel July 25, 1810. In March, 1812, he was appointed one of the trustees of the King's private property, and soon after (in consequence of the Regency) Private Secretary to the Queen; the 4th of June, 1813, he obtained the rank of Major-General.

In November, 1813, he was ordered on special service to Holland, and a few days after his return from the army under Sir T. Graham, in March, 1814, he was sent on a military mission to the Crown Prince of Sweden, to Sir Thomas Graham (now Lord Lynedoch), and to the Hague. In December, 1818, he was appointed Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, which appointment he held till his death.

Sir Herbert, who represented Windsor in parliament from 1820 to 1823, married Charlotte Albina, daughter of Edward Disbrowe, Esq., Vice Chamberlain to queen Charlotte, and grand-daughter of the third Earl of Buckinghamshire, and has left issue one daughter. He was uncle to the Hon. Richard Bootle Wilbraham, M.P., and to the lady of Lord Stanley. Sir Herbert was granted a pension of 1000*l.* per annum on the civil list, with the reversion, we believe, in case of survivorship, to his lady.

#### JAMES BIRD, THE SUFFOLK POET.

MR. James Bird, bookseller, and extensively known as the amiable and gifted author of "*The Vale of Slaughterden*," "*Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira*," "*Framlingham*," "*Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City*," "*Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, a Tragedy*," "*The Emigrant's Tale*," "*Francis Abbott*," and various other works, died on the 26th of March, at the village of Yoxford, in Suffolk, where he had been resident many years. After a long illness, in which he evinced the utmost patience, and truly Christian resignation of spirit, he fell a victim to pulmonary disease in the 51st year of his age. In the final hour he was soothed and blessed with the presence of his entire family—a bereaved wife, and twelve sons and daughters! No man was ever more beloved, or more deserving of love, than James Bird. From the pen of one of his oldest and most attached literary friends, we shall, next month, present an extended memoir of him and of his works, biographical and critical.

#### JOHN GALT, ESQ.

JOHN GALT, Esq., was born at Greenock in the year 1779. He was an extensive and ob-

servant traveller, and a voluminous writer; with some originality and humour as a novelist, but too frequently dry and tedious in his details. Amongst his numerous works may be mentioned the following:—"Voyages in 1809-10-11, containing Statistical, &c., Observations on Gibraltar, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Cerigo, and Turkey, 4to. 1812;"—in the same year, in 4to, "The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey;"—also, in the same year, "Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects," 8vo., and four Tragedies—"Maddalen," "Agamemnon," "Lady Macbeth," and "Antonio and Clytemnestra," 8vo.;—in 1813, "Letters from the Levant," 8vo.;—in 1816, "The Life and Studies of B. West, Esq.," 8vo.; and "The Majola, a Tale," in two volumes;—"Pictures, Historical and Biographical, drawn from English, Scotch, and Irish History;"—"The Annals of the Parish;" "The Provost;" "The Spae-Wife;" "The Last of the Lairds;" "The Ayrshire Legatees;" "The Entail;" and numerous Essays in "Blackwood's Magazine," "The New Edinburgh Review," &c. More recently, "Lawrie Todd," a novel; a "Life of Lord Byron," particularly remarkable for its incompetent, erroneous, and absurd estimates of the noble lord's character; some publications relating to Canada; where, for some years, he had held an unsatisfactory appointment; "The Radical;" one or two novels in Smith and Elder's "Library of Romance;" a volume or two of memoirs of his own life; a biographical work relating to the stage; "Poems," "Plays," &c.

One of Mr. Galt's latest literary engagements, shortly before he left London, some years since, was the editorship of the *Courier* newspaper; that, however, was of very brief duration. In consequence of continued ill health Mr. Galt left London, and retired to his native town four or five years ago. For several years past, even before he left London, his physical powers had been much prostrated by a succession of paralytic shocks, which prevented him from moving from one apartment to another without help, and of course confined him constantly to his house. On the 2nd of April last he was visited by another paralytic shock—the fourteenth by which he had been assailed. This deprived him of the use of his speech for several days, although he afterwards had power indistinctly to articulate broken sentences. He was, however, quite sensible, and indicated, by unequivocal signs, that he understood what was said to him. He was aware that his end was approaching, and appeared calm and resigned. He expired on the 9th.

#### THOMAS BARKER, ESQ.

Mr. Barker, of Thetford, a distinguished classical scholar, and member of the University of Cambridge, died in March. This gentleman was the son of a vicar of Beverley, in Yorkshire, and received the rudiments of his education in the grammar school of that town. Subsequently



he entered as a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. Soon after he became acquainted with Dr. Parr, and was induced to reside with him. Previously to leaving the University, Mr. Barker distinguished himself by a Latin epigram on "Strenua Inertia." After residing for some years, and until his death, with Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker married, and settled at Thetford, in Norfolk, where, for nearly twenty-five years, he laboriously and unremittingly devoted himself to his favourite studies. During that time he edited a new edition of "Stephens's Thesaurus," and enriched it with a copious body of valuable and miscellaneous notes, and published a volume of "Classical Recreations," besides several of the orations of Cicero,—he also contributed many valuable papers to the *Classical Journal* and the *Museum Criticum*. After the Death of Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker published two volumes of "Parriana," containing notices of Dr. Parr and his contemporaries, a work which contains an immense collection of facts illustrative of literary history. On the breaking out of the war of Greek independence, Mr. Barker, whose political feelings were those of his early patron, became greatly interested in the cause, published a pamphlet to excite public attention, and was afterwards one of the most active members of the Greek Committee. For the last few years he resided chiefly in London. His death occurred after a short illness, which was unknown to his friends. Mr. Barker was a man of extensive and various information, of excellent abilities, and of prodigious memory. His disposition was amiable, and eminently cheerful; his manners kind and simple; his habits uniform and exemplary. His friendship was warm and lasting, and it was a principle of his life never to quarrel with any one. Mr. Barker enjoyed the friendship of many of the most distinguished men of his day; and he kept up an extensive literary correspondence with many celebrated scholars, both at home and abroad. Besides the works we have mentioned, he published an "Inquiry into the Authorship of Junius's Letters," an edition of "Anthon's Lempriere's Classical Dictionary," "Noah Webster's English Dictionary," and a translation of "Julius Sillig's Dictionary of the Artists of Antiquity." He had long projected

and collected considerable materials for a Life of Professor Porson, which, with his correspondence and other papers, will probably be given to the public.

PETER TURNERELLI, ESQ.

MR. TURNERELLI, the sculptor, was born at Belfast, in the year 1774. He was the son of an ingenious Italian modeller and figure maker, who resided many years in Dublin, and married a native of Ireland. To his mother he was chiefly indebted for that cultivation of his mind which afterwards enabled him to rise to eminence. His parents intended him for the church, but his passions for sculpture was irrepressible, and he was in consequence placed under the tuition of Mr. Chenu. At the same time he attended the Royal Academy, where he made so satisfactory a progress, that in less than two years he gained the medal for the best model. His first patrons were the late Lord Heathfield, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the latter of whom recommended him as teacher of modelling to Queen Caroline. He was employed for a statue of George III., and a statue of the late Mr. Grattan; also on busts of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Generals Blucher and Platoff, and a long list of other distinguished characters, which will long preserve his name and memory from oblivion. He was also the sculptor of many public and other monuments, amongst which may be mentioned those of Colonel Stuart, Mr. Willett, Dr. Moylon, Admiral Sir John Hope, &c. For many years, his performances in the Exhibition displayed his talents to great advantage. One of his best known and finest productions is the figure of Burns at the plough, for the monument erected to the bard's memory at Dumfries; the monument itself by the late Mr. Thomas Hunt.

With a voice of fine quality, Mr. Turnerelli is said to have been an excellent singer.

After an illness of only a few hours, he died at his house in Newman Street, about the 20th of March. Mr. Turnerelli had been twice married, and has, we believe, left a family by each of his wives.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

HIS Majesty's Theatre is now in the zenith of its glory for the season, although no actual novelty of importance has yet been produced. But Grisi and Persiana are there; and Lablache, and Rubini, and (against even hope) Tamburini; and Mlle. Garcia and others are yet to come.

At several of the English houses, changes and rumours of changes are the order of the day. Poor old Drury appears to be quite knocked up.

At Easter, a spectacle called *The King of the Mist*,—twin brother of *Aladdin*, or *the Wonderful Lamp*—was produced, but without any extraordinary effect; and, for some weeks, under pretence of getting up *The Lake of the Fairies*—a splendid and successful opera of Auber's, brought out lately at Paris—the theatre has been closed so far as theatrical performances are concerned. It is open, however, for a musical exhibition, styled

*Concerts à la Valentino*, in which, contrary to the plan of the other houses, vocal as well as instrumental performers "assist."

At Covent Garden, Macready's able management terminates, we regret to learn, with the present season. It appears that Macready, instead of having been the *bona fide* lessee, or renter of the theatre, was merely paid by the proprietary in his double capacity of manager and actor. Considering the eminent success of the concern to be entirely owing, as it unquestionably has been, to his taste, judgment, skill, and persevering activity, he naturally felt himself entitled to a more distinct and liberal participation of the profits. To this the proprietary (unwisely, as well as ungenerously, we think,) refused to accede; and so, as we have said, the connexion of the parties is to terminate.

When this was first publicly known, rumour stated that an offer had been made to Macready, of Drury Lane Theatre upon his own terms. That would have been well. Now, however, it is asserted, that Webster has engaged Macready for the whole of the next season at the Haymarket. Such an engagement we deem extremely injudicious. Webster has hitherto been successful in his management to an extraordinary degree; and he ought to be content to "let well alone." Macready has been mainly indebted for his success, at Covent Garden, for the magnificent and effective style in which he has brought out his pieces. The Haymarket has no such capabilities of magnificence and stage effect as Covent Garden. Moreover, "the little theatre in the Haymarket" has been, from time immemorial, the house for light and lively comedy; and we are not at all disposed to consider that the public will flock thither in summer to witness the representation of tragedies, either with or without Macready as their hero.

In the interim, the present Covent Garden manager is running the entire round of his successful prices, revivals as well as originals.

At the Haymarket, General Webster, with Power as his *aide-de-camp*, seems carrying every thing before him. His chief novelty, though not a very striking one, is a little comedy called *Touch and Take*, or *the Law of the Kiss*; in which Power, Webster, and Strickland, Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss Taylor, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam exert themselves very agreeably.

At Easter, the Lyceum was opened by Mr. Penley, a provincial manager of considerable experience, with a tolerably efficient company, almost entirely new to the London boards. Mrs. Stirling, an actress of considerable vivacity, talent, and beauty, was, however, amongst them, "a bright and particular star." Three new pieces were produced upon the occasion: *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, or *Courtship and Matrimony* in 1712; *Dark Events*; and *The Silver Crescent*, or *the Oath of Vengeance*—a sketch from the time of Don Sebastian, *King of Portugal*, at the period of his African expedition.

The reception experienced by the new management seems, not, however, to have been sufficiently favourable to enable Mr. Penley to keep the house open. After a few evenings—to the serious disappointment and loss, we fear, of many individuals—it was closed; and, subsequently, it has been engaged for a nightly series of *Concerts à la Musard*, in which the band of the Coldstream Guards performs, in full uniform.

Concerts of instrumental music, on a similar principle, are also given nightly at the Adelphi.

Madame Vestris commenced her Easter festivities, at the Olympic, with two new burlettas; *Izaak Walton*, of piscatorial celebrity, and *The Garrick Fever*. In the former, Farren personated *Izaak*, and Madame Vestris, his ward, *Anne Keelny*, very delightfully. *The Garrick Fever*, from the pen of Planché, is a slight but effective affair, full of droll incidents, and smart, active, lively fun.—More recently, *Dr. Dilworth*, a brisk little farce, has been produced at the Olympic with ample success. Farren personates the humorous old grammarian, and is ably supported by Madame, Mrs. Orger, Miss Murray, Brougham, and Keeley.

At the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Hooper has brought out his French dogs and monkeys with all the ludicrous effect that could have been anticipated.

Yates, at the Surrey, is attracting crowded audiences every night.

The New Strand Theatre, under the skilful and spirited management of Hammond, and with Mrs. Waylett for the first season these four years, is doing well; and so also are Astley's on the south, and Sadler's Wells on the north side of the water.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE attraction of the British Gallery continues unabated; nor can it be expected to flag, until after the opening of the Royal Academy. Its autumnal exhibition of the works of the ancient masters will then be looked forward to.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

There is a surprising number of exceedingly silly and conceited people in the world; of ungrateful people, too—of people who seem to derive gratification from the act of insulting their best, kindest, most generous, and most influential friends. These

truths have received a forcible illustration in the conduct of what is termed the "Council" of the Society of British Artists. We mentioned, last month, that the "private view" of the exhibition took place on the 23rd of March. Of this event, *The Literary Gazette* thus reported on the following Saturday:—"Suffolk Street Gallery.—New brooms make clean work of it; and so it is likely to be with this exhibition, into the management of which, we are informed, five young Brooms have been incorporated. And, from all we can learn, they have made a tolerably successful sweep out of the friends and patrons of the Society. By means of a police-

man at the bottom of the stairs, a peremptorily instructed cheque-taker half-way, a servant in a dashing livery at the top, and an impertinent director or secretary within the bar, they insulted and turned away from their doors, on Saturday, noblemen and opulent bankers distinguished for their encouragement of the arts, and, in particular, the very obnoxious classes of persons connected with the Press and the Publishing trade. We had the good fortune to be admitted by ticket, and on Monday, being a pay-day, had a similar favour shown to us for a shilling. All we have to say of the Gallery is, that it contains a few good pictures, and many of little value; and all we shall add respecting the new councillors is, that it would be a sagacious thing in the old ones, and in every person interested in the prosperity of the Association, to take care that, though they foolishly injure themselves, they should not be allowed to injure their fellow-artists, and destroy the Institution. As a *pendant*, we have to report the answer given to a gentleman connected with a public journal, and repeated, at his request, by the controlling official alluded to: 'We were determined,' quoth he, 'to have the private view *respectable*, and therefore cut off (or restricted) the admissions to the press and the publishers.' *Bravo! Bravo!* The sublimity of management."

Another periodical, expressly devoted to the fine arts, thus commences its critique on the exhibition of the British Artists:—"Liberality is the very essence of the arts. A narrow mind was never the concomitant of genius. We regret to find that it is not, as it certainly has been, the characteristic of this 'Society.' A few younger, but not wiser spirits, have been recently associated with 'the committee,' and they have issued a decree so foolish, and acted upon it so rudely, as to place a huge impediment in the way of their progress. Tickets to admit *one* person were issued as invitations to critics to the private view; and the novel arrangement was so rigidly enforced, as to produce no slight degree of vexation on the part of several writers for the periodical press—ourselves among the number—who attended at the rooms, as heretofore, with some chosen companion; and who, upon being made to comprehend the mandate of the magnates, declined to inspect the pictures until the payment of a shilling had secured the privilege. It is needless to state that orders for the admission of the press are never single orders; and that, in deviating from an established rule, 'the committee' adopted a course surely calculated to prejudice the cause which their declared object is to support. We cannot pardon them for having so acted. They are the guardians, not of their own interests alone, but of the interests of some hundreds of artists who contribute to furnish their walls; and whom they had no right to injure by their absurd decree. The publishers were treated in the same manner as the press—the one class give them fame and the other bread; and the advantages to be derived from the assistance of both were sacrificed to the whim or arrogance of some half a dozen young persons who outvoted the grey beards of the Institution. 'The Society of British Artists' is not yet in a position to scorn public opinion. It is still but a rickety child; and certainly not 'much more older than its looks.' Some of its earlier projectors and supporters continue with it. Mr. Holland remains its firm friend; Mr. Linton amongst its best contributors; and there are a few others who would hold rank in

an exhibition of far loftier pretensions. But the greater number of its associates have fallen away from it. Mr. Stanfield is among them no longer; Mr. David Roberts does not 'show' upon its walls; Mr. Hart has taken leave of them; and Mr. Creswick, we presume, has followed his example; for there is nothing of his, this year, in the collection. Mr. Haydon and Mr. Martin are also absentees; and we regret that we do not find among the younger candidates for professional eminence, sufficient to compensate for the absence of many who have heretofore added so essentially to the interest and value of these rooms. The Society of British Artists are not, therefore, in a condition to assume a lofty bearing and a high tone. Every year they have needed indulgence—and they have received it. The press has been largely generous to them; the establishment was looked upon as a sort of nursery for artists; so indeed it has proved, and has been judged rather for good promise than for worthy performance. If its managers think they can, as two of them publicly stated they could, do without the press, and care nothing for its co-operation, they will find themselves mistaken. They are not yet strong enough to walk alone."

The gentleman who writes the notices on the arts in *THE ALDINE MAGAZINE* has annually, from the commencement of this Society, been presented with a personal admission for himself and friend. These admissions, be it specially understood, are not regarded in the light of *favours*: there is always an abundant *qui pro quo*. Yet, with the above representations before him, he chose not to put himself in the way of affront. He therefore paid his shilling for admission, bought his catalogue, and took a survey of the rooms. He then addressed the attendant secretary, or keeper, and begged to know whether he were to consider himself in his accustomed position? The secretary could not inform him; he "had no power" himself; but he would present the gentleman's card to the council, state the case, and apprise him of the result. Accordingly, on the following day, the applicant received a note from the secretary, of which the subjoined is a copy:—

"Suffolk Street Gallery.

"Sir,—I am desired by the Council to inform you, that, by presenting your card, you will be admitted, instructions having been given to that effect; at the same time beg to state, that it is only a personal admission, it being against their rules to issue any other.

"By order, &c."

To the above a reply was made, thanking the secretary for his personal attention, but declining "the privilege (!) proffered by the council." Lest, after this, we might incur the suspicion of being influenced by pique, prejudice, or illiberality, we shall abstain from all critical remark on the merits of the exhibition. And be it held in remembrance, that if any particular institution happen to entertain the notion that it can do without the press, it may be assured that the press can do vastly well without that, or any other particular institution.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

As yet we have been able to obtain only a glance at the exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, in its well-adapted suite of rooms,

No. 53, Pall Mall. The display, though small, (embracing only 348 subjects,) is a brilliant one. This is but the fifth annual assemblage presented by the Society, yet it bids fair speedily to rival the elder establishment. Not, indeed, that there ought to be any jealousy on the score of rivalry, for so extensive is the patronage allotted to this beautiful, this almost fascinating department of the fine arts—a department in which England stands unapproached throughout the world,—that there is ample room for both. The encouragement experienced, and so well deserved, is most gratifying to contemplate.

Mr. E. Corbould stands high upon the list of exhibitors. His tournament (No. 53, in the north room) at Calais, when Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, was appointed captain of that fortress, is a rich and splendid production, evincing an extraordinary feeling for the old chivalric spirit. The gallant steeds—the costly armour—the bright and glittering casques—the noble bearing of the knights—the waving pennons—the shivered lances darting through the air—bring before us, to the very life, one of those dazzling and exhilarating scenes which made the hearts of our noble ancestors dance, and the high blood run joyously through their veins. This is a picture of which Mr. Corbould may be proud.

The same artist has fifteen or sixteen other pieces, chiefly from Lalla Rookh, the Corsair, &c., and others of a more purely fancy character. Amongst the latter we particularly notice his admirably satirical sketch, "The Age of Taste, 1840," in the middle room, No. 188.

One of the pictures that we should most covet—the one, perhaps, that we should covet beyond all others in the exhibition—is Haghe's "Interior of the Hall of Courtray" (207) in the middle room. The time chosen is in 1646, when—the town being menaced with a siege by the forces of the United Provinces, headed by Gaston, Duke of Orleans—the magistrates, clergy, and chiefs of the company of arquebusers, assembled to discuss the best mode to be adopted for the defence of the place. The energy—the zeal—the force and distinctiveness of character displayed by the respective individuals—and the bold relief in which they stand forth—are very striking. Then, again, the architecture of the Hall, and its rich and magnificently carved chimney piece. And the powerful yet sober colouring—and the broad masses of light and shade—all indicate the hand of a master.

Mr. Warren is another eminently successful exhibitor. His "Happy Valley," from Johnson's *Rasselas*, also in the middle room (224) is so rich, so glowing, so gorgeous in effect, that it might almost be deemed a scene of enchantment.

Mr. Weigall, in his "Charge of the Cavaliers" (24), and one or two other pictures of similar character—and more particularly in his "Battle of Flodden Field" (328), painted in conjunction with Mr. Warren, has strong claims on the notice of the visitor. From the unusually varied nature of his subjects, too, Mr. Weigall appears to possess extraordinary versatility of talent.

Sidney Shepherd has some exceedingly clever street and other views; especially, the "Coronation Fair, in Hyde Park, June 28, 1838" (95)—a "Scene from a Window in St. John's Street, during Bartholomew Fair"—and the "Ruins of the Royal Exchange, after the Fire" (170).

In H. Johnston's "Brazilian Gamblers" (233)

the emotion of horror in the woman's face, on beholding the corpse of the murdered man, is very powerfully expressed.

Brief and hurried as is our present notice, we cannot even mention the names of all the other artists whose productions are entitled to distinct remark. We hope to return to the subject with renewed interest next month.

It would greatly assist the visitor, and even at times facilitate sales, if the Society's catalogue furnished the numbers of the pictures exhibited, affixed to the names of the exhibitors, as in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, British Institution, &c.

#### PARRIS'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION.

This painting, of which "honourable mention" has been made in a preceding page (245), has been privately shewn at the artist's—at Mr. Moon's, in Threadneedle Street—and at Messrs. Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall East. It has since been sent to Oxford, for a similar purpose; and, immediately on its return to London, it will be placed in the hands of the engraver.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SIGHTS.

It may assist a casual visitor of the metropolis, if we indicate a few of the more striking exhibitions which are just now attracting notice.

*The Model of Waterloo*, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, continues to be the daily resort of hundreds of visitors, who enter, with the liveliest interest, into all the details of the greatest and most important battle of modern times.

*The Adelaide Gallery*, and *The Polytechnic Institution*—the former at the northern terminus of the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand; the latter in Regent Street, North—are exhibitions of practical science, at which experiments are made, lectures delivered, &c. At the Adelaide Gallery are to be seen electrical and magnetical apparatus, an oxy-hydrogen microscope, steam-gun, steam-engines, steam-boilers, and models of warming apparatus, &c., cooking stoves, lamps, furniture, house fittings, &c., models of pneumatic and hydraulic engines, models of machinery, fire-arms, carriages, ships, &c.; and naval fittings, carriages, harness, bridges, roads, piers, surgical apparatus, philosophical instruments, &c.; also, an electrical eel, a new invisible girl, &c. At the Polytechnic are a galvanic battery, an oxy-hydrogen microscope, a diving bell, Lord Dundonald's rotary steam-engine, and numerous other objects of interest.

*Miss Linwood's Gallery*, presenting copies of many of the finest works of the ancient painters, in needle-work, is still in excellent preservation in Leicester Square.

At the Cosmorama Rooms, in Regent Street, the *Industrious Fleas* may be seen in the daily performance of their extraordinary and varied labours.

At the same establishment is a *Talking Canary Bird*, all alive; with several minor exhibitions.

*The Eccaleobion* is a machine for artificial incubation. It is an oblong wooden box, about nine feet in length and three in breadth, divided into eight compartments, open to the sight, in which the eggs are deposited, being spread promiscuously upon the floor. The heat is supplied by pipes, which can easily be regulated to the required temperature of 98 degrees, when, under favourable cir-

circumstances, the principal of which is the quality of the egg, the process of incubation goes on successfully, the chickens issuing from the egg at the usual period of twenty-one days. After ten or twelve hours they begin to feed, and are then removed into an apartment of a genial temperature, to which artificial farm-yard they give a very animated appearance. The inventor considers that this plan might be successfully introduced in an economical point of view, were an extensive establishment formed in a favourable locality, as the apparatus is susceptible of an interminable produce, and the supply both of eggs and poultry would become so plentiful as to be no longer a mere luxury of life.

*The Florentine Anatomical Gallery*, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, may be said to present the startling revelations of a dissecting-room, with-

out the forbidding grossness of decaying mortality. Two figures—the Venus and the Apollo—the beautiful personifications of female grace and manly beauty and vigour, are here analytically dissected. The exhibitor, Signor Sarti, raises the skin, and displays the muscles, the organs of motion, which being in turn removed, the various viscera are seen—the heart, lungs, stomach, spleen—with the auxiliary apparatus of air-tubes (bronchiæ), arteries, veins, and nerves. All who study the physiology of digestion should here learn their anatomy; everyone who wishes to understand the wonderful mechanism by which he

“——lives and moves and has his being,”

will find in the Florentine Gallery a good stepping-stone to the knowledge he seeks.

## LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, & MISCELLANEOUS MEMORABILIA.

### ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

A Society for the Encouragement of Literature is projected by means of prizes for the best literary productions on given subjects, including musical compositions, according to the plan. It is proposed that all competitors be members of the society, by contributing a certain annual sum, which shall entitle him or her to the following advantages:—1st. The privilege of competing for all prizes. 2nd. To copies of the annual reports. 3rd. To admission to the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes. 4th. To vote for the adjudicators. 5th. To admission to the reading-room, where all works should lie for at least four months after adjudication, unless they are taken to be printed, in which case a printed copy should be laid on the table as early as possible. A smaller subscription to entitle the subscriber to all the advantages, except that of competing for prizes.

#### SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

Seven academies are to be established in Turkey, at the cities of Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonica, Broussa, Smyrna, Bagdad, and Trebizonde, where, among other sciences, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry, are to be especially taught. The lectures are to be delivered in French and in Turkish, and the Sultan has requested the Academy of Sciences in Paris to send him some young professors. In the academies of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonica, Grammar, Geography, and History are to be taught in French, after the European manner. The professors are to have a fixed salary, and a pension on retirement.

#### THE PHOTOGENIC ART.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Mr. Faraday drew attention to a new application of Mr. Talbot's discovery by Messrs. Blake, Havell, and Willmore, several specimens of which were exhibited. It consisted of an imitation of engraving,

and was thus described. Lines were traced on a plate of glass with an opaque substance, white lead: and for the semi-tints, a semi-opaque substance. The design thus traced, was, on being submitted to action of light, in a few minutes transferred to Mr. Talbot's sensitive paper, lights for lights, and shades for shades; and in this we understood the novelty of the process to consist. When fixed, an exact copy was obtained. There was no one between the artist and the engraving, and no injury to the die. Multiplied impressions may be produced without in the least affecting the original design. Thus were new things produced from a thought, and a new application of the principle of “photogenic drawings” made well worthy of notice.

#### REPRODUCTION OF STATUARY.

A French Artist, M. Colas, has found the means of applying to sculpture a process which has much connection with M. Daguerre's invention. By this contrivance the Venus of Milo, for instance, is identically re-produced in all its dimensions, from the original size of the statue to the *statuette* of three feet, an inch, or even six lines; and, moreover, it may be done in marble, stone, ivory, wood, alabaster, &c. M. Colas's process employs the hardest as well as the softest substances, and his copies of statues and bas-reliefs are so complete that the imperceptible alterations of the marble worn by time are exactly re-produced.

#### THE ALBION PRESS.

It is at all times eminently gratifying to observe a right, sound, liberal, and what may be fairly termed sympathetic feeling between the employer and the employed—neither of which can prosper or even exist, without the other. In no art, manufactory, or occupation ought that feeling to be so strikingly predominant as amongst those who are connected

with the Press, an engine of all-commanding power, greater than even steam itself. We say this, because they have, within their grasp, the means of superior enlightenment; and where knowledge comes she ought to be associated with every virtue. It is with great pleasure therefore we mention, that, at a supper lately given to the workmen employed at Hopkinson's Albion Press Factory, in Finsbury, on the completion of the 1000th "Improved Albion Press," a spirit of more than usual harmony, unanimity, and cordial sympathy between "master and man" prevailed; a spirit which clearly shewed that they knew their interests to be one and indissoluble.

On the very spur of the moment, as it were, William Hawkins, one of the workmen, wrote and sang the following song, which was received with reiterated cheers. The haste and rapidity with which it was written form an abundant excuse for any little errors that it may betray.

"WHEN a nation's right or glory calls  
'Tis 'Albion's Sons' and 'Wooden Walls';  
But here my friends let's make a pause,  
The Albion Press now claims applause.

From year to year three hearty good cheers  
For the Albion Factory Huzza, Boys,  
For the Albion Factory huzza!

"It numbers high and proudly stands,  
'Tis known in every foreign land;  
The trump of fame now sounds it forth  
From east to west from south to north.  
From year to year, &c. &c.

"Its enemies spring up apace,  
But soon they fall into disgrace,  
The more they try to cut it down,  
Their malice speaks its great renown.  
From year to year, &c. &c.

"The time my friends you see has come,  
That a Thousand Improved ones are done:  
And now my boys we'll all rejoice,  
And with the utmost strain of voice,  
Sing from year to year, &c. &c.

"Long live our Master and his Wife,  
To enjoy the fruits of a useful life,  
And happy with us may they stay,  
Till crowned with joy they end their days.  
From year to year, &c. &c.

"Let peace and concord be our chief,  
In sickness give each other relief,  
When business calls let's not delay,  
But let us merrily hammer away.  
From year to year, &c. &c."

#### CURIOUS AND UNIQUE VOLUME.

At the sale at Mr. Sotheby's rooms, of the miscellaneous library of the late Edmund Lodge, Esq., Clarenceux King-at-Arms, the following curious and unique volume was purchased by Mr. Bent, of the Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row, for the sum of £13 10s:—"The Mirour of Maies-tie, or the Badges of Honour conceitedly emblazoned, with emblems annexed, poetically unfolded, by H. G., remarkably fine copy, in half morocco.—London, printed by W. L., 1618.—The only other impression of it which has occurred for sale, or even known, was in the White Knight collection, where it sold for £18. It was resold at Perry's sale for £17 17s; and again in Heber's

collection for £7 10s. The title of that copy was reprinted, and the imprint was different from the present, independent of the date being altered to 1619."

#### LITERARY FUND.

After the meeting of the committee on Wednesday, April 10, the Literary Fund Club entertained as many of the fifty stewards for the ensuing fiftieth, or jubilee anniversary, on the 8th of May, as favoured it with their company at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. B. Bond Cabell in the chair, supported on the right and left by Mr. Hope and Sir Wm. Chatterton, vice presidents. The health of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who has condescended to preside on that occasion, was toasted with every demonstration of grateful respect; and the whole entertainment, with the arrangements in progress, and the numerous acceptance of invitations by distinguished persons, give promise of a brilliant meeting on the appointed day.

#### INVENTION OF LITHOGRAPHY.

Fifty years ago, there lived at Munich a poor fellow, by name Aloys Senefelder, who was in so little repute as an author and artist, that printers and engravers refused to publish his works at their own charges, and so set him upon some plan to do without their aid. In the first place, Aloys invented a certain kind of ink which would resist the action of the acid that is usually employed by engravers, and with this he made his experiments upon copper-plates as long as he could afford to purchase them. He found that to write upon the plates backwards, after the manner of engravers, required much skill and many trials, and he thought that were he to practise upon any other polished surface—a smooth stone, for instance, the least costly article imaginable—he might spare the expense of the copper until he had sufficient skill to use it. One day, it is said, that Aloys was called upon to write—rather an humble composition for an author and an artist—a washing bill. He had no paper at hand, and so he wrote out the bill with some of his newly-invented ink, upon one of his Kilheim stones. Some time afterwards he thought he would try and take an *impression* of his washing bill—he did, and succeeded. Senefelder invented lithography.—*Westminster Review*.

#### GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

A Society for promoting the study of Gothic Architecture (the most picturesque and fitting for our country and climate) has been formed at Oxford.

#### CONVOCAION OF BOOKSELLERS.

The principal booksellers in Leipsic, Berlin, Frankfort, and other great marts in Prussia, Hanover, &c. &c., have proposed to invite a convocation of their order from every country in Europe (why not America also, where the work of cheap reprinting is carried on upon so extensive a scale?), to discuss the best means of putting a stop to the injurious and dishonest practice of piracy, which so generally prevails, and devise a system of mutual intercourse for the benefit of "*the Trade*," and we trust, of the producers and authors also.

## ODD AND RARE ETCHINGS.

A curious collection of Etchings by Rembrandt, Albert Durer, Claude, Berghem, Paul Potter, and other celebrated masters, the property of the late Marechal Massena, were lately sold by auction, by

order of his executors, at Paris. The prices were beyond all former sales: some of the most exquisite *morceaux* were secured for this country, probably to be added to the national collection in the British Museum.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN the commencing Number of the new volume of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE, we shall have the pleasure of introducing one or two novel, and, as we trust they will prove, interesting features.

The able paper of L. E. R. on the Canadian subject is declined, simply because it is not our intention to allow THE ALDINE MAGAZINE to be converted into an arena for political discussion. It is our wish that it be preserved sacred to the amenities of social life.

The papers of AMINA are under consideration.

Our friend W. C. S., of Doncaster, ought to have received a packet of books and papers from us several weeks ago.

Why have we not heard from ALPHA?

To C. R.'s enquiry respecting *Cheveley, or the Man of Honour*, we answer,—"No." We are not disseminators of scandal.

We shall have the pleasure of attending to E. B. P., the champion of Dr. Gregory, next month.

At present, it is not practicable for us to avail ourselves of the services of ATA.

The only objection to "*Lines written in a Bible*" is, that they are of a character too exclusively religious for the pages of a general literary miscellany.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

In one volume 8vo. *Memoirs of Margaret of Lancaster, Countess of Richmond and Derby*; by Miss Halstead, daughter of the late distinguished Admiral Halstead. We understand, through a source upon which we can fully rely, that this is a work of extraordinary research and talent, and worthy, in every respect, of the daughter of a

brave British officer. In the progress of the work, Miss Halstead has consulted documents from every great library in England, public and private.

*A History of Gibraltar, Historical and Legendary*; by Captain Hort, an officer of sterling merit and ability, who has been three years resident in the fortress.

## BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

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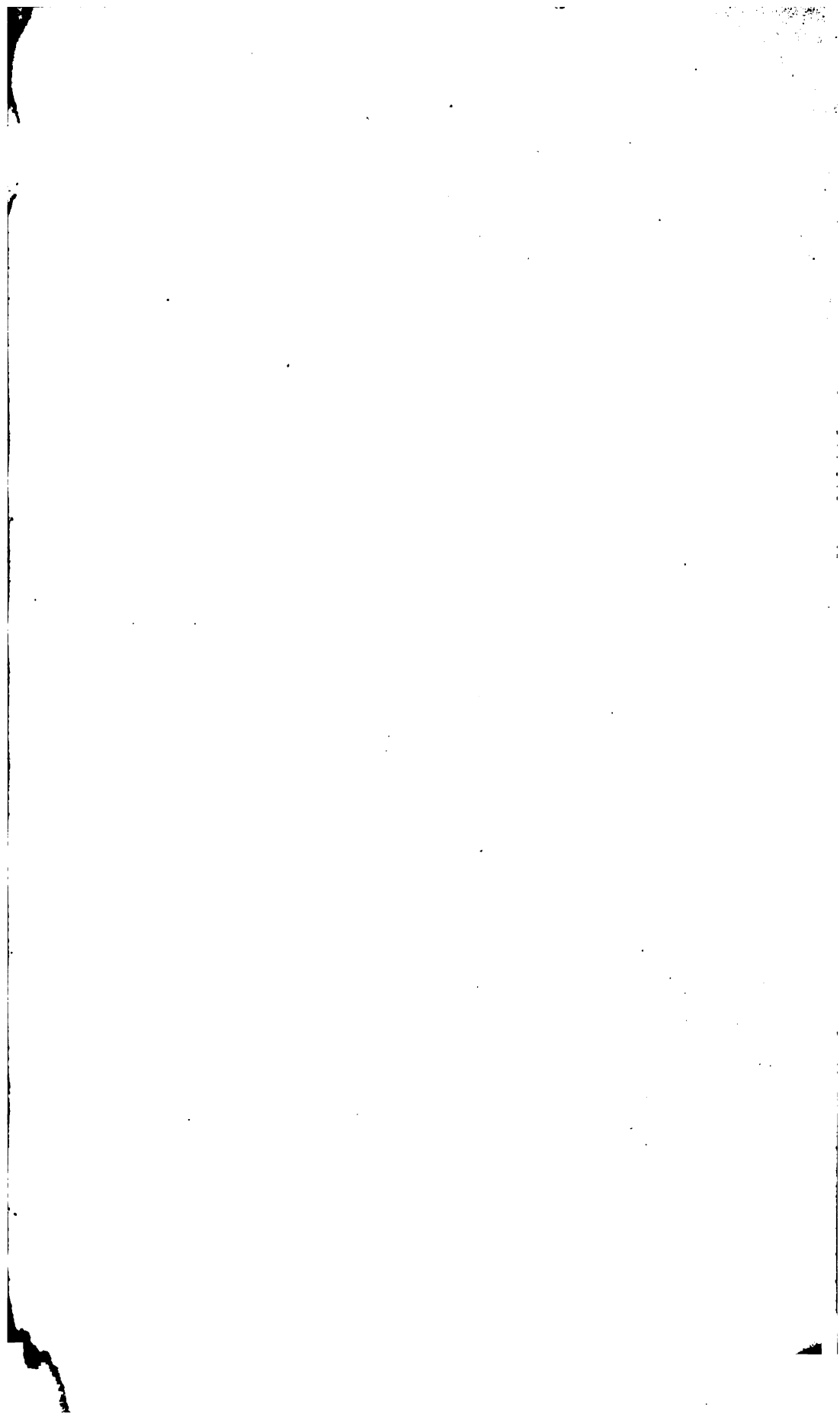
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# THE ALDINE MAGAZINE

OF

Biography, Bibliography, Criticism, and the Arts.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

"Kings and statesmen have thought the encouragement of their arts at home to be as much a part of their duty as the defence of their country in the field, or the maintenance of its interests in the cabinet. A taste for what is beautiful is one great step to a taste for what is good."

JAMES'S "Desultory Man."

LAST month, the want of space prevented us from extending our views respecting the Royal Academy of Arts—its past and present state—its government, objects, &c. We are now enabled to resume the subject more effectively. Accident has placed before us three pamphlets, reference to which will render our task comparatively light: 1. "A Letter to Lord John Russell, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the alleged Claim of the Public to be admitted *gratis* to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, F. R. S.;"—2. "A Letter to Joseph Hume, Esq., M. P., in reply to his Aspersions on the Character and Proceedings of the Royal Academy, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, F. R. S., &c.;"—3. "A Letter to Sir Martin Archer Shee, F. R. S., President of the Royal Academy of Arts, &c., on the Reform of the Royal Academy, by Edward Edwards, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Art Union of London." All these pamphlets are, we believe, restricted to private circulation; some intimation of their contents may, therefore, be the more acceptable.

From the "Advertisement" prefixed, it appears that Sir M. A. Shee's first-mentioned "Letter originated from a wish expressed by the noble Lord to whom it is addressed, that the writer would state to him the grounds on which the Royal Academy objects to admit the public gratuitously, at any period during the Exhibition." A contemporary, following in our wake, has

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given a tolerably clear condensed view of the actual position of the Royal Academy, in most of its bearings, as regards the public. It well sustains and illustrates our own previous representation. For the sake of brevity, we shall adopt his words:—

"First, then, as to its funds: the Public has never been called upon to support the Academy; it receives nothing from Government, except the loan of a suite of rooms. These rooms are now part of the National Gallery; but they belong to the Academy as justly as if they had been purchased and paid for. Their original residence they received as a gift from George III.—such residence being, at the time he gave it, his Majesty's private property. And when, subsequently, he disposed of that property to the Nation, he expressly stipulated that apartments in lieu thereof, should be fitted up for, and appropriated to, the Academy in Somerset House. Their removal from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square may have been beneficial to the members, but the transfer was also a public convenience. The apartments they formerly occupied they have resigned to the Crown: Its income is derived solely from its annual exhibitions; the sum thus collected is disbursed in payments for the maintenance of the schools, in salaries to professors, keeper, librarian, and secretary, and the necessary servants; for the delivery of lectures; for the prizes distributed every year; in maintaining a student on the continent; and, above all, in supporting decayed artists, their widows, and children—not the widows and children of members only; large sums have been distributed among those whose only claim upon it was that they, or their progenitors, had been meritorious labourers in the profession. A sum of 300,000*l.* has been raised by the Academy, since its foundation, from one only source—its annual exhibition. For nearly half a cen-

tury, there was no other institution for educating artists; no other "charity" to which distressed artists could apply for relief; and both projects were largely accomplished without a call having ever been made upon the Country to assist in forwarding objects in which the country was deeply interested;—England being, we believe, the only civilized nation of the world which has never granted money from the public coffers to accomplish a purpose not deemed alone desirable, not alone honourable, but necessary; necessary to extend its fame, to improve its citizens, and to uphold its intellectual rank."

Sir M. A. Shee, in his Letter to Lord John Russell, states more fully, as follows:—

"The Royal Academy has supported, for more than half a century, the only National School of Art in the kingdom;—a species of institution considered of so much importance in most other civilized communities as to be supported by the state. They have established professors and gratuitous lectures in the different departments of Art; they have instituted numerous prizes to excite emulation and stimulate industry; they have accumulated a valuable collection of casts, prints, and books, and provided every material and means of study necessary for cultivating the pursuits of taste; they have *gratuitously* educated more than seventeen hundred students, the most promising of whom have been enabled to pursue their studies in the schools of Italy, at the expense of the Academy, and the least successful of whom have been instructed in those acquirements which have qualified them to become useful agents of manufacturing improvement, when foiled in their ambition to fulfil a higher destination.

"These important services rendered to their country at the sacrifice of nearly three hundred thousand pounds, raised by the joint labours of artists, and disinterestedly devoted by them to public objects, must, I conceive, under any just estimate of their value, effectually turn the balance in favour of the Academy, even though they decline to endanger their property and diminish their means, by opening their doors to a promiscuous multitude, or submitting a royal establishment to the tender mercies of radical renovation!" \* \* \* \*

"It is somewhat mortifying, my Lord, that the merits and services of the Royal Academy should be so little known or understood by the public, as to require to be thus explained and enumerated. It may be said, indeed, to be rather extraordinary that an institution, unsurpassed, if not unexampled, for the disinterestedness and integrity of its proceedings, should be aspersed and misrepresented unceasingly as composed of selfish monopolists and mercenary traders in taste;—that it should be assailed with asperity even in the senate, without a voice being raised in its defence amongst those from whose better feeling and better knowledge we

might reasonably have expected an indignant exposure of such calumnious imputations." \* \*

"To speak candidly, my Lord, the government may be said to be much more interested in the preservation of the Royal Academy than the members of which that body is composed. What personal or selfish advantage can those eminent artists derive from the existence of an institution whose direct object it is to raise up rivals to themselves? What motive but zeal for the advancement of the arts and the honour of their country can induce them to submit their works, already well known in the circles of taste, to the ordeal of an annual exhibition, subject to the animadversions of ignorance and malevolence, and exposed to have their supremacy contested, and their hard-earned laurels shaken, if not torn from their brow, by the vigorous grasp of rising genius? But it may be reasonably alleged that the government have some interest in the preservation of an institution which has performed for them an important duty; a duty which, unquestionably, they would long since have been required to discharge, if the zeal and patriotism of the Academy had not furnished them with an excuse for neglecting it.

"This duty, my Lord, the Academy are still willing to perform without stipend or stipulation. They are still willing to employ their time, their talents, and their funds, for the advantage of their art and their country. But if their services are not considered of sufficient importance to insure them respect, and entitle them to protection;—if those whose office it is to watch over the great interests of the state disapprove of the manner in which the Academy perform their volunteered task;—if it be at length discovered that the affairs of art can be conducted more beneficially for the country under ministerial management, and that a fund of ten or twelve thousand pounds a-year can be appropriated for that purpose, the members of the Royal Academy will, I have no doubt, be among the first to hail the flattering prospect, and will readily surrender the privilege which they have been so long allowed to enjoy—that of supporting a National Institution at their own expense!"

On the main, though absurd, question of free admission, Sir M. A. Shee thus judiciously remarks:—

"The property thus required to be thrown open to indiscriminate access is neither the property of the public nor of the Academy. It belongs to individuals who have intrusted it to that Institution for an express purpose. It is composed of articles particularly liable to injury; and we have no right to use it in any manner likely to endanger its preservation, or which was not in the contemplation of those who committed it to our charge. If any damage were to take place, the injury would be without redress,—the public would not indemnify the sufferer, and the Academy could not be held responsible.

"Take, for instance, the Sculpture-room of the Royal Academy, filled, as it is at present, with most valuable works in marble, crowded in a space which allows scarcely more than two spectators to pass abreast between the different articles submitted to inspection. With what feelings would Sir Francis Chantrey, Sir Richard Westmacott, and Mr. Bailey learn that productions on which they had been employed for years,—for which some thousands of pounds were to be paid, and for the perfect preservation of which they were responsible to the proprietors, had been thrown open to the promiscuous access of the mob; that a committee of coal-heavers—an assemblage of *connoisseurs* from Field-lane and St. Giles's—had been invited by the Academy to polish their manners, refine their feelings, and cultivate their taste at the expense of the unhappy artists, who must submit to whatever mischief or mutilation might be inflicted on their works while exposed to so rough an ordeal of criticism?" \* \* \*

"The rush of a crowd into the Miniature apartment would be still more likely to produce damage and depredation. The productions exhibited there are for the most part small and valuable; they are not very effectually secured on the walls to which they are attached, and are all in frames furnished with expensive glasses, liable to be broken on the slightest pressure. No vigilance of police or Academic superintendence could guard the property exposed to plunder in such circumstances, or baffle the furtive ingenuity with which such small objects would be wrenched from their places, pocketed, and carried off in the crowd. Even as it is, we find it impossible to prevent theft. Scarcely a year passes in which some miniature is not stolen; and the Academy has been so often called on to make good the loss, as to render necessary a public notice, that though the Institution would take all possible care of the works intrusted to their charge, they could not be responsible for damage or loss from accident, fire, or any other cause."

In his Letter to Mr. Hume, Sir M. A. Shee is pointed and severe—though not more severe than just.

"I believe, Sir, notwithstanding the *dilletante* drilling to which you have so patiently submitted, in order to fit yourself for the service in which you have engaged, you have not, as yet, obtained any particular distinction for your knowledge of the Fine Arts. Matters of taste do not appear to be in your department. Your sensibilities have never been excited to the manifestation of any interest in their behalf. Your invectives against the Academy, therefore, are as rash and intemperate as they are pointless and unprovoked. They betray a spirit of rancour and virulence more characteristic of private pique and personal enmity, than of that measured animadversion and regulated reproof which

a liberal reformer would employ even in the most ardent pursuit of public objects. But though your darts have been poisoned with the skill of a *Cherokee*, and your aim has been deadly, they have failed to inflict a wound, not from want of venom in the instruments, but of vigour in the arm by which they have been thrown."

Alluding to the zeal of the honourable advocate for the *public* appropriation of *private* property, Sir M. A. Shee observes:—

"You do not hesitate to assert that a portion of the expense incurred for the support of the Academy, is supplied from the Public purse. You are reported, Sir, to be as peculiarly conversant in the lore that relates to the outlay of the National funds, as you are vigilant in preventing their misappropriation. Can you adduce in support of your assertion, any grant of the public money to the Royal Academy? Can you prove that a single shilling has been contributed by the Government towards the maintenance of that Institution, since its first establishment? If you cannot do this, Sir, you must allow me to express my wonder, by what extraordinary process of mis-conception,—by what peculiar impulse of inaccuracy, you have been led publicly to make an assertion, hazarded in the face of the explicit statement made to you by me, in the conversation which took place between us on the subject,—the minutes of which now lie before me,—an assertion, also, in the face of the still more explicit statement contained in my letter to Lord John Russell, of which you were furnished with a copy, and which I here quote:—

"The Royal Academy, although instituted for the promotion of great National objects, and powerfully sustaining those objects, is not a National Establishment. Though rendering important public services, it is not, in any respect, supported or assisted, nor has it ever been supported or assisted, from any public fund." \* \* \*

"It would appear, Sir, that you have no objection to the use of a *little intimidation* when it can be employed against Deans and Chapters.

"But reinforced by the two powerful engines with which you now take the field, Don Quixote's attack upon the windmill is not to be compared to the vigour of your advance against Cathedrals and Academies. You manœuvre your force too, with the judgment of a skilful engineer. You bring to bear upon each of your opponents the battery most likely to be effective, and you *terrify* the priests, while you *shame* the painters.

"I do not presume, Sir, to offer a conjecture as to the effect which your fulminations may produce upon the right reverend bench, or to judge whether enough of the Church militant spirit remains to enable them to sustain with fortitude your alarming menace. But, for the Royal Academy,

'There are no terrors, Cassius, in thy looks.'

"Armed alike against fear or shame, in the proud panoply of honour and truth, we disdain the recreant who would meanly yield in such a cause; and when you attempt to batter in breach, you will find the Academic fortress more impregnable even than the Tower;—you will be overset in the recoil of your own guns, and catch, by rebound, the shame which you would cast upon the Academy." \* \* \* \*

"I shrink not, Sir, from the encounter, even though you come forward as the great Goliath of the fray. As to your allies of the pencil and the pen, I shall only say, *sans façon*—

*'Let baffled quacks in rabid rage 'abuse  
My father, mother, body, soul, and muse!'*

"Let them swear 'by all the gods!' that I am a bad painter, a worse poet, and, to crown all, an academic monopolist! Whatever my claims may be, the censure of such assailants I defy. Their praise, indeed, might be fatal; for,—

*'Of all mad creatures,—if the learn'd are right,—  
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.'*—Pope.

"I advocate, Sir, no private or personal object. Selfish interests have never prompted my pen; my pencil has never courted the dispensers of patronage or fame, nor have I ever sought to gain by intrigue what talent could not procure for me. On personal grounds I do not believe I have an enemy;—on such grounds I should grieve to deserve one. But if an unflinching zeal in the cause of the Arts,—if an honest ardour in defence of an Institution, whose services entitle it to the respect and gratitude of the country, should expose me to the shafts of professional malevolence, the rancour of party, or even the frown of authority, I am ready to abide the consequences and to pay the penalty."

Mr. Edwards, though apparently an admirer of Mr. Hume, is an assailant of a different, and of a far more honourable character. Many of his notions, however, we deem to be erroneous. Repudiating the charge of corruption, that, says he, "of which public opinion really does accuse the Academy, is unprogressiveness and inadequacy to the wants of the time." In refutation of this opinion, let the reader take the trouble of referring to the early catalogues of the institution, and of comparing them with those of recent date, and he will then be enabled to judge whether the arts of painting have or have not advanced by means of the Academy. Afterwards, indeed, Mr. Edwards admits, "that, since the foundation of the Royal Academy, the circumstances of the Arts in this country have wholly changed." If so, from what cause has the change arisen, but from the united efforts alone of the members of the Aca-

my, and from their liberal and even generous impartiality, evinced towards their professional brethren, not belonging to the institution? "Had the Royal Academy," observes Mr. Edwards, "met the demand upon it by frankly originating a *full inquiry* into its constitution and affairs, *with the express view of making it a really National Institution, and of obtaining for it such powers and such means as should render it fully adequate to its objects*, it would then have met with firm and zealous friends in many of those who, not unreasonably, have been made suspicious of it by its apparent unwillingness to put up with a continued *uncertain and irresponsible* character." Now, though we do not conceive that the Academy was, in any respect, *bound* to respond to any demand of the nature alluded to by Mr. Edwards, it *did* respond: it *did* meet the inquiry, in the fullest extent, before a Committee of the House of Commons. It was weighed in the balance, and was not found wanting.

Mr. Edwards is an advocate for what he considers—we can hardly perceive how or why—a grand reform. By way of summary, he contends, that the most desirable reform in the Royal Academy—the reform which would most extend and strengthen its usefulness—consists

"1, In the separation of its functions as *assembly of honour*, and as *school of instruction*, from those which are connected with the *annual exhibition*, confining it wholly to the former.

"2, In the removal of the limitation as to the number of its members; the recognition of engravers as full members, forming an integral part of the academic body; and the abolition of the class of associates.

"3, In the appropriation of such a sum from public funds as shall be sufficient, when added to the proceeds of the funded property at present possessed by the Academy, to provide for the liberal increase of its means of instruction—as lectures, collections, and the like—and for its future permanent maintenance, as *assembly* and as *central school*; and,

"4, In adequate provision for the official inspection of its schools, and for the publication of periodical reports upon its general proceedings."

On these points we by no means consider Mr. Edwards's reasoning to be conclusive. The Academy consists of forty Members, twenty Associates, and six Associate Engravers. If the number of Academicians were to be increased, the honour would be rendered less an object of emulation and

desire. We believe, too, that, notwithstanding the improved state of the arts, it would be extremely difficult materially to increase the number of Academicians in a manner satisfactory to the Academy and to the public. It is not improbable that there may be, at the present time, some two or three painters superior in talent to some two or three of the present Academicians; but this admission does not nullify the first objection, that an increase of the number of members would diminish the value of the honour sought; nor can it be received as a proof, that, although there may at this time be a larger number of individuals than forty, eligible for the academic chair, the supply, in point of merit in all respects, could be constantly kept up.

Why the class of Associates should be abolished, we cannot at all comprehend. Admission into that class must be received as evidence of the eligibility of the individuals to become candidates, on vacancy, for the higher honour of Academician.

The painter is, in a certain sense of the word, a *creator*: on the other hand, the engraver *originates* nothing—he is only a *copyist*. The engravers, however, are likely to get over their difficulty by obtaining a chartered corporation of their own.

To enter into a minute examination of all Mr. Edwards's fancies would lead us to the production of a pamphlet equal at least in extent to the one with which he has favoured us. They are thus summarily disposed of by our contemporary before alluded to:—

“His principal project for removing complaints and renovating its [the Academy's] constitution, is to place the management of the ‘Exhibition’ in the hands of an ‘elective’ body, chosen by the whole of the exhibitors, of a certain standing. How many are to compose the body he does not inform us; whether the members of the Academy, being ‘exhibitors,’ are eligible to be included in it; neither does he enlighten us as to what he means by ‘a certain standing;’—whether such men as we see, for the first time this year, climbing suddenly to the topmost branch of the tree, are to be excluded from it; how the election is to take place; whether the elected are to have any acknowledged head to guide them; and if not, who is to arbitrate in case of squabbles, and decide in the event of differences irreconcilable; whether ‘most votes are to carry it;’ and if so, whether the votes are to be taken when all the hangers are present, or when only one hanger is by; whether they are to be responsible or irresponsible, and if the former, to whom; whether they are to be known or unknown to the public; whether they are, or are not, to be paid for some three weeks of incessant, irksome, and thankless labour; whether each person elected is to be *compelled* to act ‘will he nill he;’ and when all is done, which of the hangers an ill-used artist is to call to account for undertaking a task he was not forced to undertake as a part of his duty. In short, a more visionary scheme was never, we think, proposed; it is so obviously absurd that we marvel a gentleman of taste and ability could seriously propose it and consider his proposition as ‘at once just, practicable, and perfectly safe, as regards all existing interests.’”

So much for Academic Reform!

Θ

## JUNE, BEAUTIFUL JUNE.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH.

MORNING is breaking, and beautiful June  
Is born, the bright child of the lovely May-moon;  
Not a star in the sky, not a live thing on earth,  
But sparkles in beauty or sings in its mirth.  
Let 'em sing, let 'em sparkle—since pass away  
soon  
Will the birthday of June, bright and beautiful  
June.

Pride of the maidens, a rosy-cheek'd boy  
Dances along amid music and joy;  
For his are the fountain, the fruit, and the  
flower;  
And his the green forest, the sunshine, the  
shower.  
Their reed-pipes at sunset the shepherds attune,  
And welcome the laughter of beautiful June.

Behold him again in his manhood's bold pride,  
From the temple of Hymen he comes with his bride;  
Over mountain and valley he leads her along,  
While round him uprises the shout or the song;  
And the burthen is, “Oh! may July's sunny noon  
Bless the bridal of June, bright and beautiful June!”

## THE ENGLISH IN ALGIERS.\*

MORALLY and politically, and almost geographically, the position of Algiers has been greatly altered within the last quarter of a century. The suppression of piracy, and of the consequent slavery of European captives, by the determined energy of the British government, through Admiral Lord Exmouth, some years ago, effected material changes in the policy of the Algerine government, and in the revenue of the state; and, more recently, the rapacious seizure and occupation of the country, by the French, has produced a moral revolution amongst the people, the extent or termination of which it is not yet possible to foresee. Superadded to all this, the rapid communication between Europe and Africa, by means of steam, has excited—and not only excited, but been the means of gratifying—a new interest in whatever may appertain to the ancient world.

Within these few years, Sir Grenville Temple, and other able and intelligent travellers, have thrown much light upon the history, ancient and modern, natural and political, of that portion of the African continent in which Carthage formerly flourished, and in which the Moors and Turks have since established a government of the most despotic and tyrannical nature. To those writers, antiquaries and the *literati* in general have been greatly indebted.

We were led to expect, that the book, entitled “Six Years’ Residence in Algiers,” with which Mrs. Broughton has just favoured the public, was intended farther to enlighten us upon the history of that country, or upon its existing state. In this expectation, it was our fate to be grievously disappointed. After a superlatively ridiculous dedication, we learn, by a few prefatory paragraphs, that the volume before us has “no pretensions to the character of a regular and connected narrative” of any kind; that it consists “simply of extracts from a diary of occurrences” kept by the ostensible author’s mother, “during a residence of six years in Algiers, from the year 1806 to 1812” (*only* twenty-seven years ago!) while her “late father, Henry Stanyford Blanck-

ley, held the appointment of His Britannic Majesty’s Agent, and Consul General at Algiers;” and that, to the said “extracts,” the said ostensible author has “added certain Reminiscences or *Souvenirs*” of her own!

Well! if we cannot obtain what we wish, or had been induced to expect, we must make the best of what we can get. First, however, let us premise, that the lady’s diary ought to have been extensively pruned, and much condensed; and that the entire work should have been subjected to a rigid correction and revisal, previously to its introduction to public notice. Instead of a clumsy volume of more than 450 pages, we might, by these means, have been presented with one of diminished bulk, and more pleasant to read. Of what possible import can it be for the public to be informed, that “Mr. Blanckley went to town this morning through actual torrents of rain”—that “Mr. B. and I both slept in town”—that “I accompanied my family to town, from whence we embarked in a boat, under the customary salutes of the batteries, to celebrate the anniversary of our beloved King’s birth, on board the Niger”—that “Mr. B. went to town through violent rain, and returned much chagrined at the Dey having excused himself, under some plea, from granting him an audience”—or that “our Italian cook, who has been in Mr. B.’s service nineteen years, has to-day given us warning to leave us?” Surely such twaddle as this might, without any distressing loss to the general reader, have been confined to the Blanckley family archives.

It appears that Mr., Mrs., and Miss Blanckley were peculiarly unfortunate in all their pet animals. *Par consequence*, we have the history of a beautiful barbary horse, intended for a present to the Prince of Wales, but who, to escape the horrors of transportation from his native land, committed suicide by hanging himself, and then, instead of having his fine skin *preserved*, had it *tanned*; of “a beautiful tame pet lamb,” “Poor Billy” (no sly allusion, we hope, to Lord Melbourne), who, “one morning,” was “no where to be found, nor his fate to be traced,” until his skeleton was discovered, and it was ascertained that he had become the prey of a pack of jackalls; of a royal eagle, who was

\* Six Years Residence in Algiers. By Mrs. Broughton. 1 Vol., post 8vo. Saunders and Otley. 1839.



meant for a present to the Earl of Liverpool, but who, through a *mistake* of the unlucky Italian cook, was killed, drawn, and trussed, with a view of being served up for dinner; of a poor monkey, who, after playing with the blood of a dog supposed to have been mad, was seized with hydrophobia; and of a tame hare, called Puss, who, in company with a brown-and-white spaniel, named Rich, used to amuse himself by hunting the cats, who at length turned upon their indefatigable enemy, and revenged themselves by devouring him. What a set of family disasters!

Here, however, is a redeeming anecdote of Babastro, a notorious pirate, related in illustration of one of Mr. Blanckley's "most favourite dogmas, viz., that great benefit had accrued to mankind by the establishment and continuation of Freemasonry."

"After the capture of an English prize by this so oft-named corsair, and whilst his crew were following their usual honourable practice of stripping our unfortunate countrymen, (to which they induced them to submit by holding over them unsheathed knives,) that they, the gallant captors, might thus exactly ascertain the precise amount of their booty; it so occurred, that the master of one of the luckless English vessels, whose name escapes my recollection, whilst undergoing this unceremonious disrobing, made use of one of those mystic gestures, invisible to all but the initiated brethren of the trowel and apron. Whatever that sign was, it passed not unnoticed, for instantly was his hand clasped in that of Babastro, and an immediate order was given by him to his satellites to release the English captain from their grasp; and he desired, that whatever property was ascertained to belong exclusively to him, should by all be held sacred, and restored to him. Nor were these professions a mere *façon de parler*, for most strictly were they fulfilled, as I perfectly remember hearing the English captain relate to us. All I recollect besides, of this chieftain of the privateers which so long infested the coast of Algiers, is, that his master, Napoleon, judged him worthy of being named a member of the Legion of Honour, and that its cross accordingly dangled at his *boutonnière*."

We are not particularly sorry to get away from Algiers, that we may be enabled to offer a historic illustration of the conduct of Lord Nelson, a short time before the battle of Trafalgar. Mr. Blanckley and his family were at Minorca, from the Spanish governor of which they had experienced the most brutal and cruel treatment.

"All this was done previous to any declaration that hostilities had taken place between Great Britain and Spain. Were I to recount all the breeches of the law of nations committed

by this Governor Ramierez towards my father, I should never leave off. They finally ended by his compelling us all to embark on board a wretched boat, at the risk of our lives, for he would not permit us to await the frigate which we were hourly expecting.

"In this trying situation, my father, to ensure some degree of respect to his diplomatic character, caused the flags of different nations to be displayed on the mast of the frail bark; and with such a *gala* appearance, we hove in sight of Nelson and his fleet. The singular appearance of our little vessel, much puzzled our gallant countrymen, and when the immortal hero was informed of the strange sail, 'Good God, (was his exclamation,) it must be Mr. Blanckley, and the Sea Horse has missed him. Send a boat on board, and with my compliments, beg of him to come to me immediately.' As soon as my father entered his cabin, he met him with extended hand. 'How, my dear Sir, could you in such weather trust yourself in such a nutshell? Where is your family?' When my father replied that we were all on board, he lifted up his hand and eyes in astonishment, and added, 'I give you my word, I sent you the very first frigate I had under my command. The Sea Horse had only returned to the fleet the very day I dispatched her to you. I am sadly crippled for want of small craft;'—and then beating up, with his one noble hand, the cushions of the sofa, he made my father sit beside him, adding, 'But I will not say one word more, until you tell me what I shall send Mrs. Blanckley for her supper.' My father assured him that she was amply provided; and enumerated all the live stock we had on board, and among other things, a pair of English coach-horses, which, to our no trifling inconvenience, he had embarked, and stowed on board;—'for if I could not have managed to bring them, I would rather have cut their throats, than that a Spanish dragoon should mount them,' was my father's concluding sentence. Lord Nelson laughed heartily at the enumeration of all my father's retinue, exclaiming, 'A perfect Noah's ark, my dear Sir!—A perfect Noah's ark!'

"Lord Nelson's venerable parent was a very dear friend of my father's. Hence a more than ordinary interest was felt by his son in all that related to my father and his family; and although this was their first meeting, they had long corresponded on terms of intimacy. An end was put to all conversation of a private nature, by my father telling his Lordship that he believed he could give him news of the French fleet. The countenance of the hero lighted up, and starting suddenly up, he instantly rung the little hand-bell on his table,—'Let a council of war be called immediately.'

"I cannot, in my lamented ignorance, repeat all the details my father gave of that meeting of heroes;—but I well remember, whatever was the communication he imparted, that he could not persuade Nelson of its authenticity; for his repeated reply was, 'You have been deceived,

my dear Sir; I am better informed. *I know that they are bound for Egypt, for they had saddles on board.* I know not what the result would have been, had he received and acted upon my father's report; but well do I remember, whenever my father alluded to that national calamity, the death of the greatest of Britannia's sons, his sorrowful exclamations of regret, that Nelson had not believed the account he had given of the movements of the enemy.

"Upon the subject of the capture of Minorca being next started in the Council, Lord Nelson called for 'Mr. Blanckley's own plans for the taking of that island.' After these plans had been spread on the cabin table, and examined, Lord Nelson said, 'Now, Mr. Blanckley, when I have settled my business with the fleet, you must go with us to Minorca, and that will be ours in the course of twenty-four hours, and in the next twenty-four hours we will have taken Majorca, to be a cabbage garden for you.'—Such was the playful manner of the hero of a thousand battles.

"I may here observe, that it was from plans drawn by my father, that his friend, Sir Charles Stuart (father to Lord Stuart de Rothesay,) had taken possession of the Island of Minorca some years before, and it remained in the possession of Great Britain until afterwards ceded by treaties to Spain. Several years after this, on our return from Algiers, my father addressed a note to his intimate friend and schoolfellow, Lord Falmouth, asking him if he was acquainted with the then Foreign Secretary, Earl Bathurst. Lord Falmouth, in his reply in a note I have by me, said, 'He had not the honour of Lord B.'s acquaintance; but, my dear Blanckley,' he adds, 'you cannot have a better introduction to his Lordship than the charts, which so successfully conduced to the taking of the Island of Minorca, and which, if I am not mistaken, are preserved in the Foreign Office in Downing Street.'

"Before my father left the Victory, to proceed to Cagliari, Lord Nelson addressed a letter to the Prince Regent of Sardinia, recommending my father, in the warmest terms, to his Royal Highness; and he assured my father, that the Sea Horse, immediately on its return, should be sent to convey us from Cagliari to Malta, where my father was to await Nelson's summons to accompany the expedition to Minorca; and he promised that my father should have the choice of any civil appointment there, that he should think proper to take."

It was in consequence of this promise of Lord Nelson's, that Mr. Blanckley received the appointment of the Algiers consulship.

We shall close with a brief sketch of the assassination of Mustapha Pacha, Dey of Algiers. Sidi Hassan, the hero of the sad tale, was afterwards a great favourite in the service of the consul.

"Sidi Hassan had entered the corps of Janissaries at Constantinople at the age of sixteen, and almost immediately afterward was drafted

into that portion of them which received the Sultan's commands to form the contingent of Turkish soldiers, which, in his quality of Suzerain of the Regency of Algiers, he was required to provide to sustain his power in that Pacha-luck. The young recruit's arrival in that country was in the latter days of the reign of the munificent Mustapha, in whose assassination, he, in common with all the junior members of the soldiery, was, by the orders of their immediate commanders, called upon to act in conjunction with the chief conspirators, who had at length determined upon taking a demonstrative part. In obedience to the commands of the Alifa, or lieutenant of the Janissaries, Sidi Hassan was posted at the corner of one of the streets which led towards the most celebrated Marabout tomb. It was situated in the close vicinity to those of the seven Deys who each successively bore that title, and perished in the course of a single day; for an eighth candidate occupied the throne, whilst they became the inmates of these Mausoleums raised in commemoration of this *grande journée*, and which far surpassed, certainly, in the number of *événemens*, the more modern "*trois grands jours*" of the ultimate successful governors of the land.

"In those days of undisputed Turkish sway, *l'ordre du jour* received by the young Turkish sentinels, who were posted at every avenue leading to the Marabout, was,—that should their denounced sovereign pass, they were to fire upon him, under pain of death to themselves should they disobey these sanguinary dictates. Most unwillingly did Hassan receive them. For, more than one kind word had been addressed to him by the now hunted Prince;—but, repeating to himself a Turkish adage of like import with—'What can't be cured must be endured,'—he primed his fusil, and stood where he was placed, inwardly hoping, 'that as the Pacha's day was come,' he might not escape the fire of all the preceding sentinels. But so it was not fated:—Mustapha Pacha Dey, although he had already received a pistol wound in the back of his neck, rushed round the corner where Hassan was stationed, and when he perceived that the lad hesitated in firing his piece, he went up to him, and imploringly offering him a ruby ring of great size, said, 'Take this, my son, it is all I have to bestow, for all my gold is gone; take it, and spare the life of your father Mustapha.' 'Fly!' was Hassan's reply, as he pushed the proffered jewel back, and with the other hand hid his eyes; 'I see you not.' And it was a truth; for sick and faint was he at heart, and filled were his eyes with burning tears. Ere he had recovered the pitiful sight, the fugitive had pursued his wretched course;—a long one it was not,—for but a minute or two elapsed before the sound of repeated shots announced that it was at an end. In a few more, the mangled corse of him, who, but the eve before, could have pronounced his murderer's doom, was dragged before the sickening sight of the compassionate Hassan."

## THE LATE JAMES BIRD AND HIS WRITINGS.

A TRIBUTE, howsoever humble, to the memory of James Bird, has peculiar claims on the attention of every reader and patron of *THE ALDINE MAGAZINE*, for its lamented subject was at once—no very frequent combination—an author and a bookseller.

Bird was a native of the county of Suffolk, in the very garden of which he lived and died. His was no "strange, eventful history," but that of a man who honoured literature and virtue for their own sake—of a man to whom philanthropy, truth, and benevolence, were ever sacred. Few were the known incidents by which his life was chequered; but if thought and feeling—if the workings of the brain and heart of man stand for aught, and could be recorded—his brief and noiseless career would excite infinitely more interest than the "moving accidents by flood and field" of many of those whose memoirs occupy huge tomes. His genius was fresh and versatile: his qualities of heart were of the rarest and noblest order.

James Bird, the son of a substantial farmer, and the eighth of nine children, was born at Deerbolts Hall, Earl's Stonham, Suffolk, on the 10th of November, 1788. Born, says he,

"—in a dear, delightful, rustic spot,  
'Mid nature's sweetest, though secluded  
bowers,  
I drew my first breath in no lowly cot;  
My 'father's hall,' though destitute of towers,  
Rose high o'er stately oaks, and hill, and grot,  
And rich domains, and verdant meads, and  
flowers,  
To Heaven aspiring, in its 'pride of place.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Mr. Bird may be said to have been, in a great measure, self-educated. In his childhood, he went to a day-school; and if we reflect upon the nature of village day-schools, as they were usually conducted forty years ago, it will be difficult to imagine that he acquired much "useful knowledge" there, even of a preparatory description. Nor does the pupil appear to have been much more fortunate when, at the age of thirteen, he was removed to the grammar school, at Needham Market, a short distance from Deerbolts Hall. Of the master of the school—"one whose race is now extinct"

—he has drawn, as there is reason to believe, a full length portrait, in his poem of "*The Emigrant's Tale*."

"—The grandeur of his face  
Was like the ancient Roman's, wisely stern;  
He did not *teach*, but ordered us to *learn*!  
In all the solemn labour of the school,  
He thought, and looked, and moved, and spoke  
by rule,  
And, as he shook his learned head, and cast  
His eye around, that threatened as it past,  
Each glance was measured, every shake so true,  
That e'en the motion of his ponderous queue  
Seemed like a formal pendulum of lead,  
To time the mental clock-work of his head!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Such was the man, who, at my father's board  
Dined twice a year, and, from his brain, ill-stored,  
Quoted with pride—methinks I hear him speak—  
Three scraps of barbarous Latin, four of Greek,  
Which made my father stare, my mother sigh,  
And wish her son just such a prodigy!"

The poet seems to have described himself accurately, as he appeared in his early days:—

"I've heard our neighbours say, that, when a  
boy,  
My hair was flaxen, and my face was pale,  
Expressing more of thoughtfulness than joy,  
And, like a fragile lily of the vale,  
Which ruffling storm and tempest may destroy,  
Which e'en might bend against the gentlest  
gale,  
I grew but weakly; now, my riper years  
Have brought more strength—more sorrows—  
and more fears!"

Yet, in after-life, cheerfulness and vivacity were amongst Mr. Bird's distinguishing characteristics. They who, in his own select circle, have heard him sing a comic song, will never forget the universal hilarity his unpretending efforts excited. He loved music as a science; his very soul was music.

After a stay of about a year-and-a-half at Needham Market grammar school, the embryo poet was, at his own desire—what an unpoetic fancy!—apprenticed to a miller, in his native village, for three years. Millers, however, frequently have much time upon their hands for cogitation. So it proved with Bird; and to that circumstance may be chiefly ascribed the self-cultivation of his mental powers.

It must have been previously to his apprenticeship that he was involved in a wild, and, in some respects, unpleasant boyish ad-

\* *Poetical Memoirs.*

venture. He had heard the merits of Kemble, the great London actor, discussed. His curiosity—his fancy—was powerfully excited. Closely treasuring in his mind all that he had heard, he, in the course of a short time, collected a few shillings, and, without apprising his family of his intention, started for the metropolis. His purpose was to witness, and to judge for himself, one of those glorious exhibitions which had been sketched, in all their vivid hues, to his imagination. He achieved his object: he beheld the greatest of the great “strut his hour upon the stage;” beyond his most sanguine hopes or expectations, he was gratified—delighted—enchanted. Throughout his life the memory of that night never faded. But, the pageant o’er, he had to return. And, how stood his purse? Empty—all but empty—one solitary sixpence alone remained! He had journeyed far—hungry and thirsty, weary and foot-sore—and he was yet many miles distant from his father’s happy hearth. A wretched roadside ale-house met his eye. The temptation was not to be withstood. He entered—called for a penny roll and cheese and half a pint of ale to recruit his wasted energies. After demolishing his frugal fare, he tendered his sixpence, which, on receiving, the hostess pronounced to be a counterfeit; and, in the spirit of another Xantippe, commenced a strain of fierce and voluble abuse. At length, the poor boy, after long endurance of the lady’s vituperative display, entered into a compromise by leaving in pledge some portion of his wearing apparel! In his graphic relation of this anecdote, it would be difficult to say whether humour or pathos predominated.

At the age of eighteen the lad’s apprenticeship expired; but, for the acquisition of experience as a miller, he continued to pursue the vocation seven or eight years longer. About the year 1814, he occupied the mills at the beautiful village of Yoxford, where, though not as a miller, he ever afterwards continued to reside.

The realities of life were now opening before him. On the 20th of October, 1816, he married Emma, the daughter of Mr. Hardacre, bookseller of the ancient town of Hadleigh, in Suffolk; a woman of much personal attraction, and—educated under the immediate eye of her parents—possessing a mind well stored with the knowledge best calculated to render her, as a wife—

mother—friend—useful and estimable in her station. From this union, which was truly a union of hearts, sprang a family of sixteen children, twelve of whom survive.

Ever, as it has been said, devoted, with the heart’s love, to literature, it was in the month of March, 1819, that Mr. Bird published his first poem, “*The Vale of Slaughden*.” It had, however, been some time written. So favourable was the reception which it experienced, that, within a fortnight after its publication, not a copy was to be obtained. In consequence, a second edition appeared in May following. In some respects, Mr. Bird was amongst the most successful of modern poets; for, though he made but little money by them, all his works obtained an early and extensive circulation.

The “vale” from which Mr. Bird’s first poem takes its title—and with all the localities of which the author was intimately conversant—extends along a part of the Suffolk or East Anglian coast, between the sea and the river Ald. The title might lead to the expectation of its being a descriptive poem, merely: this, however, is not the case; Mr. Bird’s productions are not descriptive poems, merely—they are not “modern epics”—they are of an order superior to tales—they may without impropriety be termed historical novels, or historical pictures in verse; embracing plot, character, and incident, and combining the advantages of fact with the beauties of fiction. The historical incidents of “*The Vale of Slaughden*” arise out of the Danish invasions with which England was harassed in the reign of Alfred; but the leading interest is found in a domestic tale of the loves of Edwin and Gonilda, interwoven with those incidents.

The elegant-minded Dr. Drake, in his “*Winter Nights*,” after an extended critical analysis of Mr. Bird’s poem, thus expresses himself:—

“That the effort will secure him an honourable and a permanent station among the poets of his country, I have not the smallest doubt in asserting. So striking, indeed, have been the passages which I have adduced; so abundantly do they carry on their surface the very form and pressure of superior powers; so much of taste and feeling, of life and character, pervades their whole texture and composition; and so sustained is the impression of the incidents throughout, by the beauty and spirited harmony of the versification, that no person, I am persuaded, can withdraw from the perusal of ‘*The Vale o’*’

*Slaughden*,' without a wish to see such encouragement bestowed, as may lead to further productions from the same source."

It may be added, that the entire poem is conceived in the true poetic spirit: the fifth canto, especially, abounds with deep and lively interest: it is all spirit, and bustle, and animation; all fire, and tenderness, and love. The battle scenery is fine, grand, imposing, and terrific.

The verse, it has occurred to many readers, bears a strong resemblance to that of Campbell; but it is a fact, strange as it may seem, that Mr. Bird had never read Campbell's principal work, "*The Pleasures of Hope*," when he wrote his "*Vale of Slaughden*." Goldsmith appears to have been one of his models—and, so far as model is concerned, he could not easily have chosen a better. Subsequently, however, he, with the originality ever accompanying genius, formed a style and manner of his own.

It must have occurred to almost every one, that many of the strongest attachments of both love and friendship originate in circumstances purely accidental. Such at least do they appear to our restricted sense. And thus it was with respect to the friendship which was formed between the deceased and the author of this poor tribute to his memory. Personally unacquainted—wholly unknown to each other—the latter was induced to offer an opinion respecting the intended publication of "*The Vale of Slaughden*"—or, rather, respecting the propriety of bringing it before the public. From that hour is dated the commencement of a dear and sacred friendship—of one of the dearest and most congenial attachments of the writer's life—of a friendship which, for four or five-and-twenty years, and through seasons of bitter adversity and heavy trial, never failed nor flagged—of a friendship which ceased not even in death, but will revive, and flourish, and endure for ever, in a better and a brighter world.

"If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell—

If that faint murmur be the last farewell—

If fate unite the faithful but to part—

Why is their memory sacred to the heart?"\*

Mr. Bird's first poem, it has been shewn, was eminently successful. So far, however, as pecuniary affairs were concerned, his position in life was not improved. The times were unfavourable to the agricultural

interest; and "grist" came not to the Yoxford mills to the extent required. Their tenant found it expedient to relinquish them somewhat poorer than when he obtained possession. He had even incurred debts to an amount beyond what, at the moment, he had the means of discharging. But the man was known, and respected. His creditors had faith in his honour. And nobly did he sustain his character. For several years afterwards he had to struggle—and, notwithstanding his rapidly-increasing family, he struggled successfully—and he paid off every farthing that he owed.

In its results, Mr. Bird's failure, as a miller, may be regarded as one of the fortunate events of his life. An opening seemed to present itself for his commencing business as a bookseller. He allowed not the opportunity to pass. Yoxford, though only a straggling village, on the high road to Yarmouth, is in the centre of a respectable and extensive agricultural neighbourhood, with many of the seats of the nobility and gentry in its immediate vicinity. Encouragement and patronage failed not; and henceforward he did well.

It may readily be imagined, that the occupation of a bookseller was more in accordance with the taste and feeling of a poet, than the plodding of a mill, notwithstanding the occasional leisure which the latter was known to afford.

Dr. Drake's wish to see "further productions" from the Suffolk poet's pen was now to be realized. Established in his new calling, Mr. Bird, in 1821, brought forward his second work—"Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira." This poem is distinguished by an accuracy, an ease, and an elegance of versification—a few faulty rhymes excepted—by much beauty of description, by exquisite tenderness of sentiment, and by a most praiseworthy correctness of moral. It has more of ornament, more of grace, more of freshness and freedom, more even of pathos than "*The Vale of Slaughden*." The story, it scarcely need be remarked, is founded upon the affecting incident of Machin's unfortunate love, and the consequent discovery of the island of Madeira, in the reign of Edward the Third, as recorded in some of our old authors. Machin, a youth of gentle but not of noble birth, becomes enamoured of Anna D'Arfet, or D'Aufet, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of a baronial family: the lady re-

\* CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*.

turns his love, but is given to another; Machin, by royal order, is imprisoned; he escapes, obtains a vessel, carries off the young bride, embarks for France, is driven by adverse winds into the main ocean, and, at length, reaches Madeira. For a time, the lovers are as happy as their guilt will allow; but at length Anna dies of a broken heart; and Machin, borne down with grief, misery, and remorse, becomes her partner in the grave. To these, and other historical facts, Mr. Bird has, in their general outline, faithfully adhered. This poem displays, also, an accurate knowledge of the geographical and natural history of Madeira; and the story is, in all its details, very highly and effectively wrought.

A prison-interview between Machin and Anna, previously to the marriage of the latter, terminates with the lady's farewell, of which the succeeding lines form the close:—

"Oh! could I die, e'en now,  
With none to close my beamless eyes but thou!  
And that would bless me!—but my sire hath  
sworn

To see me Montfort's bride, when rosy morn  
Again smiles o'er the east, with glancing ray!—  
Hope's flowers will wither on that fatal day!  
But, if thou love me, Machin!—come not nigh  
The spot—the witness of my misery!  
For, though thou art my life's unchanging sun,  
Thy dazzling light I must not gaze upon.  
Yet—not an eve shall close, or morning rise,  
But thou shalt share my heart's warm sacrifice!  
So, fare thee well!—on earth—we may not  
meet;

Yet, yet, in Heaven, my faithful soul may greet  
Thy gentle spirit!—oh!—once more—farewell!"

A portion of the scenery of Madeira is thus described in the third canto:—

"Wild, wandered near them, a pellucid spring;  
There cedars waved, and vines were clustering;  
There bloomed the fairest flowers that earth  
discloses,  
Sweet lupine, jessamine, and blushing roses;  
The golden citron, and the peach were seen,  
With fragrant myrtle, on whose leaf of green  
The zephyr loves to breathe its latest breath,  
And dies, exulting in so sweet a death!  
Around the plain, encircling laurels grew,  
Soothing the vision with their verdant hue;  
While, in the midst, upon a hill's tall brow,  
A spreading tree, with many a pendant bough,  
And glossy leaf of brightest verdure, made  
A wreathy bower, beneath its grateful shade.

Thou matchless isle!—thou art a lovely one,  
Clad all in beauty, dazzling as the sun;  
Thy mountains, mingling with the lofty sky,  
Tower o'er the sea, in proud sublimity!

As though they scorned their native dust, they  
dare

To lift their heads to heaven, while thy fair,  
Thy smiling valleys, are so gay, so bright,  
With streams, and flowers, and scenes of soft  
delight!

And as the foot falls on those happy vales,  
Rich fragrance rises, while the jocund gales  
Bear on their wings the mingled perfume o'er  
The deep blue sea, to glad that *desart* shore,  
Where not a flower, or verdant leaf is seen,  
To deck the soil, or smooth its rugged mien!"

This, also, is beautiful:—

"The tall pines, waving on the mountain's  
brow;

The soothing sound of rolling waves below!  
The goldfinch, sailing on its painted wing;  
The gentle gush of rivers murmuring;  
The golden, everlasting flower, which bloomed  
In changeless, peerless beauty, and perfumed  
The light ethereal air with balmy breath,  
So sweet, that nature had forbidden death  
To rob it of its fragrance!—these endued  
Their hearts with gladness;—and the solitude,  
To Machin's eye, was more than Eden bright,  
For Anna shone, like Eve, in beauty's light!"

Combined with an important event in the hapless destiny of the heroine, the following constitutes a vivid, glowing, and impressive picture of a land storm: a sea storm is portrayed with almost equal effect in "*The Vale of Slaughtden*."

"A solemn gloom pervades the fretting deep;  
Wild o'er its bosom ruffling breezes sweep:  
There comes a dread sound from the wave, that  
rolls

Like the last, deep groan of departing souls!  
The vollied thunder, bursting through the sky,  
Rolls deadly on;—the hills—the rocks reply;  
While forked lightning through the gloom is  
flashing,

And foaming billows on the shore are dashing,  
And 'frighted echoes leap from rock to rock,  
While heaven and earth are trembling with the  
shock!

The fiery bolt from heaven's high arch is rent!  
Flames break from porch, and tower, and  
battlement!

Torn arches crash;—the burning columns fall;  
Loud shrieks are heard from ballium, and from  
hall;

And there is one despairing dreadful cry,  
Heard wildly echoing in the blazing sky.  
Lo!—where the tower is rending!—there!—  
with hands

Stretched out in flames, the trembling Anna  
stands!

The livid fire uprears its forked crest,  
Sears her loose robe, and fixes on her breast;  
Flames rage above,—hot fragments lie beneath!  
To fall, is ruin, and to stay, is—death!

Who swiftly bounds o'er broken arch and  
tower?—

He springs aloft, with more than mortal power,  
Through flames, which hearts less brave would  
fear or fly.

See!—he hath gained the turret, blazing high,  
Where Anna leans upon a tottering peak  
That shakes, as though 't would in a moment  
break

To distant earth—with e'en the gentle weight  
Of one so pale—so faint—so desolate!

A giddy frenzy seized her brain,—her form  
Shook, like a reed, when ruffled by the storm—  
And, as her nerveless fingers lost the power

To grasp the fragments of the shattered tower,  
Her trembling feet forsook the slippery stone  
On which she stood—despairing and alone!

Dark yawned the chasm—the rending base gave  
way—

And Anna sank—no time to weep—to pray—  
For death was near her, when the brave one  
came,

And snatched her, wildly, from devouring flame!  
Then, as he marked her pallid cheek, his sight  
Was fixed in sweet, ineffable delight;  
Though cold that cheek—enraptured by the gaze,  
He heeded not the desolating blaze  
Of circling fire, that burned beneath his tread,  
And hissed in spiry columns o'er his head!"

The terrific scene, as beheld at a distance  
by Anna's father, is sketched with equal  
spirit; and so also is a tremendous storm of  
an entirely different character in the fourth  
canto. Anna's fall is sweetly—tenderly—  
beautifully—almost voluptuously described.  
Deeply, however, does she answer for her  
crime. Her subsequent remorse, her terri-  
fic dream, the final close of her sufferings,  
&c., all rich in imagery and affecting in  
pathos, are sketched by the hands of a  
master. Allowing for some slight inaccu-  
racies of expression—some slight defects of  
rhythm—the succeeding lines, though far  
from forming one of the best passages of the  
poem, are of a truly affecting character:—

"Her last sad tears are shed;—her eye no  
more

Weeps for her fate;—her earthly sorrows o'er,  
She wears a brightening smile of hope, and love,  
As though the golden harps of saints above  
Had soothed her soul, with such a heavenly  
strain,

That nought could charm it back to earth again!  
Her only treasure which the earth possesseth  
Held her, in anguish, to his tortured breast,  
While his eye met—her last—her dying look.—  
"Farewell, dear love!—farewell!—when I for-  
sook

The world for thee, my young—my fond—heart  
danced

To notes of gladness, and I breathed entranced.  
Nor shall I wake from that sweet dream of  
bliss;

No!—no!—that kiss of love—and this—and  
this—

Will tell my heart's warm homage, constant  
yet.—

How brightly hope beamed, love! when first  
we met!

Dark days have followed that dear hour;—but  
thou

Hast ruled my better destiny, and now,  
I could not—would not—break the cherished tie  
Which long hath bound our hearts;—yet—I  
shall die,

And death will break it!—thou—forlorn—  
alone—

Wilt seek my cold, cold grave, when I am gone!  
Remember—lay me, where the wild waves roar,  
Near yonder worn, and rugged rock;—and o'er  
My grave, raise high the holy cross;—farewell!  
Death calls me—hark!—no more—I can but tell  
That I have loved—in hope—in joy—in woe—  
Forgive me, Machin!—God!—forgive me too!"

Mr. Bird's next production (1822) was  
"*Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany; a Tragedy, in  
five Acts.*" In the composition of this  
piece, the writer shewed himself in full  
possession of poetic power, combined with  
full possession of dramatic tact. Had the  
play been accepted, and had it received  
justice at the hands of the actors and the  
scene-painters, there is no doubt that it  
would have succeeded to a considerable ex-  
tent. The closing scene, however—much  
as bustle, incident, and stage-effect are  
desirable—attractive even as is a good melo-  
drame—is decidedly objectionable: it is  
melo-drame and nothing but melo-drame;  
it is deficient in harmony and keeping with  
the earlier parts of the drama; and even the  
poetical justice of the catastrophe is impaired  
in effect by its abruptness. In conformity  
with modern taste, and also with historical  
propriety, one or two magnificent processions  
might have been very successfully introduced;  
they would have contributed to the beauty of  
the representation, and might have been ren-  
dered materially subservient to the interest,  
business, and development of the plot.

This tragedy has been performed with  
success at some of the minor metropolitan  
theatres; and, more recently, an after-piece,  
called "*The Smuggler's Daughter*," from the  
same pen, has been deservedly popular in  
both town and country.

In "*The Exile*" (1823) a story of love  
and war, arising out of the conquest of  
Norway by Harold Harfagre, King of Den-  
mark, in the ninth century, and written in  
happy illustration of the "lasting love" of  
the gentler sex, Mr. Bird's style is, in  
perfect accordance with his subject, much  
less florid than in *Machin*. It has more of

truth, and harmony, and vigour, and firmness in its tone. Considered with reference to its versification, "*The Exile*" is greatly superior to the writer's preceding efforts. The story is very simple. Harold Harfagre, the regal subjugator of Norway, is opposed in his tyrannous and bloody proceedings by the patriotic Regnier. Regnier is overpowered, and banished to Iceland.

"Far in the North, on that dark isle of fire,  
Whose rocks long echoed to the runic lyre ;  
There, ere the Bard had raised its earliest fame,  
Or native Hero gloried in its name ;  
There, sternly musing o'er the wrongs he felt,  
And nursing hopes of future vengeance, dwelt  
The banished Man !—Around him billows roar,  
The bleak rock frowns upon the bleaker shore ;  
The vulture hov'ring o'er her craggy peak,  
Above him screams, and whets her thirsty beak,  
Then restless, dips it in the foaming flood,  
And screams more dreadful, for—it is not blood !  
Aloft a dark Volcano flames, and throws  
Its burning lava o'er the hissing snows,  
While near him roars the *Geyser*, spouting high  
Its foaming waters, boiling to the sky ;  
Swift o'er the rocks wild, livid meteors glare,  
And bursting fire-balls hiss along the air ;  
Beneath him yawn unnumbered clefts, dark, deep,  
Where the winds howl, and where the billows sweep  
Through vaulted caves, like whirlwinds rushing past,  
Each maddening wave more maddening than the last !  
While fire, and snows, and winds, and waters mock  
The shuddering Exile of the lonely rock !"

After a time, Edric, a minion of Harold's, is despatched, with a band of sanguinary ruffians like himself, to assassinate the exiled hero. By the agency of Moïna, the devoted mistress of Regnier, disguised as a minstrel, the patriot chief, after defeating Edric in single combat, escapes with his unknown Moïna, in the boat which had brought the murderers to Iceland. Once more the hero appears in arms within the walls of Drontheim. Regnier, however, is unsuccessful ; he dies, covered with wounds, his faithful Moïna by his side.

"She sank to earth, and clasped his lifeless form ;  
His bleeding bosom, in her wild despair,  
She frenzied kissed, and, in his raven hair,  
Damp with his blood, her slender fingers twined,  
While on his breast her throbbing brow reclined :  
And there, on that dear breast, her heart, so true,  
Now lone, and desolate, and broken, drew  
Its latest sigh !—Thus died the fair—the brave—  
In life, one heart, one soul—in death, one grave  
They early shared—and with that Hero, dead,  
His Country's hope—his Country's freedom fled !"

The "*Poetical Memoirs*," written in the *Don Juan* stanza, and incidentally forming an introduction to "*The Exile*," are extremely amusing ; but the work is not of a character upon which its author must be allowed to rest any portion of his fame. However, from the admirable stanzas on, and addressed to "Woman," a few lines must be taken.

"Much hath been written upon lovely Woman,  
Concerning dark eyes, and soft snowy necks ;  
A charming theme, and, I am certain no man  
Was ever fonder of the gentle sex  
Than I am ; and we know the rhyming Roman  
Loved well his lass, whom he would sometimes vex,  
For which, his conscience gave him sharp rebukes in  
His habitation bordering on the Euxine !"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thy voice of love is music to the ear,  
Soothing and soft, and gentle as a stream  
That strays 'mid summer flowers ; thy glittering tear  
Is mutely eloquent ; thy smile a beam  
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,  
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,  
Shedding a hallowed lustre o'er our fate,  
And when it beams we are not desolate !"

It may be remarked that, throughout his works, Mr. Bird appears to have formed a high and just estimate of the in-born excellence of woman—of her heroic devotedness of affection—of her heart's constancy, even unto death.

These lines, upon a different subject, are very beautiful :—

"'Tis sweet to wander on the lonely shore,  
When all around is silent, and at rest,  
Save the wind's whistle, and the billow's roar,  
Or sea-bird, screaming from her rocky nest ;  
While moon and stars a flood of splendour pour,  
That gilds the rock, the shore, the wave's white crest,  
And glittering bark that sails majestic by,  
Her couch the wave—her canopy the sky !"

A noble theme now offered to the descriptive and imaginative powers of the bard ; and the result was—"Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City, in four Cantos." "Dunwich in ancient time," observes old Stow, "was a city, had brazen gates, fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals ; a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, and a mint." Alas ! "of all its former magnificence," adds the poet, "the encroachments of the sea have spared only a few mouldering relics : these,



however, are interesting memorials of its fallen greatness, which still

“ ‘Plead haughtily for glories gone.’ ”

Upon this antiquarian foundation, unfavourable as it might seem to the fancy of the muse, Mr. Bird had the skill to raise a pleasing superstructure, another tale of love and arms, aided by much beautiful and even powerful description. The scene is laid at Dunwich, in the reign of Henry the Second, when De Bellemont, Earl of Leicester, joined Prince Henry against his father, and ravaged the eastern coast of the island with an army of three thousand Flemings. The notes abound with curious historical and antiquarian information.

Here are some lines upon the Ocean, which would not suffer by comparison with Lord Byron's or Barry Cornwall's celebrated lines upon the same subject:—

“ Beats there a heart which hath not felt its core  
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar  
Of Ocean's spirit met the startled ear?  
Beats there a heart so torpid, and so drear,  
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood  
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood  
Met the charmed eye in all its restless strife,  
At once the wonder, and the type of life!

Thou trackless, dark, and fathomless, and wide  
Eternal world of waters!—ceaseless tide  
Of power magnificent!—unmeasured space,  
Where storm and tempest claim their dwelling-  
place?

Thy depths are limitless!—thy billows' sound  
Is nature's giant voice—thy gulph profound  
Her shrine of mystery, wherein she keeps  
Her hidden treasures—in thy caverned deeps  
Is stored the wealth of nations, and thy waves  
Have been—are now—and will be, dreary graves  
For countless millions!—Oh! thou art alone  
The costliest footstool of God's awful throne,  
The mighty tablet, upon which we see  
The hand of power—the sign of Deity!”

This passage finely contrasts with the following—a tribute to earth's best, loveliest, and most beloved of blessings:—

“ That hallowed sphere, a woman's heart,  
contains  
Empires of feeling, and the rich domains  
Where love, disporting in his sunniest hours,  
Breathes his sweet incense o'er ambrosial  
flowers;  
A woman's heart!—that gem, divinely set  
In native gold—that peerless amulet,  
Which, firmly linked to love's electric chain,  
Connects the worlds of transport and of pain!”

With an ominous presentiment, as it might almost seem, the writer thus apostrophises Dunwich in the closing lines of his poem:—

“ Scene of my joy!—dear object of my song!  
I love thy haunts, and I have loved them long!  
Farewell!—farewell!—The Bard who sings of  
thee

Will soon be all that withering Man must be,  
Low in the dust!—within the silent grave,  
No more to hear the murmuring of thy wave,  
No more—no more of thee, and thine to tell,  
Thou dear, though wild, and lonely spot!—  
Farewell!

But the end was not yet.—In 1831 appeared “ *Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle, in four Cantos.* ”

“ Pile of departed days!—my verse records  
Thy time of glory, thy illustrious Lords,  
The fearless BIGODS — BROTHERTON — DE  
VERE,

And KINGS, who held thee in their pride, or  
fear,  
And gallant HOWARDS, 'neath whose ducal  
sway

Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were  
gay

With glittering banners, costly trophies, rent  
From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,  
With all the pomp and splendour that could  
grace

The name and honours of that warlike race.”

The history of that time-honoured structure, Framlingham Castle, still perhaps in finer preservation than any similar relic of antiquity in the kingdom, is full of interest. Of Mr. Bird's poem, the story refers to the period when, upon the death of Edward the Sixth, and the assumption of the title of Queen by the Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Mary retreated, for security, from Kenninghall, in Norfolk, to the castle of Framlingham, a grant of which she had received from her royal brother. The tale is of chivalric character; and, like that of “ *Dunwich*,” is illustrated by many choice notes, of general as well as of local value.

All that space will here admit from the poetic page, is one sweet little picture—a twilight sketch, which, like a painting of Claude's, is full of softness, tenderness, and gentle repose:—

“ The sun had set, and o'er the Castle wall  
The timid twilight hung her dappled pall,  
While softly rising from the lake beneath  
The white mist curled in many a shadowy  
wreath;  
So calm, so silent, so serene the hour,  
That the wide banner on the northern tower  
Drooped its dark folds, for not a breeze awoke  
To stir the green leaf on the summer oak,  
Nor wave the wall-flower on the turrets grey:—  
The twilight lingered, loth to tear away  
The tints of beauty, which the sun above  
Spread, as though left as tokens of his love

For that fair clime, which had for ages given  
Earth's loveliest pictures to his light from heaven!"

"*The Emigrant's Tale*," published in 1833, is a simple domestic story, illustrating the melancholy effects of the last war upon British agriculture and industry, and presenting some vivid pictures of national and individual character. Many of the accompanying miscellaneous poems are entitled to yet higher praise. Amongst those may be particularised — "My Father's Grave," "Mary," "On the Wreck of a Brig off Dunwich," "The Drowned Man," "Lines written upon the Lid of a Coffin," &c., as evincing much talent and feeling.

The next and last volume of Mr. Bird's poems, published in 1837, is entitled "*Francis Abbott, the Recluse of Niagara; and Metropolitan Sketches, Second Series*," (the first series having formed an accompaniment to "*The Emigrant's Tale*.") The origin of the extraordinary and melancholy history of Francis Abbott is found in CAPTAIN ALEXANDER'S "*Transatlantic Sketches*," vol. II., pp. 147—155.

Amongst the faults of style, in Mr. Bird's earlier productions, redundancy of epithet—the fault of all young poets—is the chief. Fond of ornament—and it is ever desirable to see young writers florid rather than bald—prodigal rather than penurious—they do not in general seem sufficiently to feel that, where an epithet does not *strengthen* it must *weaken*;—that epithets should never be used unless to distinguish persons, things, or qualities—to heighten picture—to invigorate sentiment. It is due, however, to Mr. Bird's improving taste to say, that, in each successive poem, his defects, of whatsoever character, were fewer and less important—his style became more pure—his merits were of a higher order. Perhaps the very last verses he ever wrote, of which the reader shall presently be enabled to judge, were the very best that ever fell from his pen.

In *picture*, and in the *sentiment* of picture, if the expression may be allowed, Mr. Bird excels. Thus, in "*The Vale of Slaughden*:"—

"That hour is cheerless to the youthful heart,  
When doomed from all it loves on earth to part;  
The fears—the clouded hopes—the last farewell  
That dies upon the lip:—'twere hard to tell  
Of that tumultuous pang;—that hopeless pain,  
That doubt which asks—"Oh! shall we meet  
again?"

In "*Machin*:"—

"Oh! there is bliss beneath the moon's pale  
beam,  
When youthful hearts, in love's elysian dream,  
Are lulled to rapture; when the cloudless sky  
Seems softly smiling o'er their destiny!  
When the warm vow of lasting truth is heard,  
And joy is breathed in every whispered word."

Again:—

"There dwells a strange, mysterious, magic  
power,  
In offered gem, or leaf, or trivial flower,  
Culled by love's hand, whose glowing touch be-  
stows  
A nameless charm on gem—or leaf—or rose!"

In "*The Exile*:"—

"The moon is up, and o'er the deep blue sky  
Sails many a cloud, as sweeps the night-wind  
by,  
That shakes the pines upon their craggy steep,  
While starts the rein-deer from her careless  
sleep,  
Roused by the foaming mountain-torrent's  
shock,  
That, thundering, leaps from echoing rock to  
rock,  
Loud o'er the deep and hollow caverns dashing,  
Wild o'er the broken trunks of dark pines crash-  
ing;  
Fierce in their wrath, the tyrant waters break  
Opposing crags; peak thunders after peak;—  
While rocks, and pines, and earth, and frozen  
snow,  
Roll, in wild uproar, to the gulf below!"

In many of his similes, too, Mr. Bird is eminently happy. Thus, in "*The Vale of Slaughden*:"—

"He caught the panting sufferer by the hand,  
And raised him gently from the sea-beat sand,  
Cold as the billow which he lately pressed,  
Pale as the foam upon that billow's crest."

And this:—

"Gonilda heard the grateful stranger speak,  
While blushes mantled o'er her changing cheek,  
From which hope's beam had dried the gentle  
tears.  
So softly fair the lovely rose appears,  
When, smiling o'er it, morn's refulgent light  
Drinks from its face the dew-drops of the night,  
And, with reflected beam of radiant power,  
Improves the native beauty of the flower!"

In "*Machin*:"—

"————— her white arm fell  
So cold upon his neck, that, all aghast,  
He marked the paleness on her features cast;  
And, o'er her slender form, in speechless woe,  
Bent, like a cypress, o'er a wreath of snow!"

Again :—

Oh ! when the eye that weeps for error, fears  
To gaze on heaven above, through burning tears,  
It turns for hope, to something loved below—  
To that, which caused those burning tears to  
flow !

So the fair flower, that loves the god of day,  
If scathed, and blighted, by his dazzling ray,  
Still, constant, turns to that attractive sun,  
Whom yet alone it worships—though undone !”

Once more :—

“ The lightning shines around the fallen tower,  
Rent, crushed, and shattered, by its fatal power ;  
The torrent wanders mid the rocks o’erthrown  
By breaking floods, and billows of its own ;  
So Anna’s love, the spoiler of her rest,  
Broke her lorn heart, yet lingered in her  
breast !”

Most of the poems here noticed are interspersed with beautiful lyric effusions : instance, a song of Anna’s, in “ *Machin* :”—

“ I loved thee, when my jocund morn  
Of life was bright, with hope and gladness,  
And when my fate from thine was torn,  
And I was left, the child of sadness,  
To pledge the joyless, nuptial vow,  
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

“ When towers were flaming high in air,  
And arch was torn, and turret rent,  
When thou, unmoved by peril there,  
Didst snatch me from the battlement !  
The idol of my soul wast thou !  
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

“ When drifted o’er the foaming wave,  
While lightnings flashed around us, dearest !  
And dark beneath us yawned the grave,  
E’en while we deemed our bliss the nearest !  
When rocked upon the billow’s brow,  
I loved thee then—I love thee now !

“ I loved thee, when my heart first knew  
That passion, which has deeply lent  
A charm to life,—and thou wast true,  
And I was blest, and innocent !  
Oh !—though I err—though Machin—thou  
Art guilty too !—I love thee now !”

In the earlier stages of Mr. Bird’s poetic career—in the structure of his verse, in its pauses and cadences—the semblance of Pope, of Goldsmith, and of Campbell, was successively and frequently to be traced ; but, as he advanced, he acquired an originality, a distinctness, and an individuality of style, which, in the words of Dr. Drake, entitled him to “ an honourable and a permanent station among the poets of his country.” In the heroic couplet, he was completely at ease : he was familiar with his harp ; and, with the hand of a master, he could freely,

boldly, and effectively command the utmost extent of its power. Mr. Bird was one of the few writers of the present day who have the honour of sustaining the credit of the old English heroic verse—the verse of Dryden and of Pope—the verse which will live and triumph again in renovated vigour and beauty, when much of the modern measureless measure shall have been consigned to deserved oblivion.

Both of Mr. Bird’s parents attained a good old age—sank to the tomb beneath a weight of years : his venerable mother has not long been dead. Longevity, however, is not always enjoyed by descent. Mr. Bird’s constitution ever seemed delicate : his appearance was not such as to promise length of days. During the year 1838, he suffered much, and almost incessantly, from what, in the result, proved pulmonic disease. The rupture of a blood-vessel, in the autumn, gave fatal warning. His trials and afflictions are most touchingly described in the following stanzas, which, as they have appeared only in a local paper (*The Ipswich Journal*) will be new to most readers. They are entitled—

*A Word at parting with the Year 1838 :  
December the 31st.—Midnight approaches.*

“ Good bye, old year ! I’m glad you’re going,  
You’ve nearly compassed my undoing,  
For, while your course you were pursuing,  
How did you maul me ?

Did you not e’en from heel to crest,  
From leg to arm, from back to chest,  
Did you not, fiend-like, do your best  
To overhaul me ?

What did you do in JANUARY,  
When youthful hearts were blythe and airy  
As social mirth and friends might vary  
Their new-year’s pastime ?  
E’en then you gloated o’er my case,  
And left of health so little trace,  
Some whisper’d, when they saw my face,  
“ ’Twill be the last time !”

And when dull FEBRUARY came,  
Did you not rack my smitten frame,  
Till tears of agony and shame

Flow’d like a river ?  
Oh ! then you play’d the tyrant’s part,  
Oppress’d the pulses of my heart,  
And plung’d a fever-poison’d dart  
Sharp through my liver !

And when the wind of MARCH rush’d down  
With ragged mien and chilling frown,  
Sweeping o’er country and o’er town  
With piercing breath,—

Did you not at me jibe and scoff,  
And choke my lungs with wheezing cough,  
'Till I was nearly smuggled off  
By Captain Death?

When APRIL sent her gentle showers  
To call to life Spring's infant flowers,  
To glad the earth and deck the bowers  
With bud and leaf—  
What was your boon? A smiling ray  
That dazzled, mock'd, and fled away,  
Just like your glitt'ring April day,  
Faithless and brief!

And when MAY show'd her blooming face,  
Her radiant smile, her glowing grace,  
When idle poets, 'out of place,'  
Penn'd many a stanza—  
How did you serve me? Torturing imp!  
With aches and pains you made me limp,  
And curl'd me up just like a shrimp—  
With influenza!

In JUNE, disquiet'd on my bed,  
I could not eat my daily bread;  
Besides my worthy Doctor said,  
'Pray live on sago,  
Rice, arrow-root, and water-gruel';  
While you, relentless and more cruel,  
To scorching fire you added fuel,  
With sharp lumbago!

But when JULY's hot sun came round,  
And harvest deck'd the laughing ground,  
And joy in every nook was found,  
Again I rallied.  
I greeted friends from house to house,  
But, as a cat plays with a mouse  
To whet her teeth for a grand carouse,  
With me you dallied.

And when sweet AUGUST smil'd, for me  
Joy smil'd not, though I sought the sea,  
Which in its might eternally  
Sweeps DUNWICH shore;  
Friends press'd around to soothe my lot,  
But, warn'd by pain, I linger'd not,  
And I may view that much-lov'd spot  
Perhaps no more!

Then came SEPTEMBER—yes! old year!  
This month of thine has cost me dear,  
It shook my inmost heart with fear:  
The vital stream  
Burst from the broken vessels fast,  
'Till 'neath the swooning weakness cast  
I sank, and deem'd that now was past  
Life's fever'd dream.

Then came dark visions—nameless things,  
Like vampire-bats, with smothering wings,  
And scorpions, with their fiery stings,  
Hover'd around me;  
While faint and helpless as I lay,  
Scarce had I heart and strength to pray  
Heaven, in its love, to break away  
The spell that bound me!

OCTOBER came—the dying leaf  
Fell from the tree—its life how brief!—  
Like one that sudden falls with grief,  
Type of man's state;  
But I, though shaken, blighted, worn,  
Life's stem all shatter'd, branches torn,  
Heav'n left me not—though oft forlorn,  
All desolate.

Friends with *one* heart, whose ample core,  
With human kindness gushing o'er,  
Flock'd daily, hourly round my door,  
Of every station.  
They came, a kind and gen'rous band,  
With soothing hope and accents bland:  
They came with open heart and hand,  
And consolation.

Oh! tell me not the human heart  
Is *all* depraved—sin's filthy mart—  
And that it bears no counterpart  
Of God within it:  
No! though imbru'd with evil's taint,  
It bursts through error's dark restraint,  
And proves the tight-laced *modern* saint  
Wrong every minute!

Another word! fast fading year!  
NOVEMBER came, with aspect drear,  
How did you ply your vengeance here?  
You tried by stealth  
To smother life with fog and cloud,  
And, of your gloom and darkness proud,  
Wrapp'd, as it were, within your shroud,  
The corpse of health!

DECEMBER reign'd—your fleeting power  
Is dying, with the dying hour,  
And, though your frowns no longer lour,  
I would not scoff:  
Hark! 'tis the midnight's solemn chime!  
Farewell! struck off the rolls of TIME,  
Begone! I deem it no great crime  
To huff you off!

\* \* \* \* \*  
But what is *Time*? A thought—a dream!  
Lord of ETERNITY! Supreme!  
To thee alone should rise my theme,  
My votive breath,  
An offering grateful, glowing, free,  
My heart an altar, Lord! should be  
With incense burning bright to thee  
In life and death!"

With here and there a trait of quiet humour that excites a smile, even whilst grief is the prevailing emotion of the heart, these lines are eminently beautiful: many of them would reflect credit on the first poetical pens of the day. The gentleness, the mild, humble, pious resignation of the writer, sink into the very depths of the heart. As the last, they were also the sweetest warblings of the dying swan.

At the commencement of the present year,

hopes of improvement in the sufferer's health were fondly indulged; but, alas! a combination of sinister events arose, and all again was dark. A violent attack of spasms, and, almost simultaneously, the sudden death of one of his children, distant from home, struck his worn and enfeebled frame to the earth. He never rallied more. He lingered, and gradually wasted—happily without much physical suffering—till he sank quietly into his last sleep. He was patient and resigned to the end. Indeed, during his protracted sickness, he was never heard to utter an impatient word. Not only to his own family, but to his dearly beloved friends, distant as well as present, his heart yearned with intense and unswerving affection. A minute or two previously to his departure, he manifested his enduring love towards his sorrowing wife and offspring, by pressing each of them feebly by the hand. His twelve surviving children were around him at this awful moment. He expired at one in the afternoon, on the 26th of March. His was the good man's death. Hallowed and blessed be his memory for ever!

At the expiration of a week after he had ceased to be an inhabitant of earth, the last ostensible tribute of duty and affection from his bereaved family was paid, by their following his remains to their cold and silent resting-place, in the churchyard of that sweet village which, to him, had been a paradise. A large number of his old familiar friends joined the sad funeral procession, to testify their estimation of his worth—their grief for the deep loss which they had sustained.

A short time previously to his death, and in

the moments of its calm yet awful anticipation, Mr. Bird made a series of extracts from his poems, with a view to their future publication in a small volume. Unable, from hourly increasing weakness, to complete the selection, it was one of his latest requests that his dear friend, the writer of this sketch, would, in kindness to his memory, undertake the task. The endeavour has been made; and howsoever inadequate the execution may prove, it will interest many to know, that in the course of a month, probably, the projected little volume may be expected to appear.

The noble qualities of the deceased's mind and heart are already upon record;—the simple and straight-forward honesty of his character—his general kindness and benevolence of feeling—his warm, faithful, and unflagging friendship—were universally known;—of his genius, as a poet, ample specimens have been offered in these pages; but, of one rare and beautiful accomplishment which he possessed in an extraordinary degree, only his more intimate and most congenial friends were fully cognizant. His epistolary correspondence was of an unusually high order of excellence: without the slightest attempt at fine writing, or display of any kind, his thoughts ran, *currente calamo*: affection, tenderness, wit, humour, vivacity, the soul's cheerfulness, mingled, played, and sparkled in every line.

However, to *know James Bird*, was not only to *respect* but to *love* him. It has been truly said, that his was “a bright and sunny spirit, that made the atmosphere in which it dwelt all love and brightness.” T. H.

Our Portrait of Mr. Bird is from a drawing, by Mr. Harvey, an amateur artist, of Bury St. Edmund's, from an oil painting, by Pardon, in 1826.

## THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

By the Author of “*The Siege of Zaragoza*,” “*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,” “*Lyrical Poems*,” &c.

THINK of us, ye living ones  
Who are on the green green earth—  
Who see the bright and blessed sun,  
And join in the laugh of mirth!  
The home where we dwell is lone—  
Its chambers are dark and dread;  
For no sun-beam enters there  
To cheer the imprisoned dead.  
We do not sleep—the spirit,  
Untouched by Death's strong hand,  
Still yearningly is near you,  
In the old familiar land.  
Yes! ye, whom we deeply loved  
In the hour of our mortal life—  
With whom we shared the trouble—  
The rapture—the grief—the strife—

Our eyes on you! will ye prove  
*Staunch* to the vows ye vowed,  
Or—yielding one brief sigh or tear—  
Turn AGAIN to the heartless crowd?  
Oh, by the thoughts of pure delight  
We have known, in times gone by;—  
By the counsel—and by the light  
That dawned on our mutual sky,  
When we spoke of that far shore—  
That home—where we hoped to meet  
All those whom our souls had loved,  
And joined, in communion sweet;—  
By these—by THESE we charge you  
To count o'er your bosom's store,  
And say, if the present hour  
Can compete with the hours of YORE?  
L. S. S.

## ANNALS OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, BOOKS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

### LETTER XV.

TOM SMITH, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—NOLLEKENS THE SCULPTOR, AND HIS WIFE.—CADELL AND DAVIES.—WM. DARTON.—VERNOR AND HOOD.—CROSBY.

MY DEAR SON,

*Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, May 1, 1839.*

I ADDRESS you on your birthday. Thirty summer suns and winter skies appear to have passed over your head without a cloud, excepting those which the shadows of my winter of life may have caused. I am happy to find that you took Dr. *Playfair's* advice, and that you have given your constitution *fair-play* by continuing to pass your time in Rome, Florence, Venice, and Naples, with their clear and sunny skies; which I hope continue to cheer you on and to brighten your prospects.

I am disappointed at not having heard from you during the last month—not only for my own sake, but also on account of the pages of the *ALDINE*, particularly from Naples, as I gave you a letter of introduction to my old friend, Mr. John Cumming, (nephew of the late literary Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh) a banker there, and a man of talent. I initiated him in the wholesale book trade forty-seven years ago. He was your brother's godfather, had a great regard for me—and I have no doubt but that he will shew kindness to your father's son, personified in you. Previously to his leaving London, he made himself acquainted with the interesting department of curious and scarce old books, under the roof of the late John Cuthell, of Holborn; and, in a knowledge of scarce and valuable editions of the classics, under the instructions of the late lamented Mr. Lunn, formerly of Cambridge but subsequently of London. Of both these gentlemen I shall hereafter have to speak.

In a former letter you alluded to your position on the Fincian hill, and to your home being in the street where Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Nicholas Poussin resided. I have just been smiling over the pages of old Nollekens and his times, so admirably depicted by the late John Thomas Smith, one of his earliest assistants, and keeper of

the prints and drawings in the British Museum. I cannot avoid relating one little anecdote from the pen of Mr. Smith, as it is in point, as illustrative of your position, and of the *spelling propensities* of Mrs. Nollekens for presents, and her appreciation of them. Mrs. Nollekens was a collector of prints, by receiving them from those engravers who were candidates for the Associate's claim in the Royal Academy. She had several engravings after Claude, with whom she always expressed herself delighted; and, whenever she had occasion to shew them, would invariably make the following observation:—"It is very remarkable that Claude, Salvator Rosa, and Nicholas Poussin, lived close beside each other, on the Trinita del Monte!"

Mr. Smith furnishes many interesting anecdotes not only of Mrs. Nollekens, and her "Nolly," but also of the eminent personages who visited his studio, and of the painters, engravers, and other professional characters that formerly resided in and about St. Martin's Lane, Newport Street, Leicester Square, Soho, &c. I intend to collect you memoranda on this subject, as I knew several of the characters in my early life, particularly Mrs. Hogarth, Mrs. Vivares, T. Payne, Roger Payne, &c. But first let me follow the motto of James Lackington—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam"—in giving an account of the booksellers and their relative positions in Paternoster Row, St. Paul's Church-yard, &c., which I must detail in my next. In my last I barely extended to the Strand for the purpose of introducing the triumvirate of Lintot, Tonson, and Millar, but more particularly the last named and his successor, the late Alderman Cadell, as he and his successors have so long upheld the sign of the learned Buchanan's Head, opposite Catherine Street; about

which many respectable booksellers that I have yet to notice formerly resided. Alderman Cadell, as I before remarked, retired from business in 1793.

#### MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES

commenced business under the most favourable auspices, and a capital and stock unrivalled in this, or perhaps in any other country. They continued to carry on trade for many years with high talent and respectability. In addition to all the valuable copyrights they possessed they became almost too adventurous and liberal in very expensive and heavy undertakings, several of which, singly, almost required a fortune to bring them forward. Among others were the Historic Gallery of Pictures, the Contemporary Portraits, Murphy's Arabian Antiquities of Spain, and numberless others. The last mentioned work employed a capital of ten thousand pounds. It was published at forty guineas per copy! and was written, compiled, and the drawings made by a most extraordinary man, of which the world know so little that I must present you with a short sketch of him. He was a man of a strong mind and of great natural abilities, originally employed by Mr. Alexander Dean, an eminent builder (father of your friend, Sir Thomas Dean) in Cork, at a sum, I was credibly informed, of under twelve shillings per week. Ere he quitted Cork he displayed his taste and talent by commencing, and completing, the first geometrical staircase erected in that city. He subsequently surveyed, and published a Map of Cork, in which, however, there was a ludicrous mistake, by his placing a row of trees on the wrong side of the river. However, he soon rectified this error, and became even more celebrated than Dr. Beaufort, who not only published a Map of Cork, but also a valuable ecclesiastical Map of Ireland, with a Memoir. He was introduced to me in 1796, by Charles Wilson. I proposed to him, in 1806, to publish a History of the County and City of Cork, but the plan was too costly and extensive; and it was relinquished. With regard to Murphy, we find him styled an architect, and author of plans, elevations, sections, and views of the church and royal monastery of Batalha in Portugal. This splendid work was published at 3*l.* 15*s.* In 1789-90, Messrs. Cadell and Davies published his "Travels in Portugal," in

4*to.*, at 2*l.* 7*s.*; in 1798, "A General View of the State of Portugal, with its History, Topography," &c., price 27*s.*, in 4*to.*; but his great and grand work was his account of the "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," of which Mr. H. G. Bohn, in his valuable catalogue, gives the following account:—

"Murphy's Arabian Antiquities of Spain: representing, in one hundred very highly finished line engravings, the most remarkable Remains of the Architecture, Sculpture, Paintings, and Mosaics, of the Spanish Arabs, now existing in the Peninsula; including the magnificent Palace of Alhambra, the celebrated Mosque and Bridge at Cordova, the Royal Villa of Generalife, and the Casa de Carbon; Gates, Castles, Fortresses, and Towers; Courts, Halls, and Domes; Baths, Fountains, Wells, and Cisterns; Inscriptions in Cufic and Asiatic Characters; Porcelain and enamel Mosaics; Paintings, Ornaments, &c. &c., from Drawings made on the spot by James Cavanah Murphy. The engravings are all of the highest class, and are executed, without any limit to expense, by J. and H. Le Keux, Finden, Landseer, George Cooke, Fittler, Byrne, Angus, and other first-rate Artists, accompanied by Letter-press descriptions; in one Volume, Atlas folio, with original and brilliant impressions of the plates. Published at £42.

"In attestation of the extreme accuracy of these engravings, the publisher has recently been favoured with a strong confirmatory opinion from one of the most distinguished scholars and travellers of the present day, who has compared them some years since on the spot. The publisher also preserves the original tracings, casts, and admeasurements, which shew the scrupulous fidelity with which all the architectural details are represented. For nobleness of design, splendour of execution, and richness of materials, this costly volume is, in every respect, a match for the mighty French work on the Antiquities of Egypt. As the expenses of the publication were enormous (upwards of ten thousand pounds) the price of the volume is necessarily large in proportion;—yet where is the man of virtù, with pistoles in his purse, who will not hasten to secure such a treasure? If the day be dull, or the night be long, let these 'Antiquities of the Arabs in Spain,' be a constant, as they will be a cheering, companion!"—*Bibliomania*.

To return to Messrs. Cadell and Davies. I believe that Mr. Cadell, jun., was left an independent fortune, but it was perhaps the wish of his father, as well as his own, that he should continue his praiseworthy pursuits in the cause of literature, although nothing could well exceed in the shape of literary undertakings what was already established. However, being possessed of a stock of almost incalculable value, it would require

years to dispose of it to advantage; and being connected with persons of the most dignified talent and virtue in these realms, in the church, the state, in law and physic, as well as several of the nobility and gentry engaged in literature, it was laudable to continue such a concern.

Mr. Davies, who was the active and efficient person in the establishment for upwards of thirty years, was considered by some of his brethren in trade as haughty and consequential. This arose, perhaps, from his fine dignified form, and manly and noble appearance. I never witnessed in him any but the most liberal conduct as a friend and a straightforward man of business, in which he was most assiduous and attentive, always ready to give his valuable advice, and acting with the utmost fairness and liberality in the position in which his good conduct had placed him. His connexions with authors, artists, and persons of splendid acquirements, in addition to his superior abilities, might have given him that appearance of conscious superiority over some low and groveling characters with whom he had to deal. I had several transactions with him about forty years since, both on my own account, and also on account of Mr. Wright (formerly a well-known bookseller in Piccadilly), as well as in comparing and filling in additions and corrections to a former, and preparatory to a new edition of Sir James Stewart's Political Economy. He behaved most liberally in each instance; and on a subsequent occasion I had to consult him on a subject of vital importance, in which he displayed extreme kindness.

Mr. Davies married at rather a late period in life, supported a handsome establishment, and I believe became too adventurous and liberal in his literary purchases; or rather in embarking in such heavy undertakings as the times would hardly sanction, and which his partner, who survived him many years, prudently relinquished, but continued to publish, in conjunction with his Edinburgh friends, on a more limited scale.

Mr. William Davies died on the 28th of April, 1820. He was a man of liberal principles and unsullied purity in all his dealings. Mr. Thomas Cadell died on the 26th of November, 1836. He was the only son of Mr. Thomas Cadell, who retired from business in 1793, and carried on the business jointly with Mr. Davies till 1820; since which time Mr. Cadell's name stood alone.

Thus, for nearly half a century, Mr. Cadell followed his father's example, and sustained the reputation the house had acquired for liberality, honour, and integrity.\* In 1802 he married a daughter of Robert Smith, Esq., of Basinghall Street,† by whom he had a numerous family; but we believe the name of Cadell, which has been eminent among publishers for the last seventy years, is no longer to exist in the list of London booksellers. Mr. Cadell died at his residence in Fitzroy Square.

About forty years since I attended what is termed a trade sale, and made considerable purchases at Messrs. Cadell and Davies's, at Campbell's, at the Shakspeare, under the Piazza, Covent Garden; Mr. Cadell, sen., presided at the head, and Robin Lawless, his faithful assistant of fifty years, faced him at the foot of the table, where upwards of a hundred persons were present. After the cloth was removed, and one or two usual toasts had been given, among others—"To the well-staining of paper"—a worthy character, Mr. William Darton, a highly esteemed friend, of whom I shall have much to say hereafter, rose to propose *a say* (as "friends," or persons called quakers, do not drink healths.) He accordingly gave "The four B's." An explanation being called for, he replied that they kept the four wheels of the worthy Alderman's carriage well going; and that he proposed BLACKSTONE, BLAIR, BURN, and BUCHAN. This gave universal delight, while Thomas Hood (father of "Odd-whim" Hood) gave one of his usual good-natured smiles, which were so natural to him: William Darton caught his half-laughing, half-shut eyes, and exclaimed—

\* The Rev. Charles Simeon, Senior Fellow of the King's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Trinity Church, in that University, received from Mr. Cadell the sum of 5000*l.* (the greatest portion of which he gave to charitable institutions), and twenty copies upon large paper, for the copyright of his works, which were published in 1832, in twenty-one large and closely printed octavo volumes, of 600 or 700 pages each, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne. These works consist of 2536 sermons, and skeletons of sermons, which form a commentary on every book of the *Old and New Testament*. Mr. Simeon died at Cambridge, Nov. 13, 1836, aged 77.

† Sister to Messrs. J. and H. Smith, Solicitors, authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, 12mo., 1810—eighteenth edition, 1813, and many other works.



"Ah! friend Thomas, thou couldst add a fifth B—for Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy' hath done his duty!" Not only a smile ensued, but the loud laugh became general, until the knight of the hammer, Mr. John Walker, called to order and to business. Mr. Cadell had often been heard to say that authors' names commencing with the letter B had been fortunate ones for him—the same may be applied to the letter R.—Witness Robertson, Roscoe, Rogers, Reynolds, &c.

John Walker was, what the booksellers term, "the trade auctioneer," for many years, and if not so celebrated as Ned Milington in John Dunton's day, he was as great, or rather as large a personage, and as good a general in his way; while his aid-de-camp, James Rider, my old fellow-apprentice upwards of fifty years ago, was not deficient in keeping the bait in trim for the "young fry," and frequently putting down names and lots for a whole impression of any popular modern work, or for lots and remainders of others. Of Mr. William Darton and Mr. Thomas Hood I shall have to speak hereafter, as connected with the associated

booksellers; and, as a man of enterprise, I recollect the latter fifty-four years ago as librarian to that good and venerable character, Mr. Vernor, in Birch Lane, Cornhill, (subsequently Dutton's library).—Vernor was a Sandimanian, so was Hood. I am told they are considered a good and virtuous sect, but for an account of the tenets of Mr. Sandiman and his followers, I must refer you to "Evans's Sketch of the Various denominations of Christians," originally published by my old contemporary Ben, or Brass Crosby, as John Walker used to call him (after a London Lord Mayor of that name), whom I advised to take the house, in Stationers' Court, now occupied by Simpkin and Marshall. I shall have more to relate of him in its proper place. I believe that I am the senior travelling bookseller out of London: Crosby followed in my wake; he established an extensive trade, but it did not produce him much happiness or profit beyond an overgrown stock. Like many others, he worked too much with his hands, his feet, and his passions, instead of his head, to make a fortune.—ADIEU.

#### LETTER OF JOHN BASKERVILLE PRINTER &c TO MR LIVY.

*From the Autograph Collection of a Lady.*

Dear Livy

Easy Hill 3 Decr 1766

I shall send you by tomorrow Night's Waggon—to the Care of Robinson—three Virgils, and would have added as many Horaces, but my Wife's zealous Impatience would not suffer me to stay for the Binding. If you want more to oblige friends, or will point out any thing else that will do Mr. Livy a pleasure, it will be a Particular one to

His obedt. & obliged Servant

T. BASKERVILLE.

Fine printing was first introduced in England by John Baskerville, who lived, and printed and died, in a house which he had built, on a place he called Easy Hill, in the vicinity of Birmingham. He was also, by his own desire, buried here; in a paper mill which he had erected, and which served as a mausoleum for his remains. I remember him, and his gold laced waistcoat, and his pair of cream-coloured horses, and his painted chariot—each panel a picture—fresh from his own manufactory; for he was a japanner as well as a printer. Baskerville's paper was as excellent as his types, and almost as durable. Whereas printing paper is now a composition of cotton rags, and gum, and glue, and, as it is said, plaister of Paris, and is bleached with destructive chemical preparations.

#### THE PAST AND FUTURE.

What is the past?  
An ocean vast,  
With dark clouds hanging o'er it;  
The burning fire  
Of youth's desire  
Is quench'd, and nought can e'er restore it.

The time to come  
Is hope's bright home,  
With love's sweet smile to cheer it;  
All power we strain,  
That home to gain;  
But life's bark sinks e'er it gets near it.  
J. ALFRED LAW.

## MOORISH BALLADS.

### No. III.

#### THE LAMENT OF MORĀYMA!

GRANADA, O thou Beautiful! thy sun was ever bright,  
And fountains of fresh waters shed around thee cool delight;  
A dreamy, rich voluptuousness was ever in thy bowers,  
And the spirit of perfume and love suffused thy lapsing hours;  
The laugh of gentle maidens was ever in thee ringing,  
The lips of festive minstrels were ever in thee singing,  
An iris of deep loveliness was aye 'round thy brow,  
Granada, O thou Beautiful! whence, whence this horror now?

An armed man all foam and dust is rushing through the gate;  
All red with blood, his charger reeled, and staggered 'neath his weight.  
Down, down, he dropt, that gallant steed, he'd borne him to the blast,  
Far from the crimson couch of death, safe to his home at last.  
"Whence comest thou Cidi Caleb, whence comest thou all alone?  
"Where's Ali Atar, and where's the King, and where, O where is my Son?  
"The chief is slain, the king is ta'en, thy only son he died,  
"Fighting as a Moor should fight by the king Boabdil's side."

The city held her mighty heart, and paused her mighty breath,  
As onwards passed that armed man, the spirit dark of death.  
He passed the Alhambra's gilded gates, he passed the awe-struck crowd,  
A haggard, pale and weary man before the Queens he bowed:  
"O Queen! the Xenil's red with gore, the King! the King is ta'en,  
"And Loxa's lance of fire is low, thy noble father's slain,  
"And thousands of our men of might sleep on the Xenils' shore,  
"Wo, wo unto Granada, wo—wo, unto the Moor!"

"And livest thou, sir Moorish chief, when Ali Atar is slain,  
"And livest thou, thou Moorish chief, when king Boabdil's ta'en?  
"Thou hast a woman's heart, sir chief"—

"Ayeexa, say not so!

"My helm is red, my glaive is red with red blood of the foe;  
"My shield is cleft, my spear is broke, I fought and knew not fear;  
"My king, my lord commanded me, or I had not been here;  
"Beneath the turf, or girt with bonds had Cidi Caleb been,  
"Had not the king commanded me to fly unto the queen."

The beautiful and fawn-like one, she of the soft caress,  
Flung back her raven curls and stood out forth in her distress;  
Her large dark eye was like a cloud, a thunder-cloud in air,  
Surcharged with a sea of grief, a great sea of despair;  
Her pale lip quivered like a leaf, the one leaf that we see,  
All desolate and shivering upon a wintery tree;  
Her thin white hands were clasped and raised, her brain was all on fire,  
And thus with wild and fearful heart she wailed her lord and sire:—

"My father! O my father, revered one, where art thou?  
"Ah! wo is me, thy daughter, why am I living now?  
"Sleep'st thou beneath the river? curse on the cruel wave,  
"That gave so proud and true a heart such cold and dismal grave!  
"Curse on the sword that slew thee! curse on the moorish spears,  
"That left their chief and glory! I curse them by these tears!  
"I curse them by our prophet! I curse them by his breath,  
"Till red revenge start forth again to sanctify his death!

"Hush, hush my heart! be silent, be silent! ah, no, no!  
"Is not my bosom's paradise a prisoner to the foe?  
"My lordly love, my blissful fount, all rifled is our bower,  
"Ah, thou did'st leave these lonely halls, alas! in evil hour,

" My pathway is all darkness now ; no sunbeams o'er it burn,  
 " No joy will ever gladden it, till thou once more return,  
 " The hill, the vale, the mountain, and the once, once happy plain,  
 " Are dreary all, and silent all, till thou returnest again."

" Be calm, be calm" Ayeexa cried, " Morayma, dear, be calm ;  
 " The minstrel's notes shall soothe thee with their soul-subduing balm ;  
 " Grief should not prey on princely breasts ; thou art as one, but all  
 " Lament o'er thy great father's death, lament Boabdil's fall.  
 " All clamorous sorrow were a curse unworthy of thy line ;  
 " The throne is safe, and all have hearts, and every heart is thine ;  
 " Ten thousand warrior swords, so keen, at Morayma's word,  
 " Will spring like lightning from their sheaths to the rescue of their lord."

A flow of mingled lute and lyre in lovely numbers rung ;  
 The summoned minstrels all appeared, and thus they mournful sung :—

" Granada, O Granada ! how beautiful wert thou,  
 " The sun shone ever on thee, how is it shadowed now ?  
 " No longer to the tramp of steed, to trumpets' lofty bray,  
 " The Vivarambla echoes now, all, all have died away ;  
 " No longer in its loveliness our noble youth display,  
 " The tourney and the reedy joust, all, all have past away ;  
 " All, all have past, away have past the lordly and the grand,  
 " And the flower of Moorish chivalry lies low on foreign land.

" No longer thro' the mournful streets the mellow lute-note steals ;  
 " The castanet is silent now upon the glowing hills,  
 " And ah ! the graceful Zambra dance, that whiled the vesper hours,  
 " For us alas ! is never seen within Granada's bowers.  
 " Forlorn and desolate is now the Alhambra's lofty fane,  
 " The orange and the myrtle shed their rich perfumes in vain ;  
 " Heedless the spicy odours lure Granada's lovely daughters,  
 " Cheerlessly chaunts the nightingale beside the flowing waters.

" The Alhambra's marble halls are white as snow-fall on the hills,  
 " But vainly there the fountain sounds, gush forth the limpid rills ;  
 " Ah ! vainly does the attar shed its delicate perfume,  
 " And lonely in their bowers of bliss the bright queen roses bloom.  
 " Vain incense, music and delight, the fountain and its stream ;  
 " Quenched is the Alhambra's light of lights, lost is the lordly beam.  
 " Flow on, flow on, thou white Xenil, flow on thou silent river,  
 " The Alhambra's walls are desolate, their sun hath set for ever !"

Thus sang the royal minstrels, then ; ah me ! they sang in vain ;  
 The lovely Morayma wept in agony, in pain ;  
 Her silvery bosom heaved and sobbed with many a hurried start,  
 As though her loved and beautiful were buried in her heart ;  
 The summer shower was in her eye, and fast and fast it came ;  
 Her cheek, that had the twilight hue, flushed like a sunset flame ;  
 One lonely sentence from her lips went flowing like a river—  
 " Alhambra, thou art desolate, thy sun hath set for ever."

H. C. D.

## COLLEGE SQUIBS.—No. I.

### DUBLIN UNIVERSITY CLASSICAL EXAMINATION QUESTIONS:

HILARY TERM, 1839.

1. That Homer might have been born simultaneously in seven different places is not opposed to the analogy of nature.

(a) A passage from Dr. E. K—g's third annual prelection at the Rotunda Hospital seems rather to confirm this hypothesis.

2. Bryant cavils at the age of Helen—shew that his remarks are unfounded—and account, on physiological principles, for her perdurable juvenescence.

3. From a remark of Cesarotti it may be inferred, that if Homer wrote at all he must have used Stephens's Writing Fluid.

(a) Is it not equally probable that he patronised the Perryian Pen?

(b) From a combination of these two celebrated theories we may form a very reasonable hypothesis as to the nature of his paper.

4. The custom of wearing long hair is not peculiar to modern beaux—Quote a passage from Homer and one from Virgil to establish this.

The principle, if acknowledged, would produce a material alteration in Stultz's celebrated theory of *habits*.

5. —“*Armenias curru subjungere Tigres instituit*”—translate this passage.

(a) Trace the different meanings through which “*Tigres*” has passed.

(b) The phrase “*Curru tigres subjungere*” may still be applicable.

(c) Cite some remarkable modern instances of the perfection to which the animal may be brought.

6. The obscurity regarding the exact position of Virgil's remains may be removed by referring to a more ancient origin—the apparently modern system of Burking.

(a) State your opinions as to the validity of this argument, and give Zakhemüpps's ingenious reasoning on the point.

7. Suvern proves that Homer, if not identical with Solomon was nearly so—the converse of this proposition is not necessarily true.

8. Buttman, in his *Sexilogus*, proves that in Greek, at least, the masculine can never prove neuter to the feminine gender—in some of the living languages the same analogy does not hold.

9. —“*Fumantem piceo et candente favillo*”—translate this passage, and quote the corresponding words from Homer.

(a) Conflicting opinions of Daum and Seemüller\* on the construction—the words “*piceo*” and “*candente*” favour respectively each hypothesis.

(b) The difficulty in Homer may be dissipated by *exploding a cannon* of Dawes.

10. To be translated into Greek prose the following passage in Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz's speech in the celebrated case of “*Bardell v. Pickwick*”—“The disconsolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window.”

\* A well known tobacconist in College Green.

## TRUTH.

“ ’Tis the fair star, that ne’er into the wane  
Descending, leads us safe thro’ stormy life.”  
THOMSON.

Truth is an angel rob’d in light,  
In whose pure breast an altar burns ;—  
But, ah ! if once it takes its flight  
From earth, it never more returns.  
The heart may pour its prayers—’tis vain,  
Ne’er kindled is that fire again.

It is a flower, which rears its head  
In ev’ry season, ev’ry clime ;—  
But, ah ! if once ’tis withered,  
It never blooms a second time.  
Hope may her brightest promise bring,  
But ne’er revive the crush’d flower’s spring.

It is a gem, of lustre more  
Than all the stores of Eastern mine ;—  
But, ah ! if falsehood once breathes o’er  
Its beauty, it no more will shine.  
No art, when that bright lustre’s gone,  
Can make it shine as erst it shone.

J. ALFRED LAW.

## POINTS OF THE MONTH.

### JUNE.

THE damp, raw gloom of winter, and the piercing winds of March, and the showers of April, and the one-day-hot-and-the-other-day-cold of May, have passed down the stream of time, and summer at length is ours. June, the first month of summer—the glorious month of birds and flowers, and hay-making, and sheep-shearing, and a thousand rural exercises and enjoyments—is with us at last.

“ — Of all most sweet

That lovely time when spring and summer meet,  
Delightful May, and the young days of June ;  
When all the bloom and freshness of the spring  
Meet all the summer's bright voluptuousness,  
Forming a climate such as in the field  
Of unpolluted Eden.”\*

The energy of the sun's rays, and the dryness of the atmosphere, are at their greatest height this month, although the temperature of the air does not attain its maximum till July or August. But now is the time—just the right season of the year—for an excursion across the Atlantic ! The Great Western steamer averages her passage, from Bristol to New York, in about fourteen days ; and thus, in the course of a few weeks, money and leisure at command, we may become as conversant with the Broadway at New York as we are with the Rue St. Honoré at Paris.

In days of honour, this month, Her Majesty, Victoria, takes the *pas*. The anniversary of her accession is on the 20th, that of her proclamation on the 21st, that of her coronation on the 28th. The queen is now in the third year of her reign.

Trinity term ends on the 12th of the month. On the 20th it is the duty of parochial overseers to fix on church doors notices to persons qualified to vote for counties to make their claims. The 20th is the anniversary of the “translation” of Edward, King of the West Saxons, who was murdered by order of Elfrida. Three years after his decease, his remains were removed, or “translated,” from Wareham, where they had been inhumed, to the minster at Salisbury. The 20th of June should also be remembered as the day on which happy couples

were accustomed to claim a flitch of bacon from the Lord of the Manor of Dunmow, in Essex. Their claim was to be established by proof that they had lived together in the holy bands of wedlock a year and a day, without repentance of their union in thought, word, or deed. The last claimants of the flitch are said to have been John Shakeshaft, a wool-comber, and Anne, his wife, of Weathersfield, in Essex, who, in 1751, bore off the flitch in triumph. The late Mr. Stothard, R. A., who has been happily designated the English Watteau, has preserved the memory of this amusing custom by an admirable painting, more than once within these few years very finely engraved. The Rev. Henry Bate, who afterwards took the name of Dudley, and was honoured with a baronetcy by George IV., also commemorated the custom by the production of a comic opera, which was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre, in the year 1778, and which is still occasionally performed.

On the 20th of June we shall have been in the enjoyment of peace with France for a quarter of a century.

Few will forget that the 21st of June is the longest day of the year. It is, however, on St. Barnabas's day, or night (June 11) that the midsummer or nightless days commence ; and they continue till the 2d of July. The subjoined couplet is yet extant in many parts of the country :—

“ Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,  
The longest day and the shortest night.”

The 24th of June is Midsummer-day—the feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist—the Commemoration of the Martyrs of Rome, under Nero, in the year 64—the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, gained by King Robert Bruce of Scotland over Edward II. of England, in 1314—and the anniversary of the death of Hampden the patriot. On the 7th of June, Robert Bruce will have been dead 510 years.

Lord Howe's glorious naval victory was achieved on the 21st of June, 1794—five-and-forty years ago. The memorable riots of 1780 commenced about the 2d of June. To the disgrace of the time, it is recorded

\* ATHERSTONE'S *Midsummer Day's Dream*.

that boys of ten or eleven years old were hanged for what may be termed an ignorant, if not innocent, participation in those riots. So much for the civilisation, judgment, and humanity of our fathers! Verily, the march of intellect has effected some improvement after all! Hanging—excepting by those who choose to perform the pleasant operation on themselves—has gone wonderfully out of fashion since that period. In fact, it would appear that a man must possess some interest to get hanged in the present day; and to this—the difficulty of getting the operation *legally* performed—may probably be ascribed the increased number of suicides.

On the 2d of June, 211 years will have elapsed since the Bill of Rights was passed.

The *first* Royal Exchange was founded on the 7th of June, 1566; the *second*, erected after the great fire of London, and opened on the 28th of September, 1669, suffered the fate of its predecessor on the 10th of January, 1838. When will the phoenix arise from its ashes?

On the 11th of June, 3023 years—more than half of the supposed age of the world—will have elapsed since the fall of Troy! Where are now the beauty and the frailty of the woman for whom the horrors of a ten years' siege were incurred, and for whom thousands of lives were sacrificed. Their memory is embalmed in the pages of Homer.

The order of the Janissaries was abolished on the 15th of June, sixteen years ago.

Seventy-eight years will have expired on the 17th, since the opening of the first English navigable canal.

On the 18th of June, 1525—314 years ago—Cardinal Wolsey made a present of Hampton Court Palace to King Henry VIII. There is said to be no portrait of Wolsey that is not in profile; a peculiarity accounted for by the alleged fact that the prelate had only one eye. Formerly there was a carving of his head, in wood, in the central board of the gateway leading to the Butchery of Ipswich, his native town. Its apparent antiquity was such, that it was supposed to have been executed during the cardinal's life-time. By the side of it was the representation of a butcher's knife. One of the most remarkable instances of alliteration in the English language is the following distich, applied to Wolsey:—

"Begot By Butchers, But By Bishops Bred,  
How High His Highness Holds His Haughty  
Head."

Twenty-four years ago, and 290 years after the presentation of Hampton Court to Henry VIII. by Wolsey, the battle of Waterloo was fought. The "victor of a hundred fights" still lives, rising—higher—higher—higher on the highest pinnacle of fame than ever.

A requiem for the lost heroes of Waterloo!

They sleep in the bosom of earth—

All their high-breathing raptures are o'er;  
Their proud glory, their valour, their worth,  
In life's pilgrimage now are no more!

They sleep—and the strife of the field,  
And the clangour of arms in its rage,  
With the sword, and the helmet, and shield,  
Their free spirits no longer engage.

They sleep—from their father-land far—

Where they fought in stern vengeance their  
foes;

Where they mocked the fierce havoc of war,  
There they find their last earthly repose.

They sleep the sweet sleep of the brave!

O'er their sod the fresh laurel shall bloom;  
And the cypress shall mournfully wave,  
As the night-wind sweeps over their tomb.

They sleep—but their memory lives;

They are dead—but the voice of their fame  
Through the world immortality gives,  
And for ever shall hallow their name!

T. H.

Magna Charta was signed on the 19th of June, 1215, 624 years ago. "For this great charter of our liberties," observes a contemporary, "we are indebted to the *Lords*: had it not been for them, we should never have possessed it. It avails the opponents of the peerage little to say that the motives of the barons were selfish; that is no business of ours; the result was beneficial"—not merely beneficial, but glorious.

The birthdays of note this month are not very numerous. Of British poets, the natal day of Akenside is all that we have to commemorate. Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" is a divine poem, too little read, and too little understood. The author was born on the 23d of June, 1721, and died in 1770, at the early age of 49.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose very name we detest, whatever may be the halo of genius by which it is surrounded, was born on the 28th, in 1712. Nicholas Poussin, an admired French painter, was born on the 1st, in 1594, at Andeley in Normandy. He spent the greater part of his life at Rome. Bishop, afterwards Cardinal, Mancini being attended by him one evening to the door,

for want of a servant, the Bishop said, "I pity you, Monsieur Poussin, for having no servant." "And I pity your Lordship," said the painter, "for having so many."

George III. was born on the 4th of June, 1738. Vauxhall Gardens always used to be opened for the season on his birthnight. The 5th is the anniversary of the birthday of his son Ernest, King of Hanover.

Giovanni Dominico Cassini, the astronomer, who determined the diurnal motion of the planet Jupiter round his axis, by means of his belt, was born at Piedmont, on the 8th of June, 1635. He also discovered the four satellites of Saturn, in addition to the one which Huygens had discovered. Patronised by Colbert, he was the first resident in the royal observatory at Paris, and continued to inhabit it more than forty years. Christian Huygens, the mathematician and astronomer just mentioned, was a native of the Hague. He also was patronised by Colbert, and was made a Fellow of the English Royal Society in 1661. He settled in France, where he received a handsome pension, and remained till 1681, when he returned to his native country, and died on the 8th of June (the anniversary of the birth of Cassini), in 1695. Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, the optimist, a contemporary of Cassini and Huygens, was born at Leipsic on the 23rd of June, 1646. Leibnitz was President of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Berlin, and held high offices of state in both Germany and Russia. He was engaged in a controversy with Newton on the invention of fluxions; and afterwards with Dr. Clarke on the subject of free will. "According to the Leibnitzian system of optimism, an infinite number of worlds are possible in the divine understanding; but, of all possible ones, God has chosen and formed the best. Each being is intended to attain the highest degree of happiness of which it is capable, and is to contribute, as a part, to the perfection of the whole."

Antoine François de Fourcroy, the great French chemist, who died in 1809, was born at Paris, on the 15th of June, 1755.

On the 8th of June, Edward the Black Prince, whom George the Fourth was anxious to regard as his model, will have been dead 463 years. With an army of only 12,000 men, the gallant Edward engaged the French army of more than 60,000, near Poitiers. He defeated this immense force, and took John, the King of France, prisoner.

Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and the murderer of its rightful sovereign, was assassinated on the 26th of June, 1541; a suitable end for a monster so ferocious and savage.

The emperor Julian, named the Apostate, died on the 29th of June, in the year 363, at the age of thirty-two.

Numerous are the British authors whose departure is recorded in the month of June. On the 11th, Roger Bacon, styled Dr. Mirabilis, for his great and unusual learning, will have been dead 535 years. In mechanics he was regarded as the greatest genius that had arisen since the days of Archimedes. He was unquestionably the inventor of gunpowder in this country, whatever may be the claims of the Chinese in the east; and also of convex and concave lenses. Of their application to the purposes of reading, and of viewing remote objects, both terrestrial and celestial, he distinctly treats. He also describes the camera obscura, and the burning-glass. He not only detected the error of the Calendar, but actually suggested the reformation which was afterwards made in it by Pope Gregory the XIIIth. The memory of this philosophical monk deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. In scientific discovery, and true philosophical feeling, he was as much before the age in which he lived, as was his illustrious namesake and successor, Lord Bacon, before the time of which he was at once the enduring honour and disgrace. No wonder that he was persecuted by the barbarians of his age—an age in which geometry and astronomy were branded as necromancy. Roger Bacon was a native of Ilchester, in Somersetshire. He was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death.

Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, editor of Leland's Itinerary, &c., died on the 10th of June, 1735.

On the 12th, in 1759, died William Collins, author of the justly celebrated Ode to the Passions, and many other admirable poems. Poor Collins, who had suffered from poverty more than the common lot of poets, died in a state of mental imbecility.

Robertson, the historian of Scotland, and of Charles the Fifth, died on the 11th of June, 1793; Bishop Warburton, author of "The Divine Legation of Moses," &c., on the 7th, in 1779; Colin Maclaurin, an eminent Scotch mathematician, author of a

"Treatise on Fluxions, &c., on the 14th, in 1746; Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, on the 19th, in 1820; Dugald Stewart, one of the ablest of modern metaphysicians, on the 11th, in 1828; the Rev. Gilbert White, author of "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," on the 26th, in 1793; Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the voluminous Encyclopædia which bears his name, on the 9th, in 1825; and Jeremy Bentham, the great utilitarian philosopher, on the 6th, in 1832.

The Great Duke of Marlborough will have been dead 117 years on the 16th; Dr. Dodd, whose fall, when executed for forgery, was deeply commiserated, sixty-two years on the 27th; and Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, second daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, patron of the famous George Whitfield, and one of the heads of the Calvinistic methodists, forty-eight years on the 17th.

John Skelton, a laureated poet at both Oxford and Cambridge in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., was descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland. Erasmus styles him *Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus*. Having entered into holy orders, he became rector of Diss, in Norfolk; but, for his indulgence of buffoonery in the pulpit, and his satirical ballads against the mendicant friars, he fell under the heavy censure of his diocesan. Persecution only

served to quicken the acrimony of his satire. At length, daring to attack the dignity of Wolsey, he was closely pursued by the officers of that powerful minister, and compelled to take shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. There he was kindly protected and entertained by Abbot Islip, to the day of his death, which occurred on the 21st of June, 1529. His remains were interred in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Magaret.

Inigo Jones, architect of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, died on the 21st of June, 1692. He wrote a book, the object of which was to prove Stonehenge to have been a Roman temple.

Arthur Murphy, a well-known dramatist, translator of Tacitus, Sallust, &c., died at Knightsbridge on the 18th of June, 1805, in the 75th year of his age. Ludovico Ariosto, author of the "Orlando Furioso," and many other works, and one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets, died on the 6th of June, 1533.

Carl Maria Von Weber, composer of the music of *Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, and various other operas, was born at Eutin, a small town in Holstein, in 1786 or 1787. He died in London, of a pulmonary affection, on the 5th of June, 1826. Weber claimed the invention of lithography, which, for a short time, he practised at Frisberg, in Saxony.

## NAPLES, &c., IN THE YEAR MDCCCXXXIX.

As a *pendant* to "ROME IN THE YEAR MDCCCXXXIX," from the "*Old Bookseller's Son*," p. 217, we here insert a few lines by the same pen, dated "Naples, April 20, 1839." Though not offering much that is new, they are not without interest as the reflection of first impressions, and as a sketch of the moment.

"I have not as yet seen much of Naples, or rather its environs, which are the principal attraction; the town itself is as perfect a contrast to Rome as it is possible to have:—at Rome all is silent and quiet, the streets are thinly scattered with people, and little show of business is seen. Here, on the contrary, all is noise, bustle, and confusion; in every street are crowds, resembling those of Cheapside and Fleet Street, with omnibuses and carriages of every description. I have been three days examining the museum, and have not seen all yet, so extensive is the collection; there are few remarkable pictures, but the objects from Pompeii, Hercu-

laneum, &c. are most interesting. One room is occupied with vessels, &c. of glass, some of it threaded with different colours like the Dutch—some blue, green, &c.; oil, milk, medicine, &c. remaining in some of them. A suite of rooms, contains a most interesting collection of bronze utensils and furniture, the commonest kitchen article being designed and ornamented with the greatest taste;—locks, keys, surgical instruments, ladies' toilette articles, consisting of ivory and bronze boxes, with red and white paint for the complexion, bodkins, needles, &c.; children's toys, door ornaments, lamps, tickets for the theatre; in fact, most of the things in common use, in many of which they are before us in taste and beauty. The fresco paintings are also most curious, many of them in the finest style of art, and, as you may suppose, a great treat to me;—in fact, the entire museum is the thing of all others in Italy (after painting) that I wish to see. In some few things it has fallen short of my expectations, in point of extent, but in others far surpassed them. \* \* \* \* \*



It certainly diminishes much of the pleasure in travelling, when you do not know the moment you may be attacked. Don Miguel and his friends were robbed, a short time since, not far from Rome. I thought it as likely as not that we should, for our party were so lazy in the morning, that we always arrived late at night. The road is very interesting, from classical recollections, and the peculiarity of the scenery—forty miles being through the celebrated Pontine marshes, the atmosphere of which, in summer, will sometimes cause death, if a person sleeps while crossing them: it is very difficult to keep from doing so at that time, the air is so heavy;—two of our party did so, and were attacked with sickness, even at this early season. The scenery is wild and savage in some parts; the cabins of the peasants being very like the Irish. Eagles and hawks were feeding on carrion, and fighting and screaming at each other; large snakes slid about amongst the herbage, and droves of ugly-looking black buffaloes were feeding through the marshes, which extend about four hundred square miles, or more, and are a dead flat. At Terracina the contrast is great indeed;—lemon and orange-trees in full bearing; Indian fig and aloe, myrtle, &c. were

growing amongst the rocks, and here and there a group of beautiful palms appeared amongst the olives. The place is rendered still more interesting, by its having been the retreat of Cicero from his enemies; the rocks are immense, and he probably hid himself amongst them;—his tomb is on the road-side, and nearer to Naples. The bay of Naples is well worthy of its reputation; the weather has not, however, been suitable to seeing it to advantage as yet. You may suppose I look on Vesuvius with great interest: he has not as yet appeared to notice my arrival by making preparations to receive me, as little or no smoke appears from his stately mansion. The Neapolitans are not the picturesque population I expected; there is, in fact, no costume more than ordinary. A rascally young lazzaroni attempted to pick my pocket (a trade at which they are very expert here), but I felt his hand, and turned round and thanked him for his kindness; so he walked off sheepishly enough. How so many exist without employment I cannot imagine. On the mole there are frequently three or four groups at a time, of perhaps eighty or a hundred each, sitting round an improvisatore, a conjuror, an orator, or a punchinello. The population is, in fact, the most numerous possible."

## LETTER FROM ELIZABETH CARTER TO MISS HIGHMORE.

*From the Original in the Collection of a Lady.*

Deal March 21, 1749-50

How do you do, dear Miss Highmore, after the late terrifying shock which has thrown most people into such sad Apprehensions? As insensible as you represent me about a storm (which however I am not) I have felt great Pain to think what those must have suffered who were in the midst of this alarming scene. I thank God we have felt nothing of it in our part of the World, but there have been Strange Sightings in the Air, and some of them very beautiful.

No, indeed, dear Miss Highmore, I am no admirer of the Roman Heroes, whom I always look upon as a Gang of rapacious Savages. That Love of their Country, which one Every where finds extolled with such magnificent Elogiums, appears to me no other than that kind of fidelity which is absolutely necessary even among a Crew of Banditti, that they may the more effectually pick the Pockets and cut the Throats of all the World besides. Their whole History, if one divests it of the false Colourings which Oratory and Success have thrown over it, is nothing but a dark Scene of Rapine and Oppression, and a tricking Policy perpetually watching every Opportunity that the weakness of their Neighbours afforded them of seizing possessions to which they had no Right. I believe from what you say on this Subject it may be safe to trust ones Opinion with you, but to be sure to most People it would seem a very absurd one, who have used themselves to look upon these

Conquerors of the World in a very different Light. I have read the Roman Father, but as you are so cautious of declaring your Sentiments about it, I will be equally secret in mine & so about this important Point you are likely to remain absolutely in the dark. Mr. West's Translation of Pindar I have never seen. The oration ascribed to Aspasia I do not remember ever to have met with, in what Author is it to be found?

That people may be seriously unhappy from fancied Misfortunes cannot be denied, but it by no means follows from thence, dear Miss Highmore, that real and imaginary Evils are the same Thing; they differ in one very essential Point, that the first cannot be avoided, and the last certainly can. However it must be confessed that people thus fantastically wretched may deserve great Commiseration. Accustomed perhaps from their Infancy by an unfortunate Education to connect Ideas which in themselves have no Connection, and thus to place their Happiness on Objects where the Author of their nature never intended it should be placed.

My Compliments attend your Papa & Mama & Mrs Browne My Head which you are so good to inquire after is but a good for nothing kind of a Head & at present will give me leave to add no more than the Assurance of my being

dear Miss Highmore

Your very obliged &  
faithful humble servant  
E Carter

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Illustrated Shakspeare*; revised from the best Authorities. With Annotations, and Introductory Remarks on the Plays. By many Distinguished Writers. Illustrated with nearly One Thousand Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Kenny Meadows: engraved by Orrin Smith. Part I., *The Tempest*. Super-royal 8vo. Tyas. 1839.

ANOTHER Shakspeare!—Oh, no! not another *Shakspeare*, for the Creator never produced a second; but another *edition*—another *illustrated edition*—an edition of “*SHAKSPEARE FOR THE PEOPLE*,” the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the typography of which surpasses all that we have seen. The avowed object of the projectors of this work “is to make the *BOOK OF SHAKSPEARE* literally a household thing;” and that, “whilst its price and mode of publication shall bring it within the means of readers of the humblest fortunes, the novelty of its pictorial illustrations, with the care bestowed upon its text, and typographical pretensions,” shall “render it superior to many editions put forth at quadruple its cost.” The new resources of mechanical science, remark the proprietors, and the extraordinary improvement in wood engraving, enable them “to diffuse amidst—ay, millions!—those beauties of art, and necessarily those refinements of life, no longer jealously considered as the property of the few, but claimed as the heritage of the many. Time was, when literature and art were to the people—

“Bann’d and barr’d, forbidden fare.”

Happily, in our day, the triumphs of the mind have vindicated their first and most sacred purpose—that of being ministrant to the moral improvement, and therefore to the highest happiness of all men. Books are no longer the exclusive luxuries of the rich—they are become the necessary food of the poor.”

We farther quote from the ably-written prospectus, as more to the purpose than aught that we can ourselves advance on the subject:—“In the present great moral struggle—in the present conflict of all that ennoble as of all that debases our common nature—good books may be considered as manna, blessing a hungry multitude. This allowed, what human work so irresistibly addresses itself to human sympathies as the writings of Shakspeare? Where shall the people find a nobler teacher—from whom shall their nature receive such immortal elevation—where shall they behold such vivid, stirring pictures of the world about them—whence learn (and learning, fear, respect, and love) the wondrous mysteries of the human heart—its powers alike for good or evil? Who shall teach them this with a loftier, a sweeter, a simpler, and a more convincing eloquence than Shakspeare? Where

shall they see and gather this loveliness and wisdom but in the starry page of *HIM*, whose genius, surpassing the powers of all men in its strength, is tempered with a charity and sweetness, rendering that strength so universal?”

One of the great merits of this edition, independently of its intrinsic and abstract excellence, is, that it interferes with none of its predecessors or contemporaries. Its illustrations are of a poetical rather than of historic or antiquarian character. Thus, while it is complete in itself, it is desirable, if not essential, in every library, even though every library may have a thousand other editions of the bard upon its shelves.

The “Introductory Remarks” to the “*Tempest*” are very neatly written: our regret is that they are not upon a more extended scale. Of the “Notes” we are not yet enabled to speak, as Part the First is entirely occupied by the play itself.

The typography, as we have said, is remarkable for its extreme delicacy and beauty. It is to the illustrations, however, that we must turn for the primary attraction. The designs, by Meadows, are of a highly poetic character. The “*Tempest*” alone furnishes twenty; some of them slight, it is true, but others exquisite, and all effective. A sufficient guarantee for the admirable style of their engraving is given in the name of Orrin Smith. Perhaps the gem of Part I. is a brilliant and richly imaginative landscape—a moonlight scene—illustrating the passage, “On the bat’s back I do fly,” in Ariel’s charming song—

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip’s bell I lie,” &c.

The wreck—with the wild rush of the waters, the lightning’s flash, and the demons of the storm—forming the head-piece to Act I., is dazzling and terrific. Rich in humour, the head-piece to Act IV. is also very striking. Grand in its very simplicity, Prospero forms a noble portrait. Amongst the other illustrations may be particularised the portraits of Sycorax, Caliban, Ferdinand, Miranda, Ariel, the King, Trinculo, Stephano, the Conspirators, &c.—A brief descriptive list of the illustrations, on the wrapper, is very desirable.

It is announced that a biographical account of Shakspeare, collected from various sources, and embracing the results of various late discoveries, will be written for this work, by Mr. Jerrold; with an Essay on the Plays and Poems.

The chief, almost the only fault we can find with this specimen Part of “*The Illustrated Shakspeare*” is its distressing cheapness: we cannot comprehend by what possible circulation the enormous outlay for paper, print, painting, engraving, &c., here involved, is ever to be brought back to the proprietors.

*Notes of a Wanderer, in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine.* By W. F. Cumming, M.D., late Bengal Medical Establishment; Member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; Associate Member of the Egyptian Society of Cairo; and Corresponding Member of the Medical Society of Athens. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THIS is a very unpretending work, by a writer of considerable attainments, actuated by a mind truly benevolent and philanthropic. "From the circumstances under which these notes were written," observes Dr. Cumming, "they are necessarily of a discursive and familiar character, touching but slightly, and on the surface of things. Hence, although treating of Italy, and Egypt, and Greece, it is not to the scholar, or the antiquary, I address myself,—to them my pages will afford little instruction; but I would hope they may not be altogether devoid of interest to the invalid, and to those general readers who prefer the traveller's own impressions and sketches carelessly hit off amid the scenes described, to elaborate disquisitions on politics, poetry, or pyramids."

Labouring under a pulmonary affection of considerable severity, that, and various other circumstances, induced Dr. Cumming to determine on passing the winter of 1836 in Egypt; passing, in his way thither, through Italy; and subsequently visiting Greece and Turkey, and then passing up the Danube and down the Rhine, and reaching home by the way of Holland.

When at Thebes, on New Year's Day, 1837, Dr. Cumming thus writes:—

"Strength returning rapidly. I enjoy my large roomy chamber exceedingly after the confinement of my little cabin. This house was built by the French during their occupation of Egypt. It stands on part of the ruins of the Great Temple or Luxor. I am now seated on a platform outside my chamber, from which I command a view of exceeding beauty. The climate is most heavenly. In what part of Europe could I find a new year's day like the present! Even in boasted Italy, there are probably at this moment frost and snow, or fogs and rain; while here I am respiring the balmyest air that ever gladdened the lungs of man. I delight in sitting out here, gazing on the varied picture exposed to the eye. Beneath the walls is the noble Nile flowing his onward course in unruffled majesty. A small green isle divides the river into two branches, nearly equal in size, the lower extremity terminating exactly opposite to where I sit, and here the parted stream reunites its tranquil waters. A number of camels are reposing upon a ledge of sand left dry by the receding inundation, most of them lying on the ground in admired disorder. Some are standing among the herd on three legs, the fourth being shackled by a strap that binds up the knee. Several grave, sedate looking donkeys stand round the outskirts of the flock."

At Cairo, on the 26th of February, our author proceeds:—

"The weather continues delightful; indeed, it is impossible to imagine any thing more divine than the climate of Egypt; were the elements under my controul, I could not improve it; the sky is bright and cloudless, and the atmosphere pure and transparent as crystal: here are no soul-subduing fogs, nor vapour-giving rains; no green frosts, nor ghastly snows. The sun rules supreme, yet without despotic sway; hitherto I have braved with impunity even his direct rays. I feel convinced that the climate of Egypt has only to be known in order to be appreciated and resorted to by the pectoral invalid. In what part of Europe will he find such a winter? I boldly assert, in none. That there are many disadvantages and drawbacks cannot be denied; nor is Egypt at all adapted to the invalid whose malady is *far* advanced: when the cough is confirmed, the body wasted, the expectoration prevalent, and the hectic on the cheek, he should by all means stay at home, for Egypt will not work miracles. But let him who is of a phthisical disposition, who is susceptible of catching cold on the slightest exposure to damp, who has occasional slight febrile paroxysms, with hard dry cough, and tendency to emaciate; let him, I say, come out to the Nile, and he will be almost certain to ward off the dart that is aimed against him. Tubercles once formed, the Nile will not cure them, but it will in many cases prevent their formation, and even when deposited, cause them to remain inert."

We must notice Dr. Cumming's visit to Ferney.

"On Saturday I accompanied Espinasse and his friend to Ferney, well known as the residence of Voltaire; it is five miles distant from Geneva; and about two miles within the French frontier. The house, or chateau, as it is called, is approached by an avenue of trees, beginning at the village; behind the house, and all round, are some pretty walks. Count — is the present proprietor, but he permits the public to visit the parlour and bed-room of the 'Great Man.' In them there is nothing to be seen of particular note. It is the imagination and not the eye that must expect to be gratified on occasions like these. For myself, I did not enter the retreat of Voltaire with the feelings of a devout pilgrim; my admiration of the *genius* being associated with but little reverence for the *man*. We were shewn an elm in the garden that he had planted. It is now a fine tree, having a circumference of ten feet at least, and its trunk defended from the spoliations of the pilgrim, by a coating of thorns, extending higher than a man can reach. But for this precaution, the outer bark would soon vanish, and the safety of the tree be compromised. After walking over the grounds, we were conducted to see some relics of Voltaire. These were exhibited by the venerable gardener, a fine old man of

seventy-three. He shewed us a book of seals taken from the letters of Voltaire's correspondents, all pasted in order, in a portfolio. Remarks in his own hand-writing are written under many of the seals: under that of one, he has written 'Fou,'—of another, 'Il fait des vers.' The arms of emperors and kings are among the number, showing how *recherché* among the potentates of the earth was the philosopher of Ferney. Among them was the seal of Garrick, but with no remark attached. The old gardener was a boy of fourteen when Voltaire quitted Ferney for Paris. His vocation was to accompany his master during his walks, carrying his writing materials, in order that when a luminous thought came across him, he might note it down. He showed us the inkstand and seal which his master had always used, and which he had presented to him the day before his departure for Paris; likewise a copy of the four last lines that he ever wrote. They are to the effect, that in his life time he had never shrunk from combating prejudices; and that if, in the shades, he found any to exist, he would write them down *there* also,—

'Tandis que j'ai vécu, on m'a vu hautement  
Aux badards effarés dire mon sentiment;  
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,  
S'ils ont des préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres?'

"I bought a printed sheet, giving some particulars of Voltaire, to which the old man appended the impression of the seal. I had also the honour of putting on the huge ring of the philosopher, which was exhibited as a most sacred relic."

It was our intention to close here; but we must find room for the writer's description of his enviable sensations, on his return to England, after a former long absence.

"The profoundest stillness reigned in the harbour (Plymouth) as we entered, and the deep silence of midnight was broken only by the town clock, which was in the act of striking twelve when I stepped upon the quay. With what elastic step and bounding heart I then trod the British soil! A seaman conducted me to an inn; the door was locked, but there was a light in the coffee-room. I knocked, and presently the door was opened by a rosy, polite bar-maid, who welcomed me with a smile, shewed me into the coffee-room, and asked what she should bring me for supper. I shall never forget that moment. What a transition from the huge crowded inns of America, where the servants are all blacks, or if you chance occasionally to meet with a free-born American in the capacity of waiting-maid, she is a stern republican damsel, whom you must call "Miss," and speak to in a tone of supplication rather than of command! Here I was in a snug English coffee-room, waited on by a nice pretty Englishwoman, who, far from thinking it a degradation, was delighted to serve me. I felt bewildered with joy, and seizing the smiling Hebe in my arms, impressed a glowing kiss upon her lips. It was

the patriot's kiss—pure and fervent, and might have been impressed before the whole bench of bishops. The lips of the bar-maid were to me as the sacred soil of my country, with the additional advantage of being more agreeable to press than the cold stones of the quay. In that girl I beheld the personification, the representative, as it were, of all that was dear to me in England,—for she was all I had yet seen of my country."

*Cheveley; or, The Man of Honour.* By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 Vols. Bull. 1839.  
*Lady Cheveley; or, The Woman of Honour.* pp. 47. Churton. 1839.

OF these publications, the former is understood to be a malignant attack upon the husband of the writer and the father of her children. Possibly it may contain *some* truth; but, to whatever extent the truth may run, it is so mixed up with fiction—fiction of the grossest and most offensive nature—that it is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between them, or to render justice to the party assailed. Of Sir E. L. Bulwer we know, and wish to know, nothing: that he is a man of supercilious, affected, conceited manners, has long been evident to every person who may have met him in society; that, as a novelist, he is one of the most splendid geniuses of the age, will hardly be contested, unless by his political enemies; that he is a miserable politician, his writings in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he was once the editor, and his speeches in Parliament, abundantly prove; but that he is the moral monster depicted in the pages of his wife's romance we utterly disbelieve: in fact, we would not so libel human nature as to believe in the possibility of the existence of a brute and a monster so horrible. Whatever may be Sir Edward Bulwer's character, as a *man*, Lady Bulwer, by the publication of "*Cheveley*," has established *her* character, as a *woman*—as a *wife*, as a *mother*, as a *friend*, as an *acquaintance*, as a *member of society at large*. Such books ought to be *put down*, as *contra bonos mores*. Personal assailants of character—especially *female* assailants—must be *put down*, or society will become a bear-garden. Their suppression will tend essentially to preserve the insulted and maligned aristocracy of our land from the pestilence of vulgar detraction.

Of the rhyming trifle entitled "*Lady Cheveley, or the Woman of Honour*," it is sufficient to say that Sir E. Bulwer has thought proper to disclaim the authorship.

*Heads of the People taken off, by Kenny Meadows (Quizfizz).* No. 7. Tyas, 1839.

As "*The Undertaker*" is the best head upon the wood, this month, so, as in "*the fitness of things*" it should be, Jerrold has given it the best illustration upon paper.

"Let us, however, follow Mr. Mandrake through his daily solemnity. Let us attend him

to the house of mourning; let us go with him on the day when he who was the very heart of that house is to be carried forth to the church-yard. For a time, the Undertaker takes possession of the miserable homestead. He is the self-created lord of its hospitality. It is he who stands the master of the mansion, and does its melancholy honours. With what grim urbanity he hands about the cake and wine! How he presses refreshment upon the heart-broken; how, as merely a matter of business, he proffers it to the mourners by invitation! His words, few and significant, come in whispers, and he treads the carpet as though he walked on flowers. Nor are his attentions confined to the relatives and friends of the dead; no, he has a keen anxiety for the wants of his vassals. The mutes, two breathing, half-crown images of deepest woe at the door, must, to support their load of sorrow, be plied with cake and alcohol; the coachmen cannot look sufficiently serious without their customary fluid; and the bearers, that they may stand manfully beneath their burthen, must nerve their hearts with potent gin.

"The funeral is over, the cloaks are gathered up, the hatbands adjusted, the Undertaker and his servants have departed, and nought remains of the solemnity save—the bill! That is, in due time, presented; and—happy is the Undertaker above all the race of trading men—his commodities, as provided and supplied, defy the voice of cavil. His articles, six, eight, ten feet below the earth, are not to be questioned. He boldly charges for the 'best mattress and pillow;' for the grass has begun to grow above them, or the mason has built them over, and who shall doubt their quality? The 'best mattress!' What a melancholy satire in the superlative, when we think of the head of clay, the limbs of earth disposed upon it! And then, 'To a stout, handsome elm coffin;' its durability and beauty insisted upon with a flourish, as if it were a thing made and adorned to endure for ever; a precious chest provided for the judgment. Then follows, 'To the use of the best black silk velvet pall,' and the 'feathers,' and the 'cloaks,' and the 'hearse,' and the 'coaches,' and all that may be truly said to belong to the living; the mattress, the shroud, and the 'handsome elm,' being, indeed, the only things that can be honestly charged to the account of the dead."

Here is a funeral of a different class:—

"It is the sabbath in London. Streams of people pour along the streets; everybody wears a brightened face; the whole metropolis makes cheerful holiday. All things move, and look, and sound of life, and life's activities. Careless talk and youthful laughter are heard as we pass: man seems immortal in his very ease. Creeping through the throng, comes the poor man's funeral train: look at the Undertaker marshaling the way. Is he the same functionary who handed cake and wine—who deferentially as-

sisted at the fitting of the mourning gloves—who tied on the cloak; or, who noiselessly entered the room, and, ere the screws were turned, with a face set for the occasion, and a voice pitched to the sadness of his purpose, begged to know if 'it was the wish,—before—before—' and then shrunk aside, as some one or two rushed in agony of heart to take a farewell look? Is it the same Undertaker—is it even a bird of the same sable feather? Scarcely; for see how he lounges along the path: his head is cast aside, and there is in every feature the spirit of calculation. What is he thinking of,—the train he leads?—the part he plays in the festival of death? No: he is thinking of his deals at home—of the three other burials his men are attending for him—of his chances of payment—of the people who have passed their word in security for part of the money for the present funeral—of the lateness of the hour—of his tea, that will be waiting for him ere the burying be done. How sad, how miserable the train that follows! The widow, and her children: what efforts have been made—what future privations entailed, by the purchase of the mourning that covers them! Here is death in all his naked horror; with nought to mask his unsightliness—nothing to lessen the blow; here, indeed, he rends the heart-strings, and there is no medicine in fortune, no anodyne to heal the wounds. Follow the mourners from the church-yard home. Home!—A place of desolation; a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard. It is in the poor man's house that the dart of death is sharpest—that terror is added to the king of terrors. It is there that he sets up his saddest scutcheon in the haggard looks of the widow—in the pallid faces of the fatherless."

The "Head" of the poor "Chimney-sweep" is almost, if not quite, as good as that of the "Undertaker;" and its illustration, by John Ogden, probably stands next upon the scale of merit.

And then we have two more Tavern Heads: "The Last Go," and "The Man of Many Goes;" and, for our own parts, we shall not be sorry when they are all gone.

*The Unity of Disease analytically and synthetically proved: with Facts and Cases subversive of the Received Practice of Physic.* By Samuel Dickson, M.D., formerly a Medical Officer on the Staff; author of a Treatise on "The Prevalent Diseases of India," "The Fallacy of the Art of Physic, as taught in the Schools," &c. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1839.

DR. DICKSON is probably somewhat too much of a theorist; but there is so much that is good in his theory—so much simplicity, sound sense, and apparent truth—that his extraordinary volume is well entitled to the serious consideration of every member of the faculty. Dr. Dickson defines health to be an equable and medium temperature prevailing throughout the

body. Every thing is periodical. "There can be no motion in matter *without change of temperature*, and no change of temperature *without motion in matter*." Disease is a divergence from an equable and medium temperature; it is a state to be improved—a corporeal variation, reducible, like health, into a series of particular mutations. The difference between disease and health consists "in mere variations of the sum or amount of the natural corporeal action and temperature." The essence of Dr. Dickson's theory is this:—"Intermittent fever is the type of all disease." Thus, as all disease partakes of the nature of ague, in all its modifications, it will be best met by a practice in accordance with the proper treatment of ague.

It is amusing to observe, that Dr. Dickson, while he laughs at the homœopathists, is, in practice, more than half a homœopathist himself. Speaking of Dr. Hahnemann, he says—"His remedies are aconite, gold, belladonna, &c.; but these are only salutary, according to him, when prescribed in the minutest possible doses:—the millionth, decillionth, and heaven knows what other infinitesimal proportions of a grain of aconite or belladonna, being an infallible remedy for the great proportion of human diseases! Can my reader, unless absolutely mystified by metaphysics, require me to enter into the serious refutation of such absurdities?" Yet Dr. Dickson tells us, that, for thirteen years of his life, he has himself been in the habit of prescribing calomel in doses so minute as the 12th, 16th, and 20th part of a grain. Now, we will take leave to say, that, had he read and studied Dr. Hahnemann (which he evidently has not)—had he *understood* the principles and practice of homœopathy—had he made himself acquainted with the mode of preparing homœopathic medicines—with the extent to which the *known* properties of drugs are increased by that mode of preparation, and with the *new* properties which are developed thereby; had he, moreover, been cognisant of the numerous "facts and cases subversive of the received practice of physic," which homœopathic practitioners have adduced, he would never have asked the question which we have cited. Whatever may be the effects of homœopathy, *it is*, what allopathy is *not*—a *system*. The main points of difference between Dr. Dickson and the homœopathists appear to be, *first*, that while the pharmacopœia of the homœopathist is exceedingly copious, that of Dr. Dickson is vastly more restricted than that of the allopathists in general; and, *secondly*, that whilst the disciples of Hahnemann invariably exhibit *simple* medicines—that is, only *one* medicine at a time—Dr. Dickson exhibits *his* few favourite medicines (arsenic, prussic acid, quinine, opium, &c.) *in combination*.

With reference to bloodletting, Dr. Dickson goes farther than even the homœopathists. He does not draw the lancet even in cases of apoplexy. "In the course of a very extensive practice," says he, "I have not for some years even once ordered the abstraction of blood in

any manner, nor have I had cause to regret the circumstance; for, since I dropped the practice, I have met with a success in the treatment of disease generally, which, while my mind continued fettered by school doctrines, I could not by any possibility have foreseen."

Dr. Dickson's mode of treatment for apoplexy is by the cold affusion. The patient is extended on his back; cold water is poured on his head, from a height; after a few ablutions, he staggers to his feet—stares wildly around him—walks away, and his cure is completed by a smart purgative.

Dr. Dickson's work is eminently entitled to consideration.

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*The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, &c.*  
 Edited by R. H. Horne, Esq. Part II.  
 Royal 8vo. Tyas. 1839.

THE second portion of this interesting and spirited work, amusing from its abundance of anecdote, and instructive from its illustrations of personal character, brings the history down to the period of Napoleon's arrival at Paris, after the treaty of Campo Formio. As we proceed, however, we begin to question the impartiality of its editor. We are perfectly aware that, whatever may be the honest intentions of a writer—for, more or less, we are all party-men—it is impossible to wield a strictly impartial pen in sketching the memoirs of contemporary public characters. Take, for instance, a Tory and a Whig: set them, each, to write a life of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Melbourne, or Lord Brougham: let their intentions and determination be equally honest and pure; yet how different must their productions, of necessity, prove. And Buonaparte, though no longer actually a contemporary, is not yet sufficiently far removed from immediate observation to enable even the honestest man in existence to trace his career with an eye strictly and philosophically impartial. It must be infinitely more satisfactory to a writer to have to pen the biography of a man whose character he may happen to admire, than the reverse. In the former case, he may do his subject more, in the latter he will be sure to do him less, than justice; and that without any imputation on his integrity. Since then, we are not permitted to indulge the hope of impartiality—and, perhaps, were we even, by possibility, to witness the consummation of such a hope, we should not be satisfied—we think we are entitled to an honest avowal of an author's principles and predilections. Thus, beginning, as we have said, to question the impartiality of Mr. Horne, with reference to his *History of Buonaparte*, we should be better pleased were he to stand boldly forward, and proclaim his partizanship. With readers, on one side of the question, this would give him a decided advantage; whilst those on the other would be the better enabled to make due allowance for the leaning of his statements. We may be in error—if so we shall most willingly recant; but to us it appears 'as

though Mr. Horne were endeavouring to found a claim for his work to be entitled "*The Beauties of Buonaparte*." This, as we have intimated, will be a feather in his cap with many.

As we anticipated, in our notice of Part I., the execution of many of the engravings now before us is, from the touch of English artists, of a higher order of merit; especially those from the designs of Horace Vernet.

*The Madhouse.* A Poem. By John Goodwin Barmby. Stocking. 1839.

THE author of this little brochure—a youth of only seventeen—has all the faults—can it be wondered at?—of a young poet. But, *malgré* his faults—his redundancy of epithet, his innumerable expletives, his unhappy rhymes, his unconscious imitations of the peculiarities rather than of the beauties of favourite writers—he is a poet. He is a poet; and he gives hope and promise of better things to come.

Crabbe had a giant's power; and he used that power like a giant—mercilessly. Rarely was Crabbe satisfied without subjecting all our generous feelings and sympathies to torture. Shakespeare knew better than to play such pranks: he always stopped short of the horrible. As a model, a more objectionable writer than Crabbe could not be selected. Let Mr. Barmby beware of his example. He could hardly have hit upon a worse theme for the exercise of his talent than a "madhouse." Unlike Lord Byron, he did not "want a hero:" his want was that of a friend—of an honest and intelligent friend, upon whose taste and judgment he could rely, and upon whose advice, in the composition of his poem, he would feel himself bound to act. Had he been sufficiently fortunate to possess such a friend, his verses would have been less crude and inaccurate than they now are. However, let the reader accept his "Dedication," in proof of our expressed opinion that "he is a poet:—

"Floranthe—Ladye mine—I dedicate  
These first-heard tunings of my novice lyre  
To thee, my heart's sole Idol, and aspire  
To lay before thee, in thy virtue's state—  
As heathens plac'd before a deity  
Their choral hymns—my lay of poesie:  
And oh! may thy two eyes which beam so bright,  
Beneath the grape-black clusters of thy hair,  
Like planets twin set 'neath the brow of night,  
Reflect their lustrous eloquence of light  
Upon my page—and as the young moon fair,  
The musing paleness of thy angel face—  
Oh! may it hover o'er the wild thoughts  
there—  
For where it looks must be a hallow'd place,  
And where a glance so bright as thine does shine,  
All darkness vanishes—sweet Ladye mine."

*The Oriental Herald, and Colonial Intelligencer*: containing a Faithful Digest of such Information as must be considered generally inter-

esting from the British Indian Residencies, and the Eastern Nations. Nos. XVI. and XVII. (for April and May). Smith, Elder, and Co.

WITH this periodical, apparently a very able and useful one, we had been hitherto unacquainted. Under the heads, "Synopsis of Indian Intelligence," "Asiatic Register," "Postscript," &c., the mass of information it contains, from being composed in a very small type, is prodigious. The original articles, too, are of considerable interest and value. In the Number for April, we find a full account of the Assam Tea Company; from the clear and copious details of which, there is strong reason to infer, that we shall not much longer be dependent upon China for our favourite and almost indispensable repast of tea. Mr. Bruce, the discoverer of the tea-plant in Assam, sixteen years ago, states, that, in 1838, he was employing twelve manipulators in the manufacture of tea; and that if he had 12,000 he could find employment for them all.

The May Number opens with a long and important paper embracing a view of the "Crisis in India," and of Lord Auckland's measures in that country. Nothing could have been better timed than this.

Altogether we are much pleased with this publication, and heartily wish it success.

*The Education of the People; the Bible the Foundation, and the Church the Teacher.* An Introductory Address delivered in the Lecture Room of the Bath General Instruction Society, on Friday, February 1st, 1839. By Edward Osler, Principal of the Society. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

FOR a view of the benevolent and comprehensive schemes of "The Bath General Instruction Society," we must refer the reader to the tract, the title, of which we have given above. From the subjoined brief *excerpta* from its pages, which we offer without comment, the general and religious principles of the society will be understood.

"A reason why the whole Christian education of the child should be identified with his Church is found in the truth, acknowledged by all orthodox sects, that Christian communion is essential to personal religion." \* \* \*

"Even in a worldly point of view, it is material that children be brought up with fixed religious principles. Experience shews that the character is greatly influenced by the religious persuasion; and indecision in a matter of so great moment is fatal to general consistency and stability. 'A double minded man is unstable in all his ways,' and he who rambles from sect to sect is always just as unsteady in his worldly affairs." \* \* \*

"Decision and constancy in religious opinion are so essential both to the religious and the ge-

neral character, that it is a necessary part of a religious education to identify a system with the teaching, and to bind the child to it by his reason, associations, and affections. Neutrality is impossible. The school which is not decidedly Church, will be entirely sectarian." \* \* \*

"Upon the question what schools should be patronized in a system of education for the people, we appeal to the policy of the Government, and to the principles of churchmen. Upon the Government we would urge, that the civil and religious institutions of the country are so entirely identified, that in proportion as any individual is hostile to the one, does he seek to promote organic changes in the other. Nor does this depend on the fact that the Episcopal Church is established by law, while the different dissenting bodies are in a less favoured position. Wherever the principles and system of dissent, or congregationalism, prevail, there the feeling is hostile to monarchy; while on the other hand, loyalty and episcopacy are inseparable. Therefore it is the policy of the State to uphold and foster the Church, as the only safeguard of the Constitution, and the sure bulwark of the Throne." \* \* \*

"Dissent is tolerated, not established; and toleration implies, that while the system is not, and ought not to be molested, it is not, and ought not to be encouraged.

"The appeal to churchmen on the subject

may be very short; for they cannot countenance sectarian, or what is the same thing, comprehensive schools, without abandoning their principles. To do this, they must sanction the suppression of truths which they believe to be important, and create facilities for the propagation of errors which they believe to be hurtful: leaving the child to choose hereafter between truth and error, as chance, or circumstances, may determine, and withholding from him the knowledge which would lead him to a right choice."

*Splendid Library Edition of Fables; by the most eminent British, French, German, and Spanish Authors; illustrated with numerous Engravings, after Original Designs. By J. J. Granville. Parts II., III., and IV. 8vo. Tilt. 1839.*

OF this spirited and tasteful publication, we cannot do otherwise than repeat, in its progress, the praise we so cordially awarded on the appearance of its commencing Part.\* The Fables, both in prose and verse, are selected with great taste and judgment; and those which appear now for the first time in an English dress are extremely well, and even elegantly, translated. The collection should be in every library.

\* *Vide*, p. 45.

## Select Necrology.

### THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE REV. HERBERT MARSH, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Rector of St. Clement's, Norfolk, died at the Palace, Peterborough, on the 1st of May.

This eminently learned and highly-gifted prelate was born about the year 1757. He was a native of the metropolis, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself as a classical and mathematical student. He was second wrangler in 1779. After obtaining a fellowship and academical honours at home, he went to Germany for improvement in modern languages. At Göttingen he resided several years. Whilst on the Continent he acquired much important information on public affairs, and was thus enabled to render essential service to his country, for which, during the administration of Mr. Pitt, he was rewarded with a pension.

On the death of Mr. Mainwaring, in 1807, he succeeded to the Lady Margaret Professorship; and, with a laudable zeal to discharge the duties of his station in the most beneficial manner, he immediately engaged in a course of English lectures on theology, instead of Latin ones, as had been the ancient practice:

It was in the earlier part of his life that Dr. Marsh published his "Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament," with original notes, many of which are learned disquisitions on points of great moment. This work was succeeded by his "Letter to Mr. Archdeacon Travis," containing information of indisputable value to those who are engaged in the study of the Greek Manuscripts of the New Testament. After he became the Lady Margaret Professor, he put forth his "Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome"—a volume of much importance at the time, and rendered still more important by subsequent events. He was extensively engaged in the Bible Society controversy, and also in that referring to the rival claims of Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster on the subject of education. His "Lectures on Divinity," containing a more systematic arrangement of the several branches of theology than had previously appeared—with many volumes and treatises, the very titles of which would occupy nearly a page of *The Aldine Magazine*—all abound in matter most useful to theological students. Whatever came from Bishop Marsh's pen evinced unwearied assiduity in research, extreme acuteness in discovering circumstances



that could elucidate the subject of his investigation, and the utmost clearness in stating the result of his labours. In fine, his writings are certainly destined to rank with those which will "profit in the after-time." Dr. Marsh was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff on the 18th of July, 1816, and translated to Peterborough on the 25th of April, 1819. This distinguished prelate was a Fellow of the Royal, and also of the Asiatic Society.

The Very Reverend George Davys, Dean of Chester, has succeeded Bishop Marsh in the see of Peterborough.

#### THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, remembered in all our gay and fashionable circles as the popular author of "Oh, no, we never mention her," "I'd be a Butterfly," and a multitude of other light and graceful songs—of two or three novels, and tales and sketches *ad infinitum*—and of from thirty to forty little dramatic pieces, ("Perfection," "Tom Noddy's Secret," &c.) most of them successful—died at Cheltenham on the 22d of April, after a severe illness, and long mental struggling and suffering.

Mr. Bayly was only in his forty-second year. He was born to good expectations; he married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who brought him a considerable fortune; and, mixing in the best society of the day, he began the world under the most favourable auspices. It is understood, however, that his expectations were not realized; and that, in consequence, his pecuniary affairs became embarrassed, and he could not fall back into a sufficiently economical course till the pressure of circumstances had impoverished him beyond a remedy.

The immediate cause of Mr. Bayly's decease appears to have been a violent bilious attack, which reduced him to a mere shadow, and, resisting all medical efforts, at length terminated his existence. He has left a widow and two children.

#### MR. BATTIER.

THE fate and circumstances of Mr. Battier, formerly of the 10th Hussars, whose differences with his brother officers some years ago attracted much public attention, seem to have borne a resemblance to those of Mr. Bayly, mentioned above. After leaving his regiment he retired to the Continent. With some taste, but apparently little genius, or talent of high order, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, with, it is believed, very slight success. He died at Paris, on the 21st of April, leaving a large family, we fear, unprovided for.

#### THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE Right Honourable George Capel Co-ningsby, fifth Earl of Essex, Viscount Malden,

Baron Capel of Hadham, Recorder and High Steward of Leominster, D. C. L., F. S. A., &c., expired at his residence, in Belgrave Square, on the 23d of April. His Lordship was born on the 13th of November, 1757; married June 6, 1786, Sarah, daughter of Henry Bazett, of St. Helena, Esq., and widow of Edward Stephenson, Esq.; succeeded his father in the family honours on the 5th of March, 1799.

His Lordship's ancestors were anciently of the manor of Capel, in the county of Suffolk. Sir William Capel was Lord Mayor of London in 1504. Sir Giles, his son, was knighted by Henry VIII. for his valour at the battles of Terouenne and Tournay. Sir Giles's great grandson, Arthur, was created, by Charles I., Lord Capel, of Hadham, in 1641. Eminent for his loyalty, this nobleman was beheaded by the rebels in 1649. His son, Arthur, was, soon after the restoration, created Earl of Essex. In 1677, he was recalled from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Espousing the popular party, in the ensuing parliamentary struggles, he was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, with Lord Russell; during the trial of whom, intelligence was received in court that Lord Essex had been found with his throat cut, a catastrophe the origin of which was never traced.

For many years, the late Earl and his Countess—from incompatibility of temper, as was said—lived apart. Of that lady, who died not long since, there is a portrait, by an artist of the name of Healy, in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. Her ladyship, long celebrated for her card-parties, &c., was one of the earliest and warmest patronesses of the Beulah Spa. Shortly after her death, the Earl of Essex married Miss Stephens, the celebrated vocalist, on whom he settled a jointure of 3000*l.* per annum. With the exception of the Countess's jointure, the whole of the Earl's property devolved on the heir at law, his nephew, Arthur Algernon Capel, now Earl of Essex. His Lordship, born in 1803, married, in 1825, the Lady Caroline Jeannetta, daughter of William Beauclerk, eighth Duke of St. Albans.

The remains of the late Earl were interred at Walford, in Essex, on the 30th of April. The funeral was very private, with little pomp or ostentation in the ceremony.

#### THE DEAN OF ELY.

TOWARDS the close of April died the Very Rev. James Wood, D. D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; Dean of Ely; Rector of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight; F. R. S., &c.

Dr. Wood was a native of Lancashire. In 1782, he gained the first of Smith's mathematical prizes, was Senior Wrangler of the year, and proceeded to his B. A. degree. He took his M. A. degree in 1785; was elected Master of St. John's, of which he had been many years senior tutor and Greek lecturer, in 1815; and

was presented to the Deanery of Ely, on the death of Dr. Pearce, in 1820.

Besides papers in the Philosophical Transactions, in the Memoirs of the Manchester Society, &c., Dr. Wood wrote, "The Elements of Algebra," 8vo., in 1795; "The Principles of Mechanics," 8vo., in the same year; and "The Elements of Optics," 8vo., 1799.

#### FERNANDO PAER.

THE following particulars relating to this distinguished composer, who died at Paris on the 3d of May, are abstracted from a more detailed account in one of the French papers—

"Fernando Paer was born in Parma, in 1771. His first opera was produced at Venice, when he was a mere boy. He afterwards went from Padua to Milan, from Florence to Naples, from Rome to Bologna, writing operas for each of these cities. He subsequently visited Vienna, where he composed several works, till he was invited to Dresden by the Elector of Saxony, and appointed chapel-master. Buonaparte found Paer at Dresden, and took him to France. He was at one time the director of the Italian Opera, and director of the private concerts of the Emperor, and singing-master to Maria Louisa. Under the Restoration he was equally favoured by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The Institute admitted him into its ranks. Under Louis Philippe he was director of concerts and professor of the Conservatoire. His great works were the operas of *Griselda*, *Camilla*, and *Agnese*. The latter was rendered popular by the acting of Ambrogetti, and presents one of Tamburini's best parts. For the French stage Paer wrote the *Maître de Chapelle*, and also *Un Caprice de Femme*, in July, 1834. For the last two years he could not walk, but was carried by his servants to the theatre. He was present at the first night of Auber's *Lac des Fées*. He was buried on the 6th of May, a solemn service having been performed at the church of St. Roche, Rue St. Honoré, Paris. Paer was on intimate terms with Cherubini, who attended him in his last moments.

"Paer was one of the most learned and fertile *maestri* of the great Italian school. He studied first at an ecclesiastical seminary, and thence went to the Pieta Conservatorio, where his master was Ghiretti, a Neapolitan professor. At the age of fourteen he gave at Venice his first opera, *Circe*. He immediately attracted orders from the managers of the Theatres of Padua, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples. His celebrity fixed the attention of his godfather, the Grand Duke of Parma, who pensioned him, and permitted him to go to Vienna, where he produced several works of great merit. In 1801 he succeeded Nauman at Dresden. It was there that, in the campaign of 1806, he was found by Napoleon, who, after the battle of Jena, summoned him and his wife, a popular *cancatrice*, to Berlin. They followed the Imperial headquarters to Posen and Warsaw, where they gave brilliant concerts.

"After the treaty of Tilait, Paer was attached to the music department of the Imperial Court. In 1812, he succeeded Spontini as director of the Italian Theatre of Paris. These places secured him an income of above 60,000 francs, besides the advantages of a high station at Court. On Napoleon's fall he was, first, director of the Italian Opera, then Rossini's colleague in the superintendence of the singing department; he was next professor of composition at the Conservatoire. In 1814 he was appointed director of the concerts of Louis XVIII., composer and accompanist of the music of the King's chamber, and, in 1821, director of the Duchess de Berry's private music. After the revolution of 1830, Paer's fortunes considerably declined, all that remained of his grandeur being the ill-paid office of director of the music of Louis Philippe. The only solace he had was his election in 1831, as member of the Royal Institute, instead of Catel.

"Paer composed a large number of works performed with success in France, Italy, and Germany. Those played at Paris have been *Il Principe di Tarente*, *La Camilla*, *La Griselda*, and *I Fuorusciti di Firenze*. He composed for the Italian theatre of that capital his celebrated *Agnese*, and, on the occasion of the Duke de Berry's marriage, *La Primavera Felice*. He had given at the theatre of Napoleon's Court *Numa Pompilius* and *I Baccanti*. In 1814 he was one of the composers who, with Mehul, Berton, and Kreutzer, produced *L'Oriflamme*, an opera performed at the Grand Opera, and in which the great monarchical recollections were invoked in support of the tottering empire; for the Opera Comique two or three original pieces, such as the *Maître de Chapelle*, and *Un Caprice de Femme*. He was among the few composers who are equally successful in serious and comic music. His music is distinguished by a lively and often deep expression, and especially by touching feeling and great knowledge of dramatic effect.

"Paer had the qualities of an *artiste*, but more particularly of an Italian *artiste*; he was an amiable and lively man, and, above all, a man of the world. He had largely enjoyed life, for he was a man of pleasure. The consequence was that he was assailed with abundant infirmities, bowed down by sciatica, and weakened by cough.

"All the most eminent musical *artistes* in Paris assembled at the Church of St. Roche to pay a parting tribute to the memory of the composer of *L'Agnese* and *La Griselda*. During mass various pieces were performed, including a funeral march of Beethoven, a prayer from Paer's *Canulli*, and an *Agnus Dei*, of Panseron, executed by fifty choristers and fifty instrumental performers. Among the mourners were Spontini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Cherubini, Carafa, Berton, Halevy, Berlioz, Baillot, Alexander Boucher, and a large number of members of the four academies, artists, and literati. The remains of Paer were interred at Pere-la-Chaise."

## ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

**ROBERT MILLHOUSE**, the offspring of poor parents, was born on the 17th of October, 1788—probably at, or in the vicinity of, Nottingham. He was put to work when only six years old, and at the age of ten he was employed in a stocking loom. The only education he received—a glance at reading, writing, and arithmetic—was at a Sunday school. However, he became an ardent reader, and an equally devoted student of nature. At the age of twenty-two he enlisted in the Nottinghamshire militia. While serving with that regiment, at Plymouth, he made his first essay in poetry, under the title of “Stanzas addressed to a Swallow.” This, and several other pieces that followed, were published in a Nottingham newspaper. In 1814, the Nottinghamshire militia was disbanded, and Millhouse returned to the loom. There, amidst the noise and toil of his business, he composed “Vicissitude,” and several other poems. This was followed by a small volume of sonnets, entitled “Blossoms;” next, by the “Song of the Patriot;” and then by “Sherwood Forest.”

In 1832, Mr. Millhouse gave up the labour of the loom, and devoted himself to literary composition. Soon afterwards his wife died, leaving five children; for whom, through the kindness of Mr. Thomas Wakefield and others, with assistance from the Literary Fund, he was enabled to provide. Subsequently to that period, he published his last poem, “The Destinies of Man,” a work that will ensure him celebrity. About eighteen or nineteen months ago, he was attacked with severe illness, but partially recovered. On the day of the coronation, however, he took cold, and never afterwards quitted the house. During his long affliction, he was kindly and gratuitously attended by Dr. Howitt. He was for some time assistant at the Nottingham Savings’ Bank, and, throughout his illness, a considerable portion of his pay was continued to him.

Mr. Millhouse died on the 20th of April. Having married a second time, he had two more children, and has thus left seven in all.

## HENRY HARRIS, ESQ.

It is stated, upon the authority of a correspondent of one of the morning papers, that Mr. Harris, the proprietor of 7-12ths of Covent-Garden Theatre, died at Brighton on the 12th of May, in the 57th year of his age. His father, the late Thomas Harris, Esq., in consequence of age and illness, relinquished the management of Covent-Garden to him in September, 1809. In March, 1822, he assigned over his interest to Messrs. Forbes, Willet, and Kemble. During the twelve years Henry Harris conducted the theatre, his success exceeded even that of “the golden days of Garrick,” for the receipts during that period actually amounted to nearly *one million sterling*, thus averaging above eighty thousand pounds each season. Mr. Harris’s fine temper and urbane manners, made him beloved by all around him, particularly the performers,

who, during the most critical period of his theatrical life, viz., the O. P. riot, all rallied round him, and, after three months’ conflict, his patience, firmness, and hospitality procured him an honourable and amicable adjustment of hostilities.

## THE EARL OF POWIS.

**THE** Right Honourable Edward Clive, Earl of Powis, Viscount Clive, Baron Clive, Powis, and Herbert of Cherbury, in the British Peerage, and Baron Clive, of Passy, in that of Ireland; a Privy Councillor; Lord Lieutenant of Shropshire; Recorder of Shrewsbury and Ludlow; D.C.L. and F.H.S.—was born on the 7th of March, 1754. He succeeded to the Irish peerage on the 23rd of November, 1774, and his English honours were conferred on him in 1794 and 1804. He was married on the 7th of March, 1784, to the Lady Henrietta Antonia Herbert, fourth but only surviving daughter of Henry Arthur, first Earl of Powis, and sister and heirless of George Edward Henry Arthur, second Earl, on whose death, in 1801, the title became extinct. By this lady, born 1758, and died 1830, his Lordship had four children:—

Viscount Clive, M.P. (now Earl of Powis), Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire, born 1785, and married 1818, to the Lady Lucy Graham, third daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Duke of Montrose; and the eldest son of this marriage is Edward James, now Viscount Clive, born 5th November, 1818;—The Lady Henrietta Antonia, the deceased wife of Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P.;—The Lady Charlotte Florentia, married to his Grace the present Duke of Northumberland, K.G.;—and The Hon. Robert Henry Clive, M.P., married to the Lady Harriet Windsor, third daughter of Other, third Earl of Plymouth, and one of the Bedchamber Women to her Majesty.

The late Earl of Powis was a son of the celebrated Lord Clive, who, from a writer in the East India Company’s service, rose to be one of the most celebrated officers of the age, and gained for the Company the revenue of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixia, and a splendid fortune for himself. Whilst only an Irish Peer, the late Earl sat in Parliament for the borough of Ludlow, in Shropshire. In 1794, he was advanced to an English peerage, as Baron Clive, of Walcot, in the county of Salop; and, in 1802, he was appointed Governor of Madras, whither he repaired, but returned to England in 1804. For his conduct as governor he received the thanks of both houses of Parliament. The same year he was created Earl of Powis and Viscount Clive. In 1805 he was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but, in consequence of the death of Mr. Pitt, the appointment was not carried into effect.

His Lordship expired very suddenly, at his residence in Berkeley Square, on the morning of May 16. On the evening before, he was at Gunter’s, in Berkeley Square, in his accustomed excellent health and spirits.

## THE THEATRES, CONCERTS, &c.

THERE is very little to report this month in the theatrical world. Poor old Drury, as we intimated in our last, is quite knocked up. After its desecration as a den of wild beasts, it became little better than a Bartlemy Fair music booth, and the last we heard of it was its appropriation for one of those demoralising and disgusting exhibitions, cycloped a masquerade. It is reported that Mr. James Wallack will be the lessee next season.

Respecting Covent Garden, and its present manager, Mr. Macready, there are numerous rumours afloat. That in the first instance, Macready will, after the close of the Covent Garden season, go to the Haymarket, there is, we believe, no doubt. His engagement there is said to be at a hundred pounds a week, to play four nights in the week. Then, it is said, Mr. Macready has become, or is to become, the lessee of the New Court Theatre, formerly the Queen's Bazaar, on the north side of Oxford Street, for which a license was some time since obtained. According to some authorities, Balfe and Rophino Lacy are to succeed to the abdicated managerial throne at Covent Garden; others say Bartley and Lacy are to be the fortunate men; whilst a more recent report is that Mr. Charles Matthews has taken the concern. If so, it will not be to the abandonment, we presume, of the Olympic. Mr. M., however, will find that there is a vast difference between the two houses, in more respects than one.

Mr. George Wild, said to be an actor of considerable comic powers, has got the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. A young lady, Miss Vyvian, has made a successful *début* here in one of Madame Vestris's characters, *Caroline Grantley*, in *the Beulah Spa*.

At the Haymarket, Webster is running a career of success with *Power*, *Cooper*, *W. Lacy*, *Strickland*, *Hemming*, *Perkins*, *Mrs. W. Clifford*, the *Misses Taylor* and *Mordaunt*, &c.

By the by we forgot to mention that a new piece, called *Agnes Bernaner*, from the pen of Mr. Serle, has been produced at Covent Garden with considerable effect. Also a new opera, entitled *Henrique*, or *Love's Pilgrim*, composed by Rooke. The latter, after a few nights of not very attractive performance, has been withdrawn by the composer till the commencement of next season.

Amongst other pleasant and successful novelties at the Olympic, may be mentioned a burletta, entitled, *Meet me by Moonlight*.

The ladies and gentlemen of the canine and simian species having, we believe, terminated their engagement at the St. James's Theatre, their places have been supplied by half-a-dozen Spanish dancers,

who give the Bolero, and other dances of their country, in very spirited style.

Since the above was written, we find that a troop of French actors, under the management of M. Cloup, has succeeded to the occupation of the Queen's Theatre.

Yates having terminated his engagement at the Surrey Theatre, Davidge, the manager, is treating his friends with a succession of operas, in which Balfe, Templeton, Miss Romer, &c., perform; and it is said that Braham will also appear.

Hammond, at the Strand Theatre, seems equally operatically disposed. He has brought out what he calls a burletta, founded upon Auber's new Parisian opera, *Le Lac des Fees*. Instead of the original music, however, he has levied contributions on Auber, Herold, Boildieu, and Marschner. Another new piece here, entitled *Lodgings to Let*, with an Irish Jig, danced by Miss Daly, has been received with unqualified applause.

Her Majesty's Theatre has been distinguished by the eminently gratifying *début* of Mademoiselle Garcia, sister of the lamented Malibran, as Desdemona, in *Otello*. Her voice is of immense compass, the upper and lower notes natural and easy, with great sweetness, clearness, and flexibility. Her style is perfectly formed; her conception of character is very correct; and her histrionic skill is full of promise. Another very gratifying *début* was that of Ernesta Grisi, sister of the Grisi, in the character of Smeaton, in Donizetti's opera of *Anna Bolena*. Her voice is a flexible and well cultivated contralto of considerable power; her person and acting greatly in her favour.

Mori and others have been very successful with their annual concerts.

We are happy in the opportunity of remarking the eminent success of Mr. Phillips, in his lectures at the Russell and Polytechnic Institutions. At the former we were much pleased, and not less instructed by his review of Mr. Hickson's plan and principles for extending vocal music as a branch of education. His proposed additions with the view of rendering that plan more extensive and efficient, were full of scientific beauty and interest. At the Polytechnic Mr. Phillips has been called upon to repeat the three closing lectures of his last course: On Improved Psalmody and Hymnology; On the Works of Handel, and our Claim to them Considered as English compositions; and (for the 3d of June) on Dramatic Compositions and Effects. Aided by his former pupils, the Misses Brandon, the evening's arrangements are delightful.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE are gratified in perceiving that the exhibition of the present season is rather above than below par. It is true, there are few pictures, if any, of commanding or absorbing interest; but, exclusively of such, there are many which cannot fail to afford gratification. Poetry and even history have their aspirants; but, unfortunately, their claims are not of a very elevated order. The devotees of portrait, landscape, domestic scenes, conversation pieces, &c. are more successful; and, especially,

we are glad to observe much young and rising talent.

Sir M. A. Shee, the President, exhibits some of the finest portraits this year that he ever painted. We do not think a better portrait—one more soundly, vigorously, finely painted—ever came from his easel than of the Earl of Aberdeen (60). Very good, too, is Sir C. B. Codrington, Bart. (75). Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. (346) is admirable, both in resemblance and style.

Phillips is all himself—his best self—this season. His posthumous portrait of the late Lord Egremont (98) is very faithful, as we saw his Lordship between four and five years ago, at Petworth. Flora Mac Ivor (169) may be true as a portrait, but it does not present the character of Flora. Critically speaking, there is not a finer painting in the exhibition than his portrait of the Rev. George Shepherd, D.D. (337) commissioned by the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn. Francis Bailey, Esq. (345) is also in Phillips's best style.

In his portrait of the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone, (164) Pickersgill has proudly shewn what the hand of a master can effect with a difficult subject. The composition of this artist's paintings invariably evince great skill, a profound knowledge of his art, and the most vigorous power in embodying his conceptions. Lord Lyndhurst (218) is a noble effort. We have already mentioned (page 246) his portrait of Miss Pardoe (301) as the finest picture of its class that he ever painted. His portrait of John Masterman, Esq. (402) for the City Club House, is distinguished by its simplicity, firmness, sobriety of tone, and general force of effect. Of his T. Bucknall Estcourt, Esq. M.P. (420) painted for Corpus Christi College, we can only repeat what we have said of Phillips's portrait of the Rev. Dr. Shepherd—"there is not a finer painting in the exhibition."

One of the sweetest portraits on the walls is that of Lady Mordaunt, (5) by Mrs. W. Carpenter. It is slight, and simple, yet graceful, beautifully clear, and well defined.

We are far less pleased than we expected to be with Sir David Wilkie's large picture of Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib at the capture of Seringapatam (65). The tall figure and awkward attitude of Sir D. Baird offend the eye; and the entire composition and grouping of the subject are unworthy of the celebrity of the artist.

Turner, in his very peculiar and peculiarly objectionable style, is more than usually successful. His yellows are turning to reds: what they may turn to next, Heaven and Mr. Turner only know! His most striking picture is the Fighting Temeraire, tugged to her last berth to be broken up (43.) The splendour of the sunset on the Thames, to the right, is overpowering; while, to the left, the moon is seen in calm and cold majesty. His other subjects are:—Ancient and Modern Rome (60 and 70); Cicero at his Villa (463); and Pluto carrying off Proserpine (360). As a landscape, and allowing for the artist's peculiarities of colour, &c., the last-mentioned of these is an attractive picture.

It is remarkable that Etty's *chef d'œuvre* this year is from the same subject—Pluto carrying off Proserpine (241.) This is a performance of most splendid and powerful genius. The chariot of gold and bronze—the steeds of fire and might—the muscular vigour of the gloomy god himself—the beauty and voluptuousness of the women—of the water-nymph in particular—are magnificent to an extent that is not conceivable without ocular demonstration. Into the "nudity question," as it has been termed, we of course do not enter.

Another coincidence in choice of subject presents itself in the Broken Heart, (20) by Knight, and the Pride of the Village, (58) by a young artist of the name of Horsley. "A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard into whose bosom she might soon

be gathered?"—*Sketch Book*. The former picture—the more artistical and more pretending of the two—is extremely painful, and even offensive in its effect. The poor girl seems not only dying, but almost in a state of incipient decomposition. The other, smaller, and with fewer figures—only those of the gentle victim and her anxiously grieving parents—evinces the very soul of pathos. The hectic on the cheek—the preternatural brilliancy of the eye—telling too truly and fatally of the worm within; and then the venerable father, with the Bible on his knee, yet with his anxious eye fixed upon his dying daughter—and the fond despairing mother, attending the lovely sufferer with all a mother's love and care—the *tout ensemble* constituting a scene of the most touching tenderness and grief. We could hardly tear ourselves from this heart-rending yet lovely picture.

Hart's large picture of the Execution of Lady Jane Grey (389) is far from satisfactory; and his smaller one of Edward and Eleanor (187) is badly composed, ill-painted, and offensive in subject. There is some pathos in the expression of Lady Jane's face, but the pathos is over-wrought and artificial. The figures of the women are too tall. The composition of this piece is deficient in pictorial harmony and effect, and the colouring in mellowness. The lower group (which might have been spared altogether) impairs, and almost destroys the effect of the upper one.

Mulready has only two little cabinet pictures this year: the Sonnet, (129) and "Open your mouth and shut your eyes" (143). The former is a little sun-lighted gem of the first water. Would that Mulready could afford to paint and exhibit more than he does.

Uwins is, as he always is, delightful. First, we have a pair of sweet cabinet pictures, a Wedding of Contadini, and a newly-made Nun taking leave of her Family (83 and 84); then, fresh and rosy as the morning, Young Neapolitans returning from the Festa of St. Antonia (119); Gathering Oranges (166); Neapolitans dancing the Tarantella (180); Amalfi, kingdom of Naples (395); Le Chapeau de Brigand (469); and, the most brilliant gem of all, the Bay of Naples, Peasants going to the Villa Reale on the morning of the Festa of Piedi Grotta (210). Were we purchasers, the two last-named paintings we should especially covet. "A child left in the artist's study was found on his return robbing the lay figure of certain portions of Italian costume, and decorating herself with the spoils." This is the foundation of Le Chapeau de Brigand. The little innocent half-unconscious plunderer is a most lovely girl of about eight or ten years old. With the brigand's hat upon her head, a peacock's feather, a rosary, and various other finery, she is looking forth from a window. The effect is at once ludicrous, beautiful, and fascinating.—The Bay of Naples, a long picture, scarcely too large for the frieze of a mantel-piece, is a *chef d'œuvre* of quite another description. To the left is seen Vesuvius—in the centre, the Bay—and in the foreground, the procession of peasants. All nature, animate and inanimate, is beautiful beneath the warm rich glow of sunlight in which the scene is enwrapped. "Glorious and gorgeous Italy," the spectator is ready to exclaim, "who would not wish to dwell for ever beneath thy bright, thy joy-inspiring skies!"

The vulgarity of the audience, seen to the left of the picture, in Landseer's Van Amburg and his Animals, (351) is quite worthy of the vulgarity of the

subject. Indeed, the whole affair, if upon a larger scale, would have formed a capital show-board—like the paintings they have at Bartholomew Fair—when that great supporter of the “legitimate drama,” Manager Bunn, degraded Drury Lane Theatre into a den of wild beasts. It grieves us to the very soul to see Landseer, the prince of animal painters, mixed up with such a concern. The towering majesty, the quiet repose of the lion, to the right, are not unworthy of the artist; neither is the head of the lioness, with an eye blazing like a topaze, to the left; but the figure of Van Amburgh is deplorable; and the entire painting betrays glaring marks of wearisomeness and want of finish. From this display it is palpably evident that there is a world of difference between painting “by royal command” and painting *con amore*. Contrast the artist's Tethered Rams, (145) and his Corsican, Russian, and Fallow Deer, (222) where he was unfettered, and free to follow unvulgarised nature, with the picture of which we have been speaking, and judge whether we are not borne out in our opinion.

Landseer's Princess Mary of Cambridge and a Newfoundland Dog, (69) and his portrait of Miss Eliza Peel with Fido, (235) are clever pictures, but they will not enhance his reputation.

Amongst an aggregate of 1390 subjects, there are scores of others that we should be glad to mention, would time and space allow; but our rapid sketch must hasten to its close.

It not unfrequently happens, that the worst pictures in an exhibition obtain the most notice. Thus, whilst many admirable productions are passed regardlessly by, the grand stare of the mob at the Royal Academy this season is Maclise's acre of coloured canvas—a tea-tray upon a gigantic scale—Robin Hood (293). This is intended to represent Robin Hood and his merry men entertaining Richard Cœur de Lion in Sherwood forest. The outlines of this production are as hard and as sharp as though they had been cut out of sheet iron. There is no mellowness, no softness, no roundness of contour. The perspective is bad, and the trees are as much caricatures as the figures. The colouring is crude, hard, and violent, with a sort of splash-and-dash scattering of lights, which the vulgar mistake for brilliancy. The display of plate, armour, and other frippery, in the foreground, assists this effect. To say nothing more of the sentiment of the picture, look at the meretricious leer of Maid Marian at the king. And where did the artist get his flesh tints?—and where his eyes? Did he ever find any such in nature? There is nothing sound, nothing solid, nothing true—there is not an atom of truth or nature in the entire picture. And yet, as we have said, it is the grand gaze of the mob!

Another production, by the same artist, is a scene from Midas—Sileno introducing Apollo, disguised as a shepherd, to his wife and daughters (6). With most of the faults of his Robin Hood, this has considerable merit of design; but the head of Apollo is poor and mean; and the whole is deficient in elevation and refinement of thought. And, if the air of Maid Marian, in Robin, be meretricious, what are the person and looks of one of the girls in this picture? Talk of “the nudity question,” indeed! The colouring is all crude, cold, and chalky.

Excepting his meritorious portrait of an old lady (322), Maclise's least objectionable picture is the

Second Adventure of Gil Blas (124). Even this, however, is marked by the artist's mannerism; besides which, the character of Gil Blas is not justly conceived.

Treading in the footsteps of his father, the younger Pickersgill has a very clever picture, entitled, Preparing for Hawking—a lady mounting her palfrey, attended by her follower and page (554). It is well conceived, well composed, and well painted. The artist has been particularly successful in the sun-burnt countenance of the falconer.

Close to this picture is a tiny landscape of Holland's—Hampton, Middlesex (555). Bright and clear, even to transparency, it is a most sweet little thing.

Ellerby, Jackson's most successful pupil, has only one painting this year—a Portrait of Charles Robinson, Esq. (334). Having met the original, we can pronounce it a most faithful resemblance: it is also an admirably painted picture. We wish this artist could be induced to give us another Infant Jupiter.

Amongst the drawings and miniatures are several of great merit by Mrs. Arundale; particularly the Portrait of Mr. Owen Jones (603), an oriental subject. There is more of breadth and power in this drawing than in many oil paintings of ten times its extent.

Mr. Arundale, one of our distinguished oriental travellers, has several very interesting drawings—the Excavation and Discovery of the Casing Stones of the Great Pyramid, at Gizeh (801); View of the Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai (841); View of the Ducal Palace, Venice (1225), &c.

In the Sculpture apartment, Gibson, of Rome, has some charming productions; so also has Westmacott, Baily, R. J. Wyatt, Behnes, &c.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Gallery closed its successful exhibition on Saturday, the 11th of May. The number of purchasers this year has been large—the number of visitors greater than usual—and the result altogether satisfactory.

#### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

We are glad to find that this institution has also been eminently successful in its sale of pictures.

Mr. Weigall, to whose versatility of talent we incidentally adverted last month, is remarkably happy in his subjects of domestic poultry, &c., of which he has produced several. We especially notice his Harm Watch, Harm Catch (9) a fox caught in a trap, while on the anxious look-out for the king of the roost, who, from an elevated position regards him with the utmost contempt.

J. Skinner Prout—a nephew, if we mistake not, of the Prout, whose works have long established the fame of their author—distinguishes himself very effectively in this exhibition. In several of his productions, he is treading closely in the steps of his relation; for instance, his St. Werburgh's Shrine (now the Bishop's throne) Chester Cathedral (96); Tintagel Castle, Cornwall (125); the North Porch, Redcliffe Church, Bristol (314) &c.

Mrs. Harrison has numerous paintings of flowers of great merit.

Duncan has some fine coast, and beach, and sea scenes; one of the most striking of which we particularise as Mackarel Fishing; Fishermen laying

their nets off the Gull Stream Light; Sunset. Perhaps the sunset tint may be somewhat too fiery; but the life, motion, and freshness of the water, and the buoyancy of the vessel, are portrayed with excellent effect. Another very clever picture by this artist is a Ship taken aback in a Squall (269).

With several of Alfred H. Taylor's efforts we have been much gratified. His Shrimp Boy (115) is very true to nature. So are the Ballad (164) the English Peasant Boy (203) and the Gipsy (286). With his Wanderer (54) the Saw Sharper (56) and the First Lesson, Boy and Puppy (288) we are also much pleased.

Oliver's Cal de Sac, at Cologne, Prussia (21) and others, are entitled to warm praise.

Miss L. Corbaur's name frequently occurs in the catalogue, and always with interest. Miss F. Corbaur, too, has a very cleverly-managed picture, Elijah restoring the Widow's Son (293).

Amongst other meritorious productions by G. O. Howse, we mention as particularly entitled to notice, his Church of St. Etienne des Tonneliers, Rouen (192).

There are many other names we could wish to mention; and, in truth, we might lounge about the gallery for another hour or two without having sated, or even satisfied our appetite—without being enabled to say half that we could desire to say. We close, therefore, with a strong recommendation to visit the Pall Mall exhibition.

## LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, & MISCELLANEOUS MEMORABILIA.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON the 25th of April, the anniversary meeting of this Society was held, the Earl of Ripon in the chair. It appeared from the report of the auditors, that the receipts of the past year amounted to 809*l.*, and the expenditure to 805*l.*; that the series of works to be called *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, are in progress; and that an introductory address on Anglo-Saxon Literature and Learning, will shortly be published. For these publications a separate fund has been raised. Mr. Tooke was elected treasurer, and Sir John Doratt, librarian, in the room of Mr. Jacobs and the Rev. H. Clissold, resigned.—A special meeting of the Society was held on the 22nd, preceding, for the purpose of receiving the distinguished secretaries of the Archaeological Institute at Rome, the Chevalier Bunson and Dr. Lipsius, now on a visit to this country; on which occasion the Chevalier read a learned essay on the Authors and the Age of the Great Pyramid; and on Tuesday the 30th, another on the Antiquities of Rome recently discovered.

#### THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

On the 1st of May, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill passed partially through a committee of the House of Commons, after one of the most obstinate and vexatious struggles to defeat it ever witnessed in parliament. No fewer than twenty-four divisions took place, in which a clique of seven, eight, or nine members, led by Mr. Warburton, tried to throw out the measure. The political excitement of the times has since prevented the resumption of the committee on the Bill.

#### LITERARY FUND.

On the 8th of May, the fiftieth anniversary of the Literary Fund Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. Among the guests were the Bishop of Landaff, the Mexican Minister, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Ellenborough, the Right Hon. Henry Ellis, Sir C. Lemon, M.P., Sir William Chatterton, Captain Wood, M.P., Mr. Milnes,

M.P., Mr. Knight, M.P., Mr. Hope, M.P., Sir David Wilkie, Major Sabine, Captain Beaufort, Mr. Hallam, &c. The subscription on the occasion exceeded 600*l.*; and among the benefactors announced, were Her Majesty, 100 guineas; the Duke of Cambridge, 25*l.*; the Duke of Rutland, 20*l.*; the Earl of Ripon, 21*l.*; Lord Ellenborough, 21*l.*, annual donation; Lord F. Egerton, 10*l.*, annual donation; the Bishop of Durham, 10 guineas; the Earl of Eldon, 10*l.*; the Marquis of Normanby, 10*l.*; Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, 20 guineas, annual donation; Mr. B. B. Cabbel, 10*l.*; the Right Hon. H. Ellis, 10*l.*; Messrs. Longman & Co., a third donation of 50*l.*; Mr. Hallam, 10*l.*; Mr. Macready, 5 guineas; Mr. B. Webster, 5 guineas; Mr. Hill, the American actor, 5*l.*, &c.

#### CRANMER'S BIBLE.

A copy of Cranmer's Bible, edition 1539, in folio, wanting the title-page and two other leaves, was, on the 1st of May, sold at Mr. Leigh Sotheby's rooms for 50*l.* Mr. Thorpe was the purchaser. The volume concludes with the following colophon:—"The ende of the New Testamēt, and of the whole Byble, fynished in Apryll, Anno M.CCCCXXXIX."

#### NATIONAL GALLERY.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has purchased for the National Gallery a painting of Velasquez. It was exhibited last year at the British Institution; and represents the arena of a bull-fight. It was bought from Lord Cowley; and 4,000*l.* is, we understand, the sum that has been paid for it. The picture is of the highest class, and worthy the collection to which it is to be added. There is said to be a duplicate of the subject—with some slight variations, however,—in the collection of Lord Ashburton.

#### ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

The Annual Dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 11th of May. His R. H. the Duke of Cambridge

presided. The company was very limited; there was not a single nobleman among the guests to support his Royal Highness; and only two members of the Royal Academy—Mr. Cooper and Mr. E. Landseer—were present. His Royal Highness expressed the warmest interest in the welfare of the institution. The eloquence of the evening was engrossed by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. Her Majesty sent her annual donation of 100 guineas; and the collection, taking into account the paucity of the numbers assembled, was liberal. The Benevolent Fund has two worthy objects:—one is pure charity; the other is the inducements it holds out to artists in the time of their success to provide against a period of difficulty or sickness—to which they are, of all men, especially liable. It teaches prudence—the most useful and necessary of all lessons to men of genius. No member of the profession ought to be absent from its list of subscribers—they have a sin to answer for if they are; for, though they may be thoughtless for themselves, they cannot be so in reference to their families without being guilty of a moral offence.

#### ASSAM TEA.

At a recent meeting of the Medico Botanical Society, Dr. Sigmund communicated the latest particulars that had been received from Assam relative to the tea-plant. Mr. McClelland, the geologist to the exhibition, had made some important geological discoveries, amongst which was that of coal, which had been found on the course of the Burhampooter, the river which divides Assam into two parts, and which will now permit of the tea being transmitted with facility by steam-vessels to Calcutta. The mulberry-tree also grows there plentifully, and a very fine fabric of silk is produced. In all the countries east of the river, tea is drunk by the rich instead of water, and by the poor at their feasts, being cultivated expressly in gardens and plantations. It was strongly insisted that the old nurseries should be kept in reserve, and that they should not be rooted up until the new nurseries had been carried to some extent; as in case of failure, the difficulties that would arise from obtaining a fresh supply from China would be very great. The tea-plant has been introduced by the East India Company from China, at a very great expense, and planted upon the Himalaya mountains, where it may, perhaps, not turn out well, and therefore the cultivators should abstain from all officious interference with the plantations of nature. The last accounts give a very favourable report of the tea districts.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STATUE.

A short time ago, a statue of the "Virgin Queen" was discovered in the cellar of a house adjoining St. Dunstan's church. It was immediately released from its ignominious concealment, and has just been restored to the position it must have originally occupied. It is now placed in the avenue of the church. The pedestal is fixed over the eastern side of the church; underneath is a block of black stone, on which is engraved the following inscription:—"This statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate; and was presented by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, knight, Alderman of the Ward, who caused it to be placed here."

#### IMPROVEMENT IN STEAM-SHIPS.

On Wednesday, the 1st of May, the first trial was made of the Archimedes steamer, propelled by the patent screw fixed in the dead wood of the vessel immediately in front of the rudder, but entirely under the water, thus doing away at once with those unsightly and very inconvenient excrescences of paddle-wheels, boxes, and their cumbersome apparatus. The Archimedes went ten miles per hour through the water, and thirteen miles an hour with the tide, but against the wind, and steered with the greatest exactness. She started again on the following Saturday afternoon, and went to Gravesend in one hour and forty minutes. Improvements are in progress by which the speed will, it is expected, be considerably increased. This new system of steam navigation, should it sustain the test of experience, will be particularly advantageous for vessels of war, where the whole apparatus can be applied without in the least diminishing the effect of their battery or their sailing properties, as it does not require the vessel to be built expressly for the purpose.

#### THE WHEEL RIFLE.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, has invented, and obtained a patent for, a new gun. Its novelty consists of a wheel, containing seven complete charges, revolving on a centre, which, when discharged, can be replaced in an instant by other wheels, carried in the belt, so as to keep up a continuous firing. As rapidly as the command, "load, cock, fire," can be uttered, can this rifle be discharged, several hundred times without missing fire, or requiring to be cleaned.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Preface and Index* to Vol. I. of THE ALDINE MAGAZINE will be given with the commencing Part (VII.) of Vol. II., to appear on the 1st of July.

Critical Notices of "*Notes on Naples*," "*Argentina*," and various other works, are unavoidably deferred till next month. May we again entreat of our literary and publishing friends to forward their respective books for review as early in the month as possible. Several delays have occurred, through the inadvertence of works having been sent, for the editor, to the Aldine Chambers instead of to the Printer's, No. 33, Aldersgate Street.

The poem of "*Locheven Castle*," by Miss PARDOE, reached us, unfortunately, too late for its appearance in the present Part. It shall not fail to grace the opening portion of our new volume.

We are much obliged by the communication of the stanzas, "*Marie Antoinette, in the Prison of the Temple*," from our Paris correspondent, M. DE ST. AMAND, at Paris. They shall appear next month; and, if practicable, we shall be most happy to meet the wishes of the fair author.

When we, last month, intimated to "E. B. P.," the champion of Dr. Gregory, the author of the "*Legacy to his Daughters*," that we should reply



to his communication, it was our full intention to enter into an examination of that little work. On turning to its pages, however, we find it so utterly unworthy, that we decline the labour. Without for a moment impugning the moral goodness of Dr. Gregory's character, which we believe to have been unexceptionable, or the purity and excellence of his intentions, we find abundant cause for adhering to our original opinion, that his "Legacy" is, in its tendency, "an abominably mischievous book." Unless we have been incorrectly informed, the example of his daughters gave proof of this, for they have been described to us as old maids of the most disagreeable character imaginable. We consider Dr. Gregory's book to be full of erroneous and unjust feelings towards human nature—as calculated

to rob the fine natural character of our women of its noble frankness, its honest, ingenuous, and confiding truth—and to substitute, for these priceless virtues, suspicion, cold-hearted duplicity, and rank hypocrisy. Woman, formed upon Dr. Gregory's principle, must be without sentiment, feeling, or passion—a quiet, passive, fawning, and deceitful animal.—We are disposed to think, that if "E. B. P." will take the trouble of referring to Dr. Gregory's book, and will then exercise his own judgment, instead of pinning his faith upon the sleeve of Aikin or of Beattie, there will not be much difference between his opinion and ours on the subject.

Mr. Hills will find a reply to his note at page 283.

## MONTHLY LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED.

Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad, by J. C. Symons, post 8vo. cloth 6s.  
Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, by J. P. Nichol, third edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.  
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